Miss America

10¢ NOV.

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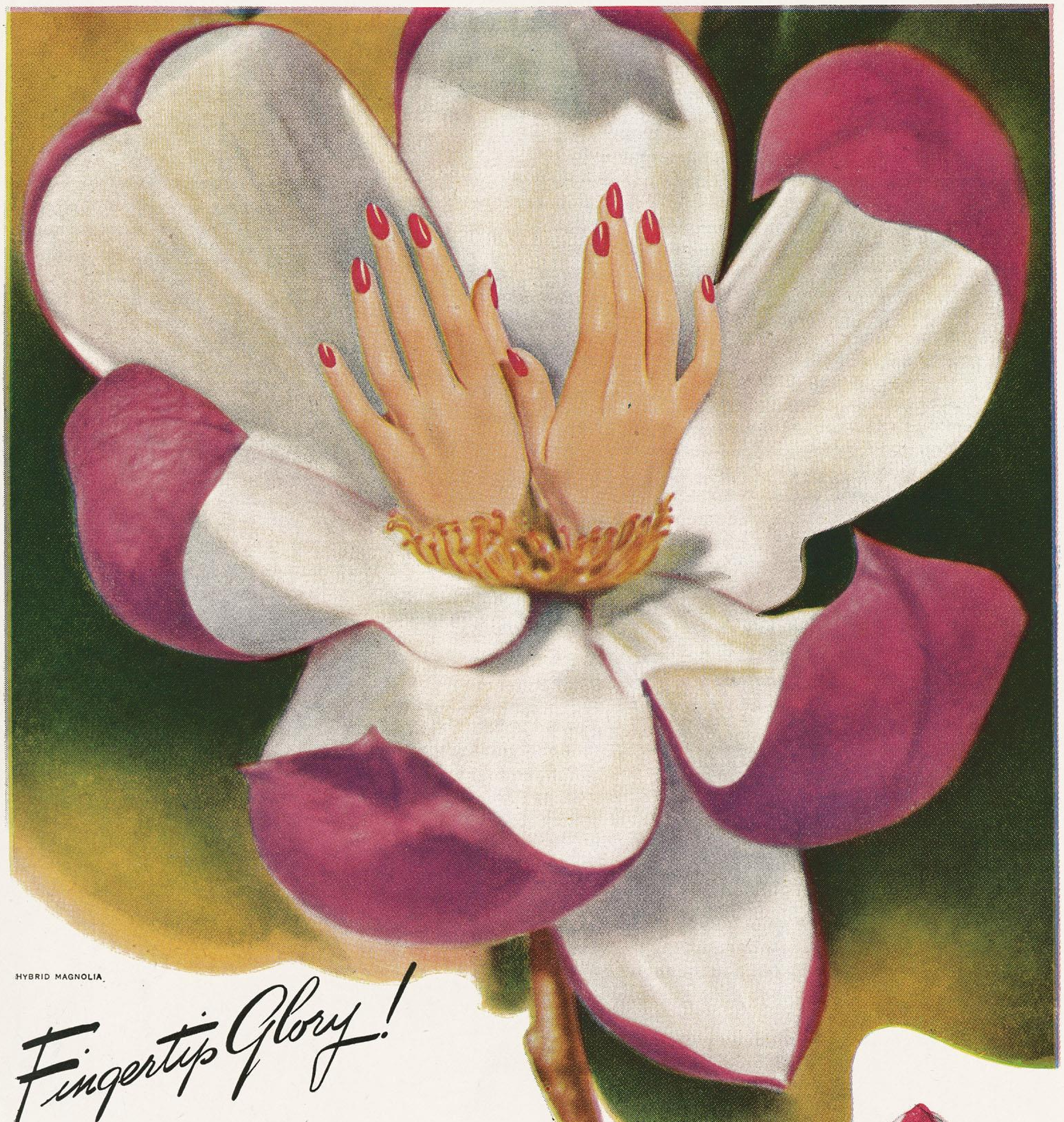
HYBRID MAGNOLIA

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Your hands come to life,
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"Broadcaster"

Eileen Barton, star of "The Teentimer Show" (NBC Coast-to-Coast every Saturday morning) wears this terrific Teentimer OHriginal as she croons her tunes to the Teentimer world. "Broadcaster" is made in Sunserge by Everfast, a fine spun rayon and acetate fabric in Everfast guaranteed colors; powder blue, lime, aqua, light rose, and beige; each with a multi-colored belt of cut-out felt daisies. Teen sizes 8 to 16. About $9.00.

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OHRIGINALS
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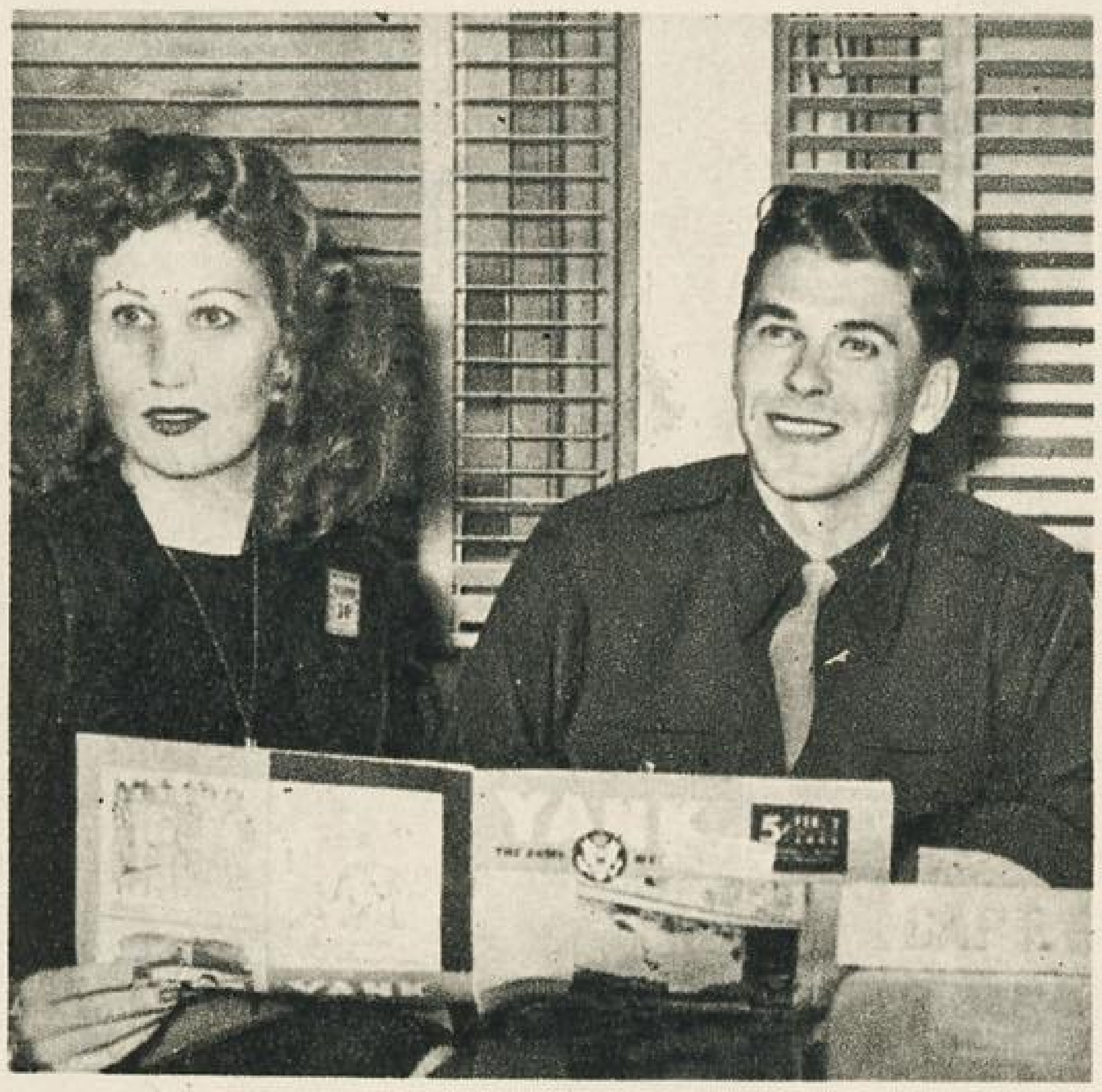
TEEN-TIMERS, INC.
1359 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Glenn Vernon and Joan Newton, rising stars, snapped at Ciro's, where they had an extra-special date—dinner, dancing and floorshow!

At previews and parties, on studio sets
or at soda fountains, wherever the stars go, there
goes May Mann—just so she can tell you all about 'em . . .

HOLLYWOOD'S Younger Set

By May Mann



May Mann and Capt. Ronald Reagan at an Army Air Force Base, where he shows her Army's own magazine—incomparable YANK.

THERE I was coming out of a preview at the Westwood Village Theater. (And out of a dream too because I had just seen Van Johnson in "Early To Wed"). And all of the slick-chicks of the village—hundreds, thousands, were milling about out front, and stalling traffic and stuff, waiting to collect movie stars' autographs!

Being in such a crowd was panicky, breathless, wonderful!

Gail Storm, the Monogram star, was just ahead of me. But since Gail looks so much like a freshly scrubbed pretty Bobbie Socker herself, minus her make-up, no one took a tumble in her direction. Which is accountable, considering that all eyes were riveted on Van Johnson!

"She knows Van!" one very pretty girl said, pointing to me. Immediately I was surrounded for autographs and stuff. So I said, "Hi, girls! I'll let you in on the news. I sat right behind Peter Lawford all through the show. He'll be coming out soon. He's with his Mom, and he hasn't a date!"

The cheers were terrific, for Peter Lawford is definitely "in" as a "joy boy". So's Ross Hunter! So's Bob Walker!

The girls said, "Here's news for you, May." They told me that a local Sub-Deb club sponsored by a department store annually selects the girl who has shown the most progress in developing a pleasing personality (*Continued on page* 47)

Elizabeth Taylor (you loved her in "National Velvet") and her mother attend a party at the Atwater Kent home in Bel-Air. Bet it was fun!

Now a Salon-Type COLD WAVE

FOR MISS AMERICA READERS

DEBUT
For 'teen queens, lustrous . . . long . . .
Styled by
FRASER HAIR FASHIONS

A NEW COLD WAVE PERMANENT
In 2 to 3 Hours at Home

Here, at last, is a new COLD WAVE home permanent wave kit that gives natural-looking curls and waves in 2 to 3 hours, at home. Contains the same ingredients used by beauty salons giving COLD WAVES costing up to $10.00, $15.00 or more. Think of it . . . luxurious curls and soft, easy-to-manage waves, which will last months and months . . . and costs only 98c plus tax.

BEAUTIFUL CURLS AT LOW COST

If you can comb your hair, you can give yourself a Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE, and do it in 3 quick steps. First shampoo, then apply the salon-type curling solution, containing "*Kurlium*"* and put up in curlers. (60 supplied with each kit.) In 2 or 3 hours set in latest fashion. It's real "date bait." You'll be amazed with the fascinating results. Works "like a million" too, on sister's soft, fine hair.

Only Charm-Kurl *SUPREME* contains "*Kurlium*"* the quick working hair beautifier — that's why only Charm-Kurl gives such wonderful results for so much less.

* "*Kurlium*" is U. S. Registered. No one else can make this statement.

The New *Charm-Kurl* SUPREME COLD WAVE

With *"Kurlium"

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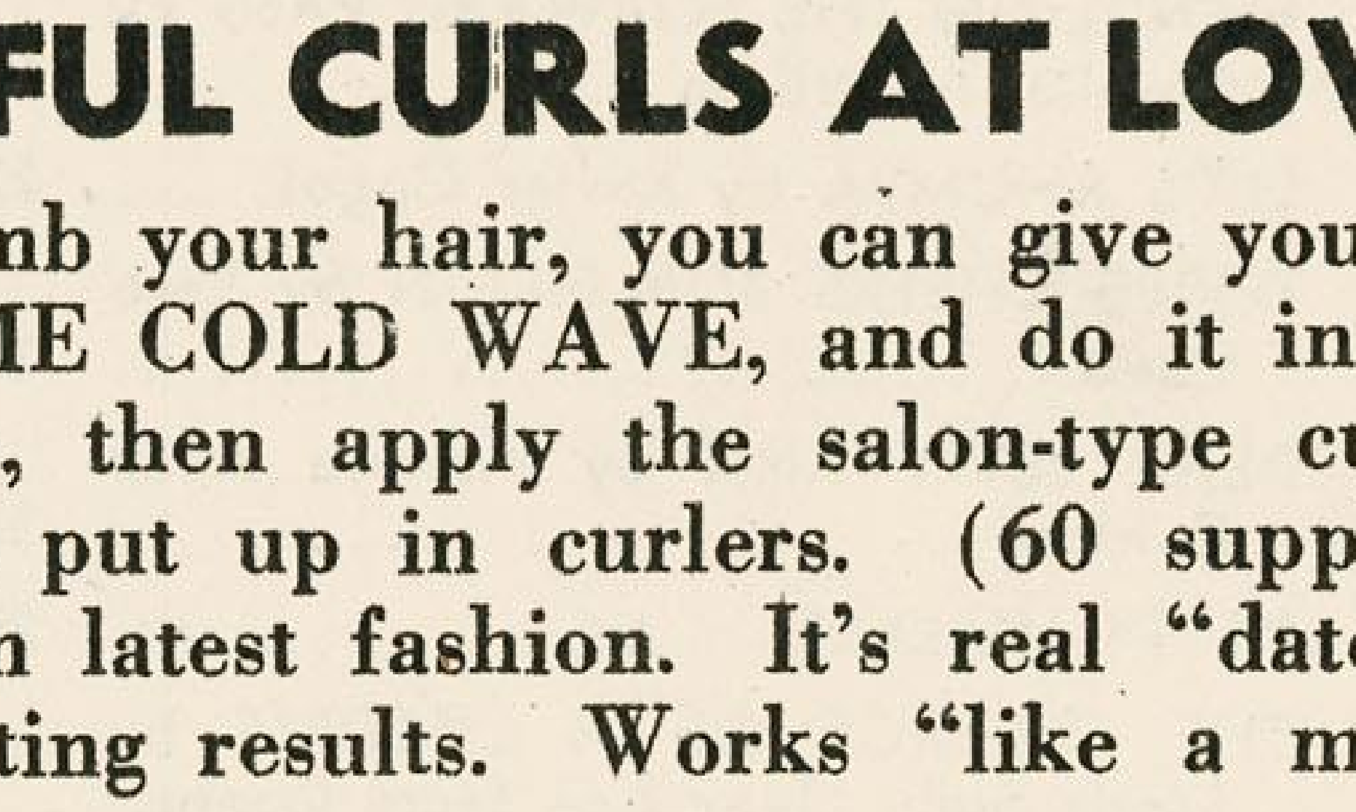

Each kit contains a 3-ounce bottle of salon-type COLD WAVE solution, 60 curlers, 60 end tissues, cotton applicator, neutralizer and easy-to-follow instructions.

The new Charm-Kurl SUPREME COLD WAVE Kit is for sale at Department Stores, Drug Stores and 5c and 10c Stores. Get one today—get beautiful curls at low cost by tonight.

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Miss America

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HELLO, GIRLS:

Last month I was about to plunge into the subject of BOYS when I ran out of space. What a time to be caught in a paper shortage! I might as well frankly confess that boys, as a topic of conversation, is not a thing one can dispose of in two or three lines of type. The subject is inexhaustible. And pleasant.

I had an opportunity (don't I sound casual!) to talk to FRANK SINATRA—a very serious talk. It concerned America's Younger Set. Of course you are by now all quite familiar with Frankie's monumental work in your behalf. He has done more—and this is a matter of record—to preach the importance of tolerance to the young than any other entertainer. The subject is close to his heart and one on which the future of our country depends. Peace and security are tied up with tolerance.

Frankie travels, at his own expense, from one end of the country, to the other to demonstrate the beauty of the words, "Love Thy Neighbor."

It's a fact that the singing star has influenced the Younger Set to discard the erstwhile and unfortunate habit of clothing their figures in sloppy clothes. Frank abhors sloppiness in dress, as you will learn if you turn to page 51 of this issue. He tells, without mincing words, how he thinks teen-agers should dress. And let's not under-estimate the value of good-grooming.

Frank is not alone in his opinion on good-grooming. I've talked to countless boys about this question. Over and over they have told me that they are impressed with a girl's clothes. They know if she is clean and neat and feminine, she must have the other attributes that make for a charming companion. That sounds reasonable. And boys, we might as well face the fact, are discerning. They have the knack of sizing up a girl by the way she walks and talks and dresses. After all, if you don't pay attention to your outward appearance, sadly—and to the point—the boys will pass you by. You wouldn't want that to happen, would you?

Affectionately,
Jean Goodman

Cover: kodachrome by Hal Rieff; Peggy Ann Garner, starring in 20th Century-Fox's "Home, Sweet Homicide"

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two scoops please . . .

"Comin' up" . . . super-sharp hat and bag sets made of *Serg-A-Hed* and *Chek-a-File* Wesco's s-m-o-o-t-h easy-to-sew on fabrics. Soon as we heard you teentimers were clamoring for hats and bags to make we got to buzzing to fill your order. Send for the **FREE**, easy-to-follow instruction sheets. Just mail a 3c stamped, self-addressed envelope to . . .

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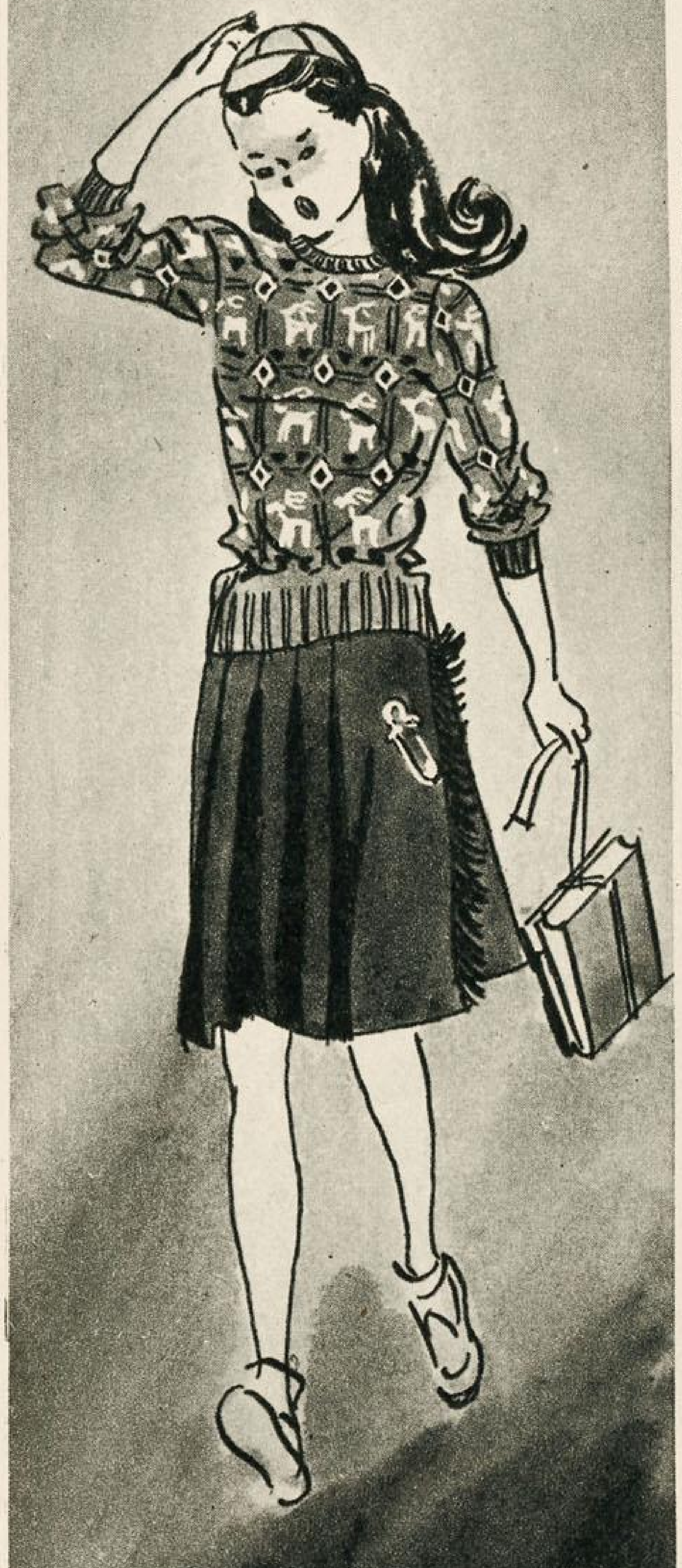

sharp set-up for a smooth teen

Beautifully worked reindeer sweater in soft Australian wool. Red, navy, green. Sizes 10 to 16. **6.95**

All-round pleated skirt is saucily fringed along the side closing. Note the huge safety pin! Navy, red, green, brown. 10-16. **5.98**

And top it with an Eton cap! Assorted colors. **1.55**

High School Shop, 5th Floor

State 2nd color choice on mail and phone orders. Add 12c postage outside our delivery area

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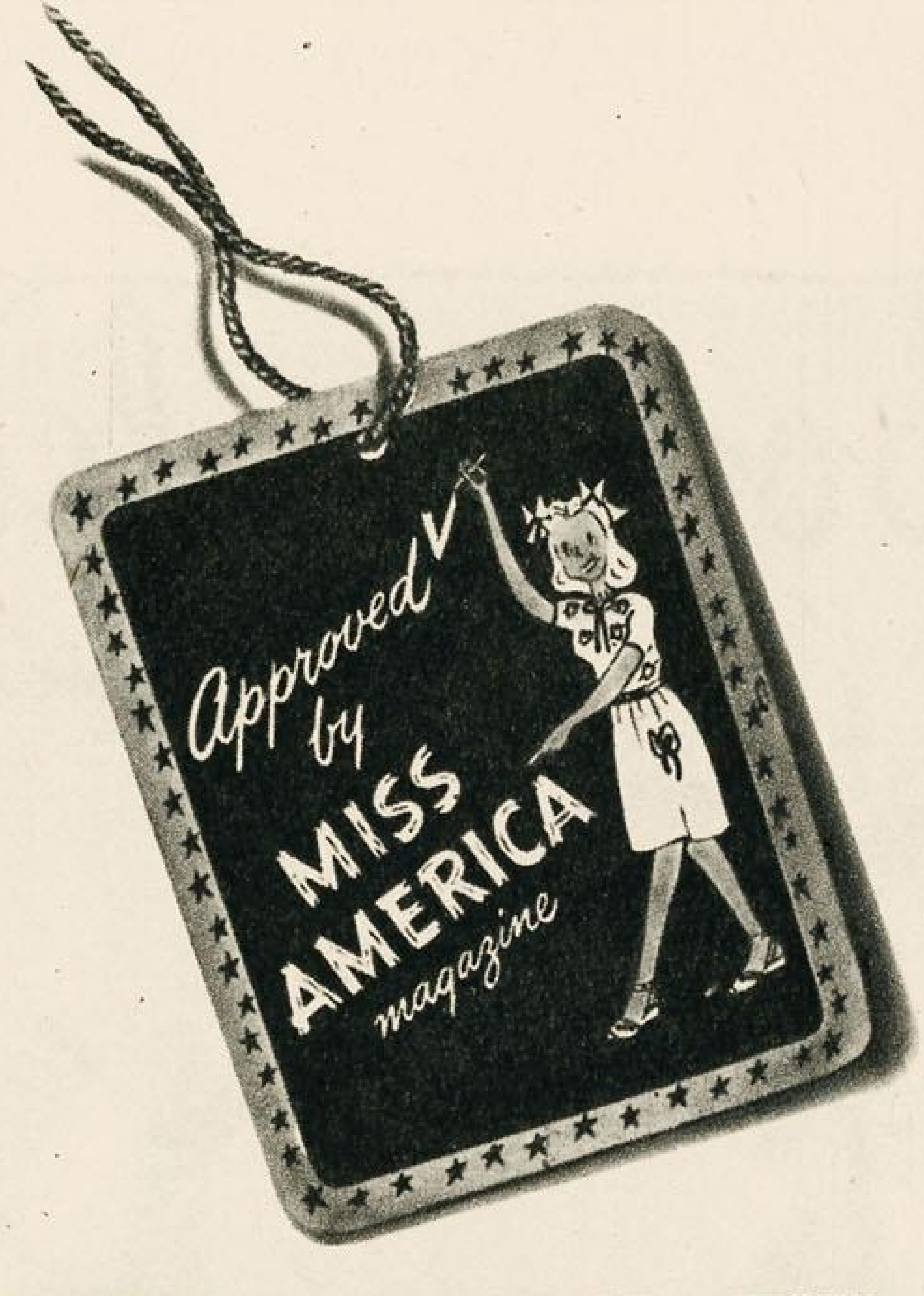
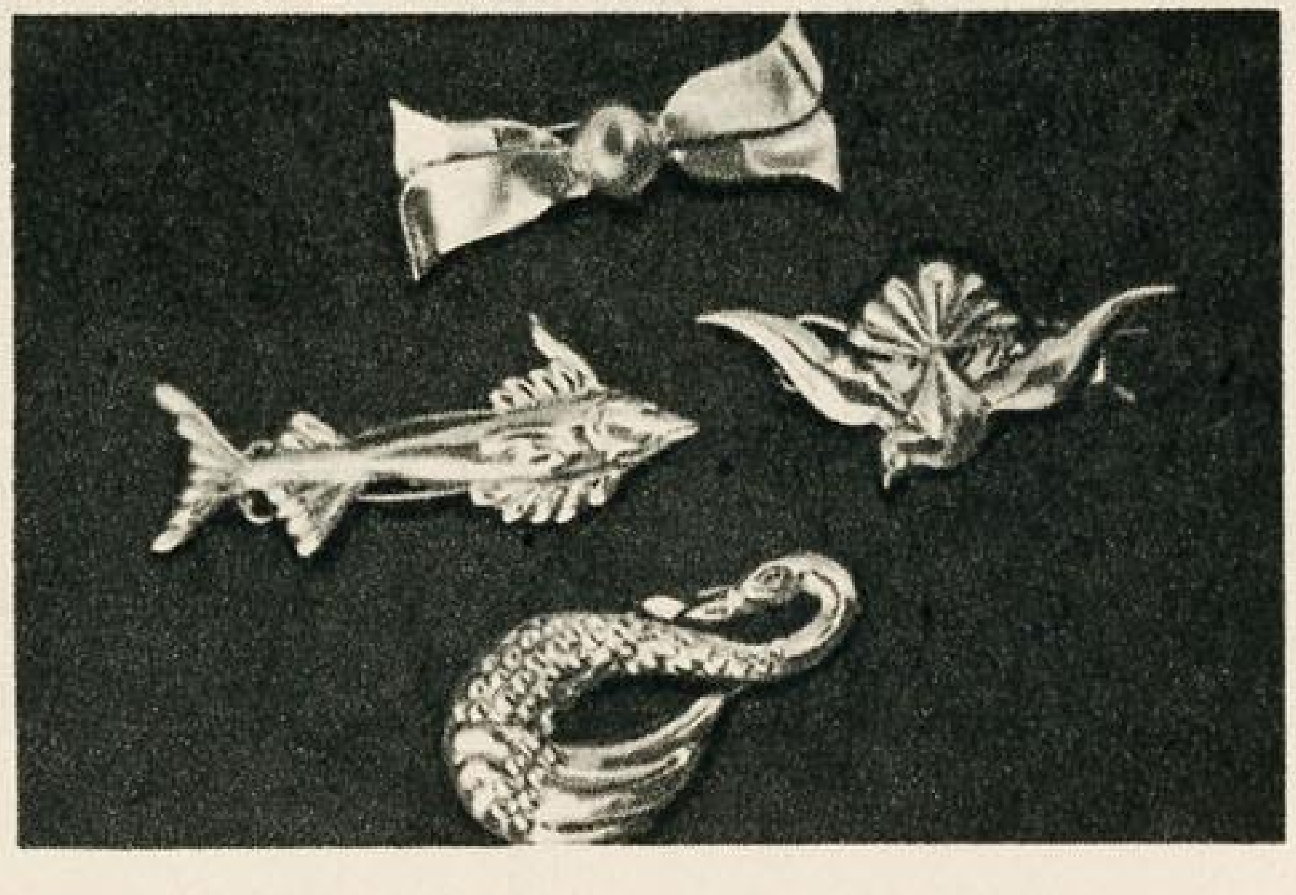


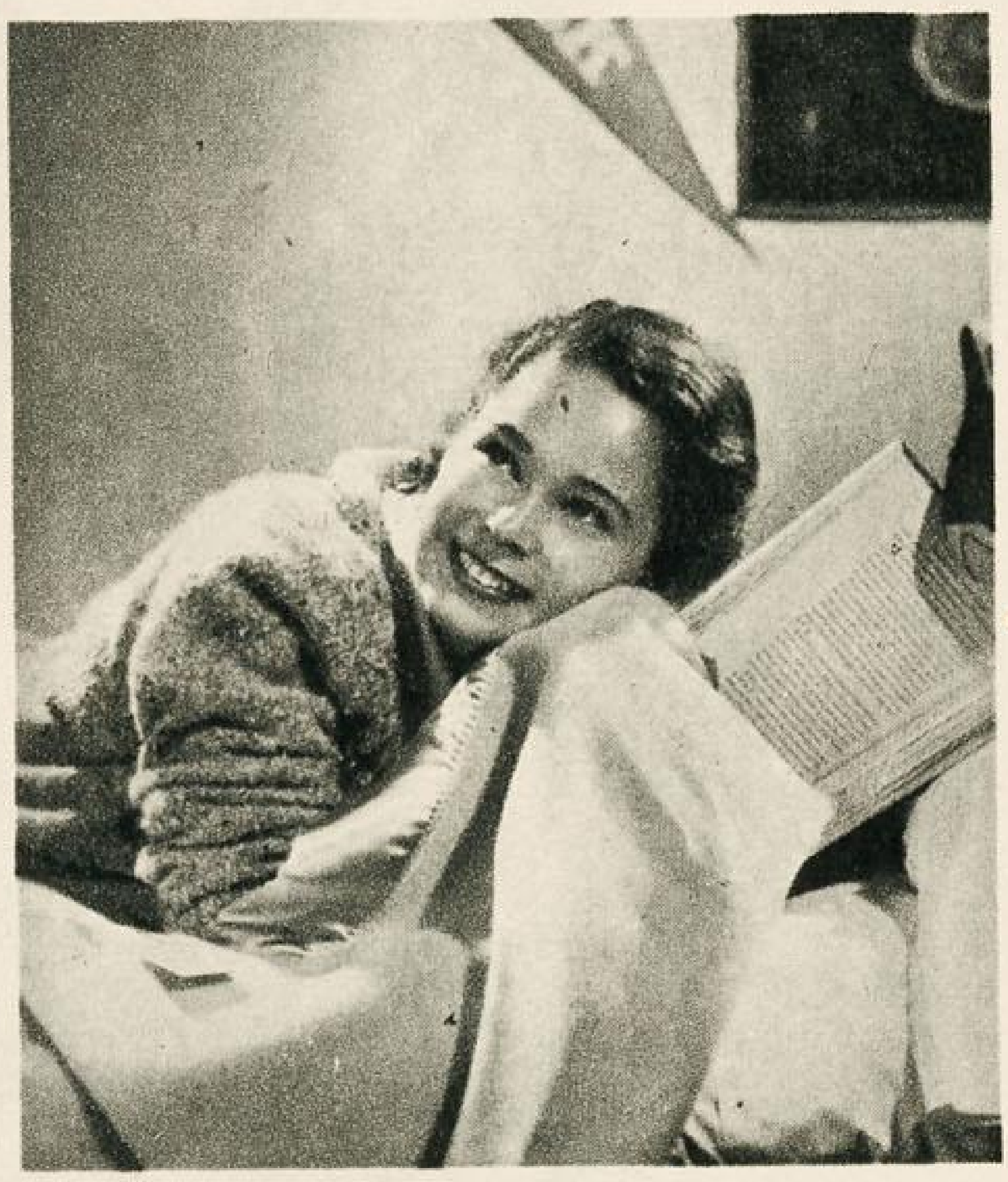
Scuff stuff (that's plenty tuff)! Loungin' loafers called "Oomphie's," and no wonder! See the gala carnival stripes running around the sole and heel for added "whee" appeal! Red or Blue cotton fabric top, by La Marquise. $2.50 at leading department stores all over.



Bird, beast or fish—or dainty little party bows—to "pin-up" your fair hair! Sterling silver in seven lucky designs by Jay Kel. These "Teen Tempters" are really a buy at 98c. Sold at department stores.

"Pin-pals!" This "fuddy duddy" balloon man; the "baa, baa, black sheep" who's run all the way from Persia to you (with a real honest-to-Pete curly Persian fleece); the pair of "danda" Pandas; and Santa's special white rein-dear are all Lapelle Originals. J. L. Hudson, Detroit, sells them for $1. (sheep, $2).

Friends, Romans, countrymen lend me your ear(muff)s! They're so soft in cuddly brown Mouton fur! These "Daysons" by Max Davis & Co. have an adjustable velvet tie, and are warm as toast. At Lord & Taylor's. About $2.95.

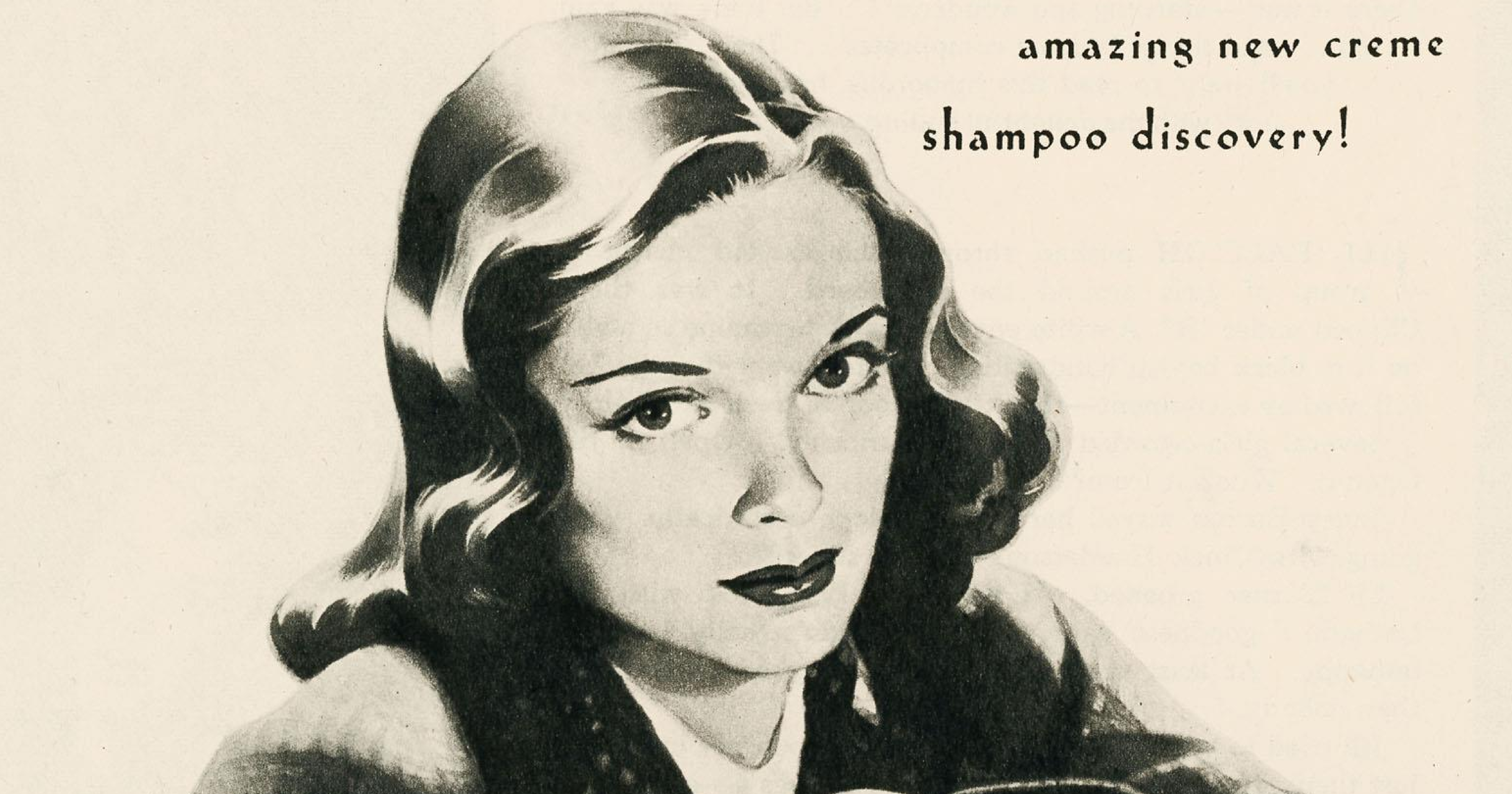


A real "cover girl" . . . And is this lightweight, all-wool St. Mary Lamar blanket ever a "softie!" So easy to care for, and just right for dorm dreaming, too. . . . In "dreamy" Ceil blue, Alphine pink, Celadon green, Peachbloom and White. Sold at Wanamaker's for $23.50.

Purr-fect for wintry weather is this mitten, kitten! Get a mixed breed "Alley Cat" in white with large streaks of black, brown and beige. Really the "cat's meow" in soft, bunny fur! Made by Wilshire Fur Products, and can be bought at Arnold Constable's for $3.

Yours for lustrous hair...

with Kay Daumit's
amazing new creme
shampoo discovery!



Lustre-Creme, a shampoo extra rich with lanolin, unveils the *hidden* highlights of your hair. A fingertip-full of this miracle creme instantly whips into luxurious lather (no lemon or vinegar after-rinse necessary). Lustre-Creme leaves your hair radiant, silken, easy to manage. At fine cosmetic counters everywhere...one dollar.

Mail twenty-five cents for a generous size trial jar. Sorry ...only one jar to each family. Write Department M. A.

Lustre-Creme

by KAY DAUMIT • 540 NORTH MICHIGAN • CHICAGO 11

Invitation to a Dance...

by Maxine Shore

There it was — startling and wonderful! But there was Pam, too . . . and things became complicated . . . Then . . . well, you'll want to read this humorous, heartwarming story with the delightful ending, yourself . . .

JILL RALEIGH pushed through the excited chattering group of girls around the noteboard. It was there! Clipped under "R". A white envelope with her name scrawled on it in black boyish handwriting. Relief swept through her, followed by excitement—then the turmoil of fresh uncertainty.

Several girls crowded about her curiously. "Open it, Jill! Open it. Who's it from?"

Janey Burton waved her own envelope ecstatically. "I'm going with Chick Henderson—isn't it super?"

Lil Turner groaned. "Looks like I'm stuck with Sid Latham, f' goodness' sake." But she didn't really look too unhappy. At least she'd been asked. Anybody was better than nobody.

Jill tried to escape. She didn't want to open her invitation just then. Not in front of everyone. This was a—a moment. But they wouldn't let her go. Irrepressible Janey grabbed the envelope from Jill's hand. "Oh, you're so pokey—here, I'll open it for you!"

Jill snatched it back, half-laughing, half-mad. "No you don't!" she said. "There's a law against tampering with other people's mail."

"Mail—or male, which?" teased Janey. "Whoever he is, he's safe from me. Haven't I got Chick?"

Jill's shiny-brushed chestnut hair fell over her curving cheek as she bent to tear open the flap with unsteady fingers. Let it be Dave. Please, let it be. . . .

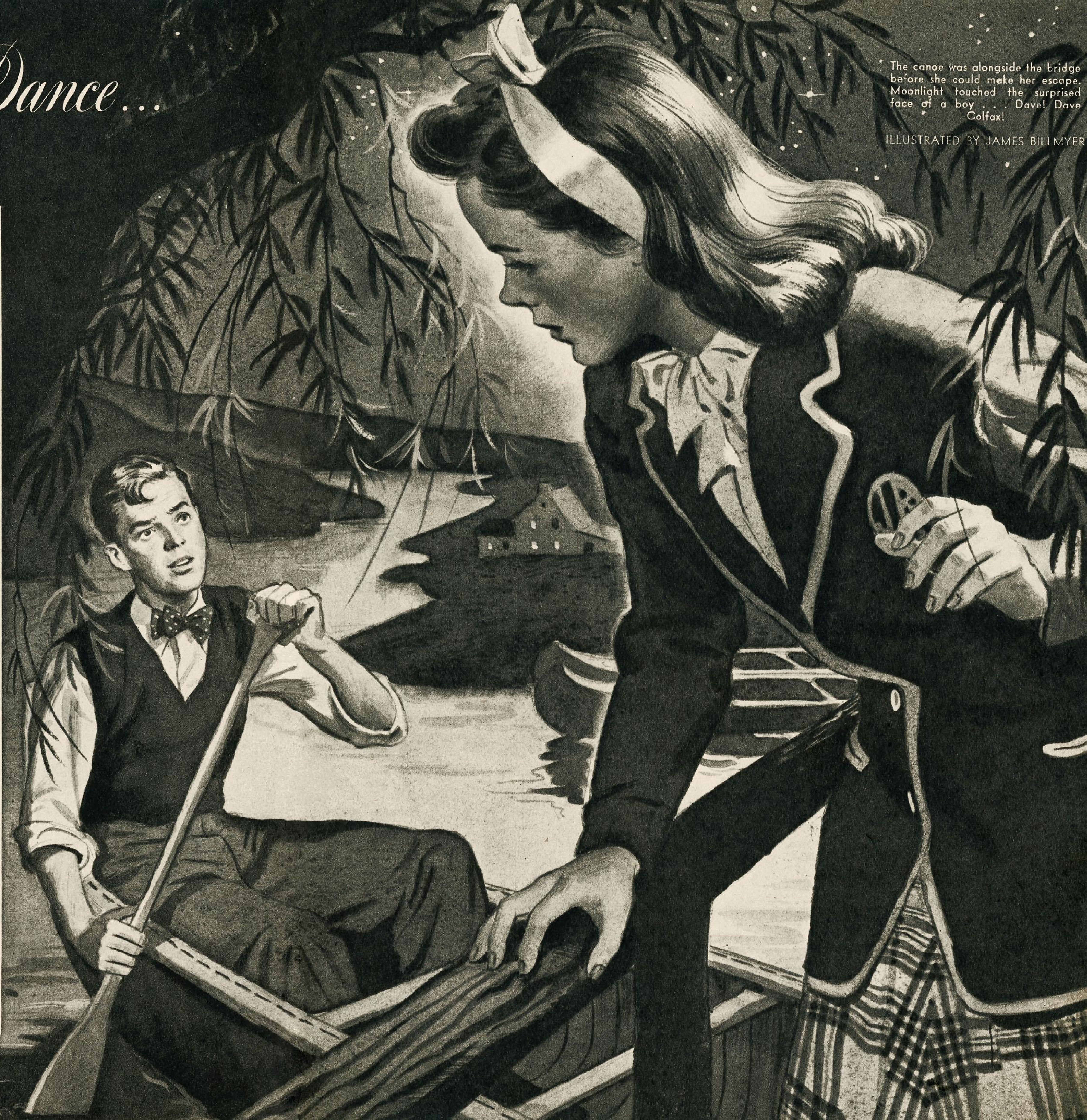
Unfolding the enclosed sheet, she glanced at the signature of the properly worded note.

Half a dozen voices gasped the name with her. "Bill Evans—jeepers!"

Jill's long-lashed green-blue eyes were round with astonishment. Bill Evans, Sheridan's senior class president, football captain, yearbook editor. Super Bill Evans, with those shoulders and that profile—jeepers, indeed!

Jill gulped. Must be some

(Continued on page 69)

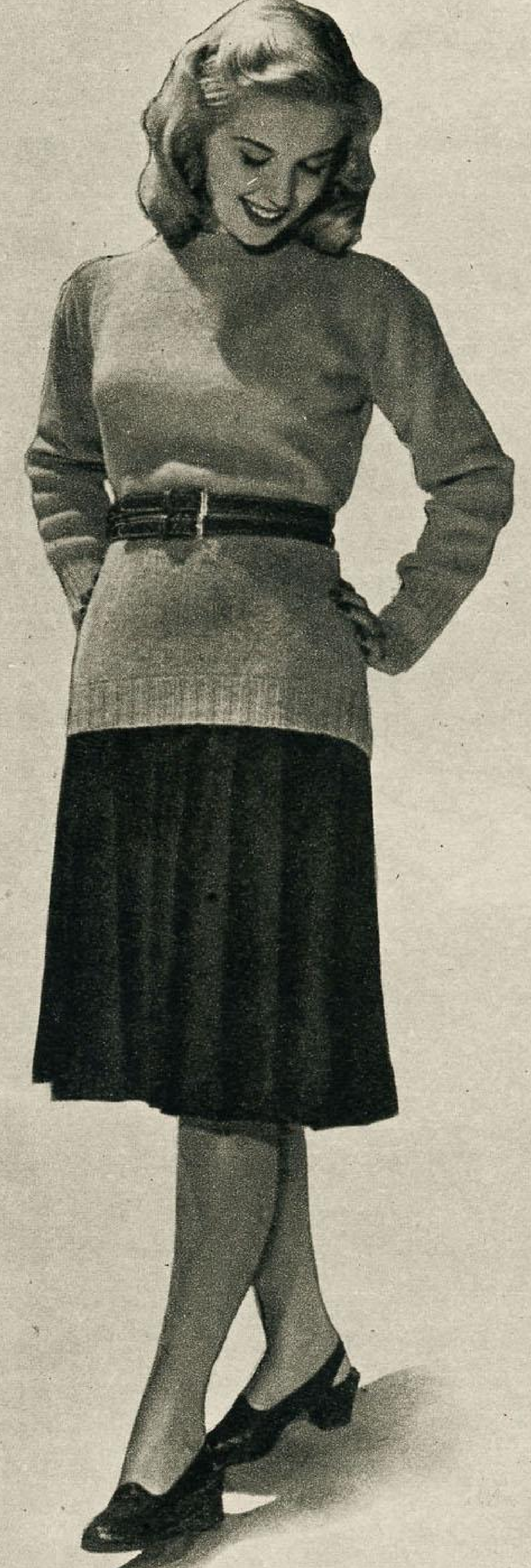


The canoe was alongside the bridge before she could make her escape. Moonlight touched the surprised face of a boy . . . Dave! Dave Colfax!

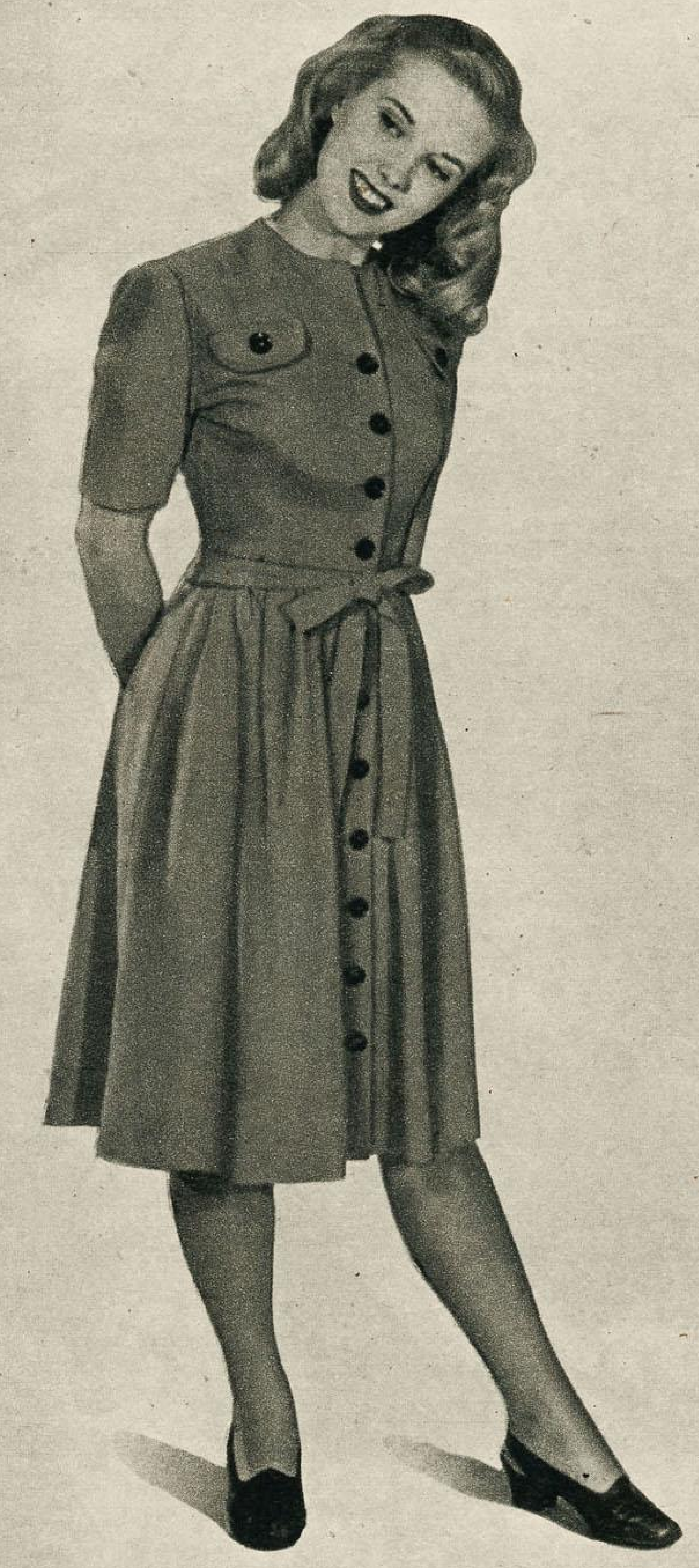
ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER

CAPITOL CHOICES

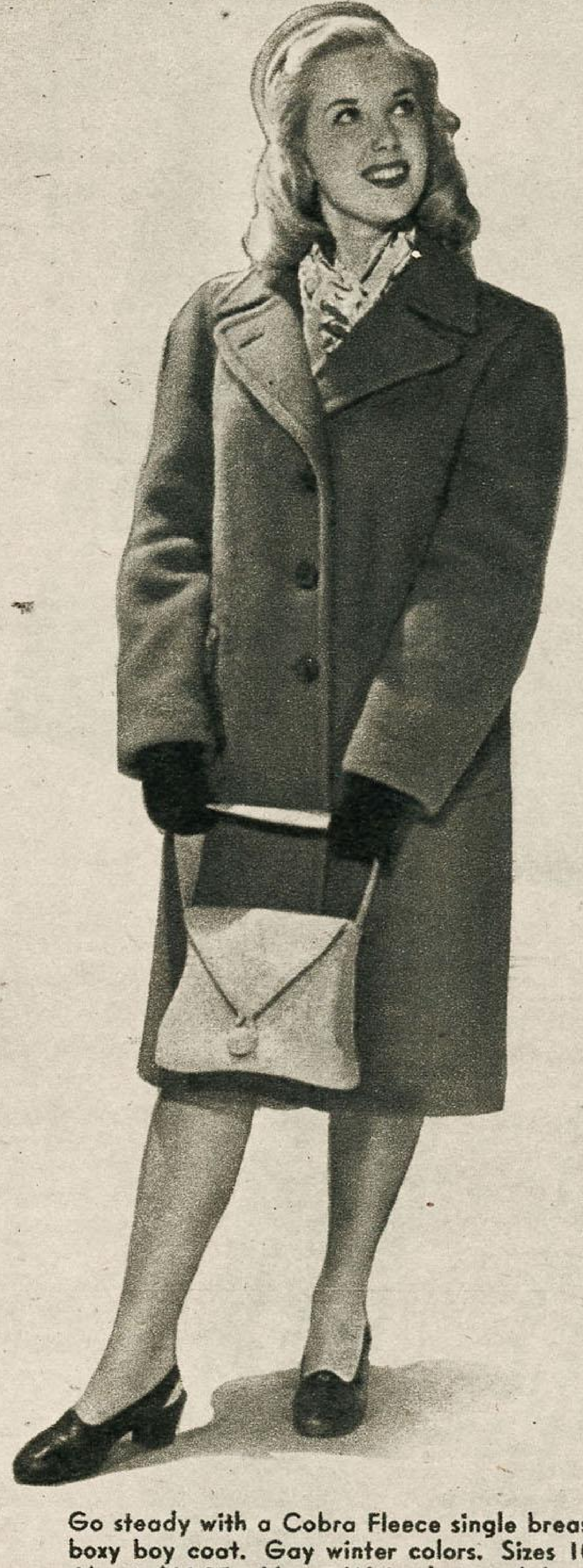
"**MISS AMERICA Goes To Washington.**" **Not a movie but what happened when we pattered down to the Potomac and voted for these wonderful fashions, from "Miss Teen Shop," at Lansburgh and Bro., Washington, D. C.**



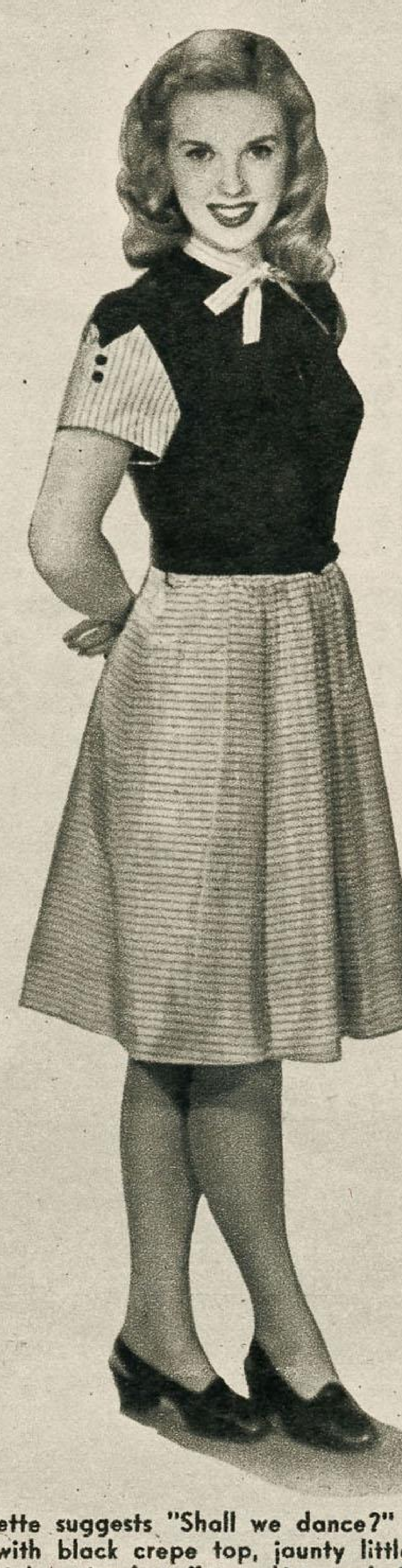
Joan Lord Shetland navy wool skirt in sizes 10-16. About $5.98. Vari-colored sweaters by Beurney Epstein in 30-40 at $3.95. Belt Modes, two strand crushed cape belt, saddle stitched. About $2.98.



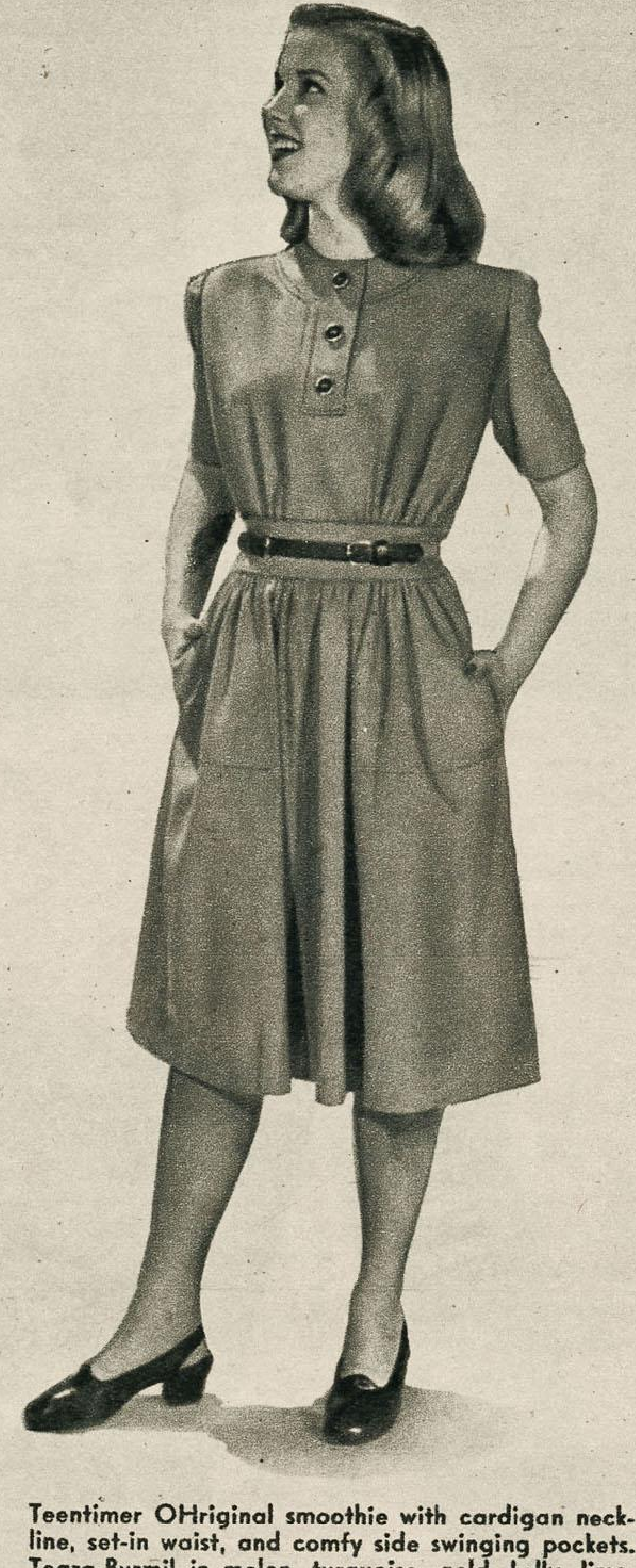
Teentimer OHriginal basic dress in Tegra-Burmil. Buttons from Young, round neck to hem, and even on two shoulder pockets. Melon, turquoise, gold, kelly, lime, coral. Sizes 10-16. About $8.98.



Go steady with a Cobra Fleece single breasted, boxy boy coat. Gay winter colors. Sizes 10-16. About $16.95. Harry Weiss hat and bag set in wool felt. About $3.98 per item. Lovely colors.

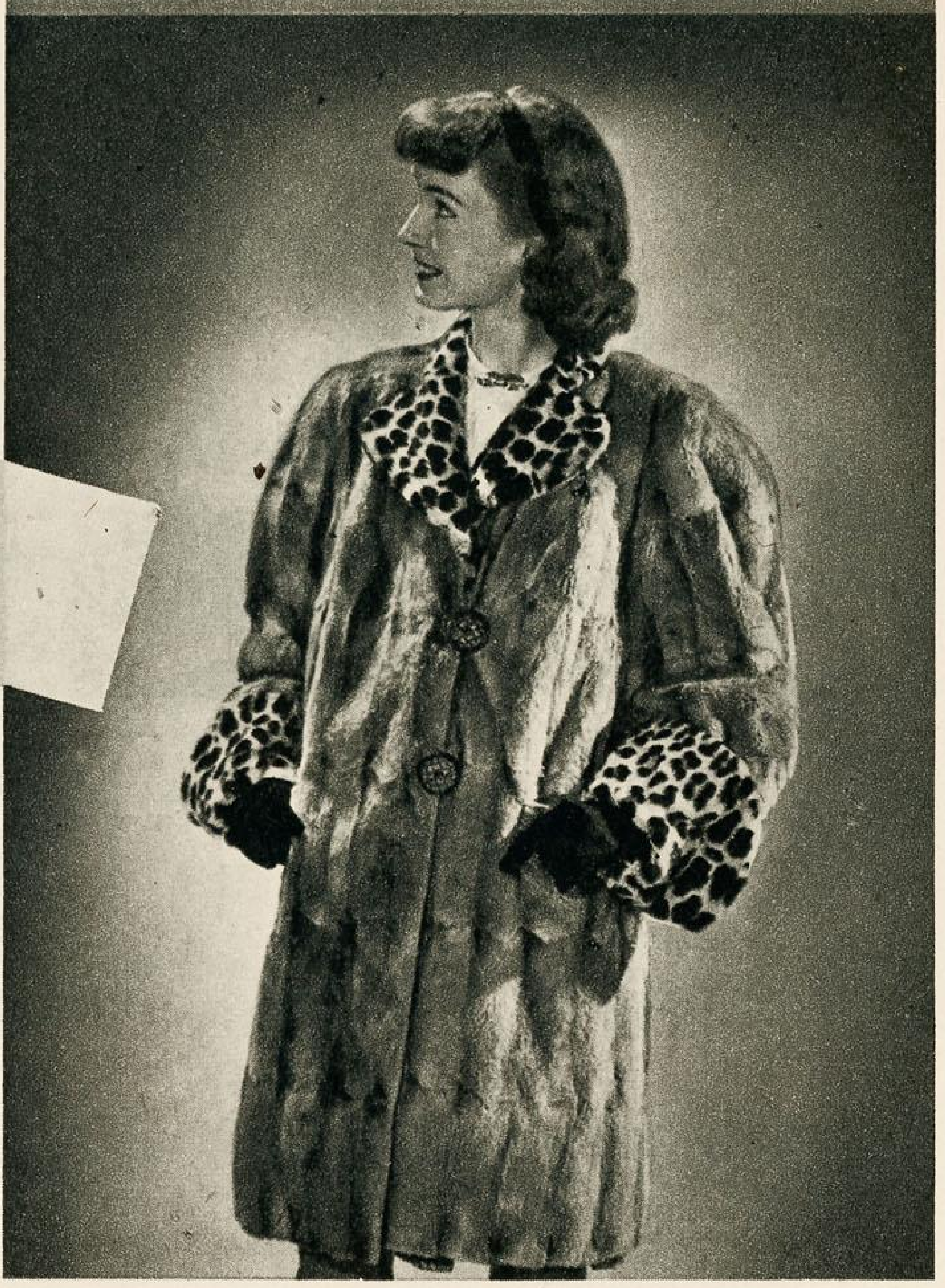


Juniorette suggests "Shall we dance?" in a date frock with black crepe top, jaunty little bow tie, and pink striped taffeta skirt and fixings. In 10-16 sizes, of course. Priced at about $7.98.

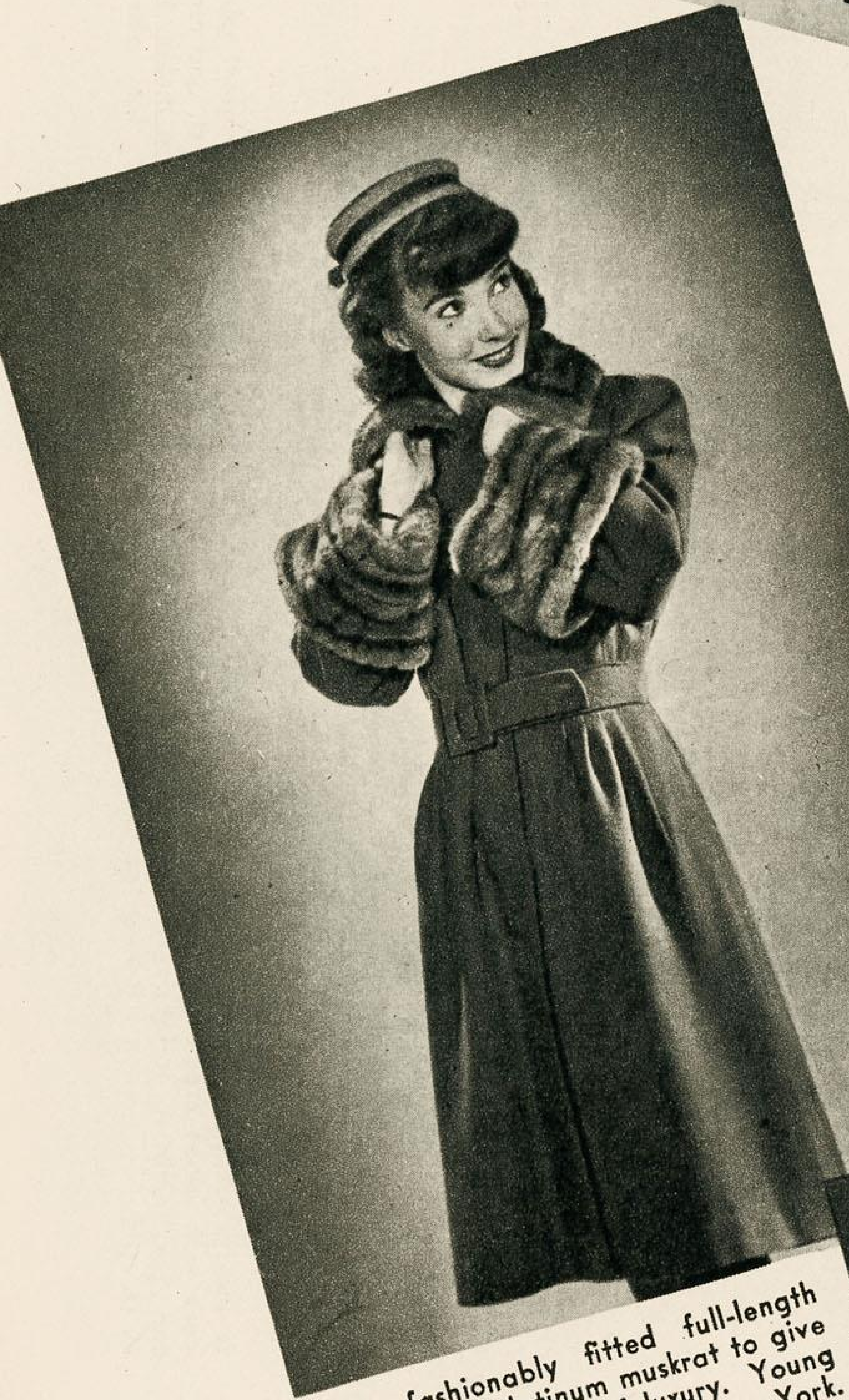


Teentimer OHriginal smoothie with cardigan neckline, set-in waist, and comfy side swinging pockets. Tegra-Burmil in melon, turquoise, gold, kelly, lime, coral. Sells for about $8.98. Sizes 10-16.

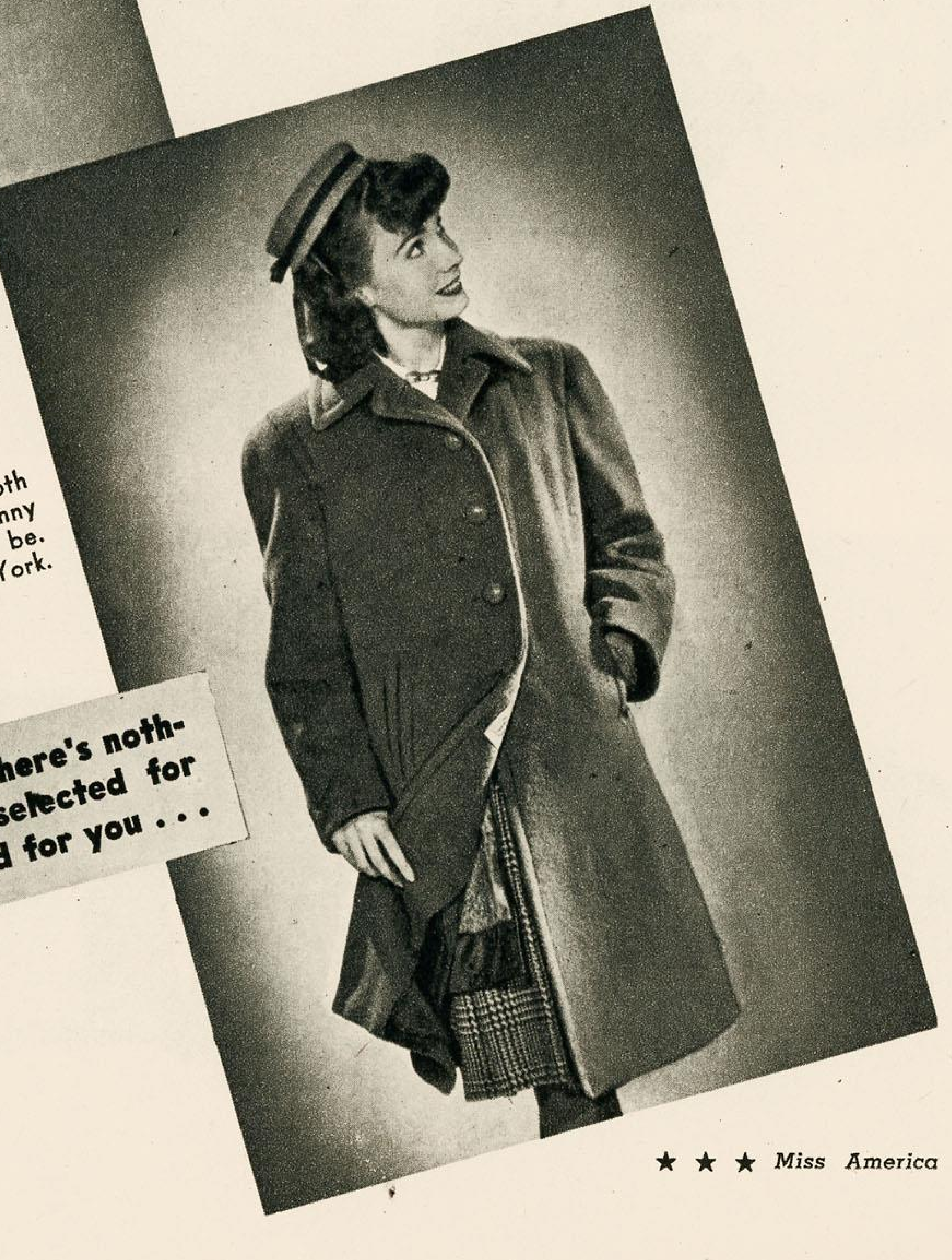
with FUR-VENT THANKS...



"Her First Fur Coat" by I. J. Fox.. Three-quarter length, long-wearing natural muskrat with eye-catching leopard trim on collar and gauntlet cuffs. Young sizes 10-16. $149 plus tax. At I. J. Fox, New York.



Going places—this fashionably fitted full-length dress coat by I. J. Fox with platinum muskrat to give collar and sleeves some big gobs of luxury. Young sizes 10-16. $59. No tax. I. J. Fox, New York.



A love to keep you warm—I. J. Fox's Johnny cloth fleece classic with a buttoned and zipped in bunny fur lining, which will keep you as cozy as can be. Young sizes 10-16. $39. No tax. I. J. Fox, New York.

'Fur' comfort, 'fur' beauty, 'fur' wear—well, there's nothing like that fur-featuring coat, carefully selected for your money's worth of value. So we shopped for you . . .

the Fat Girl and her worries

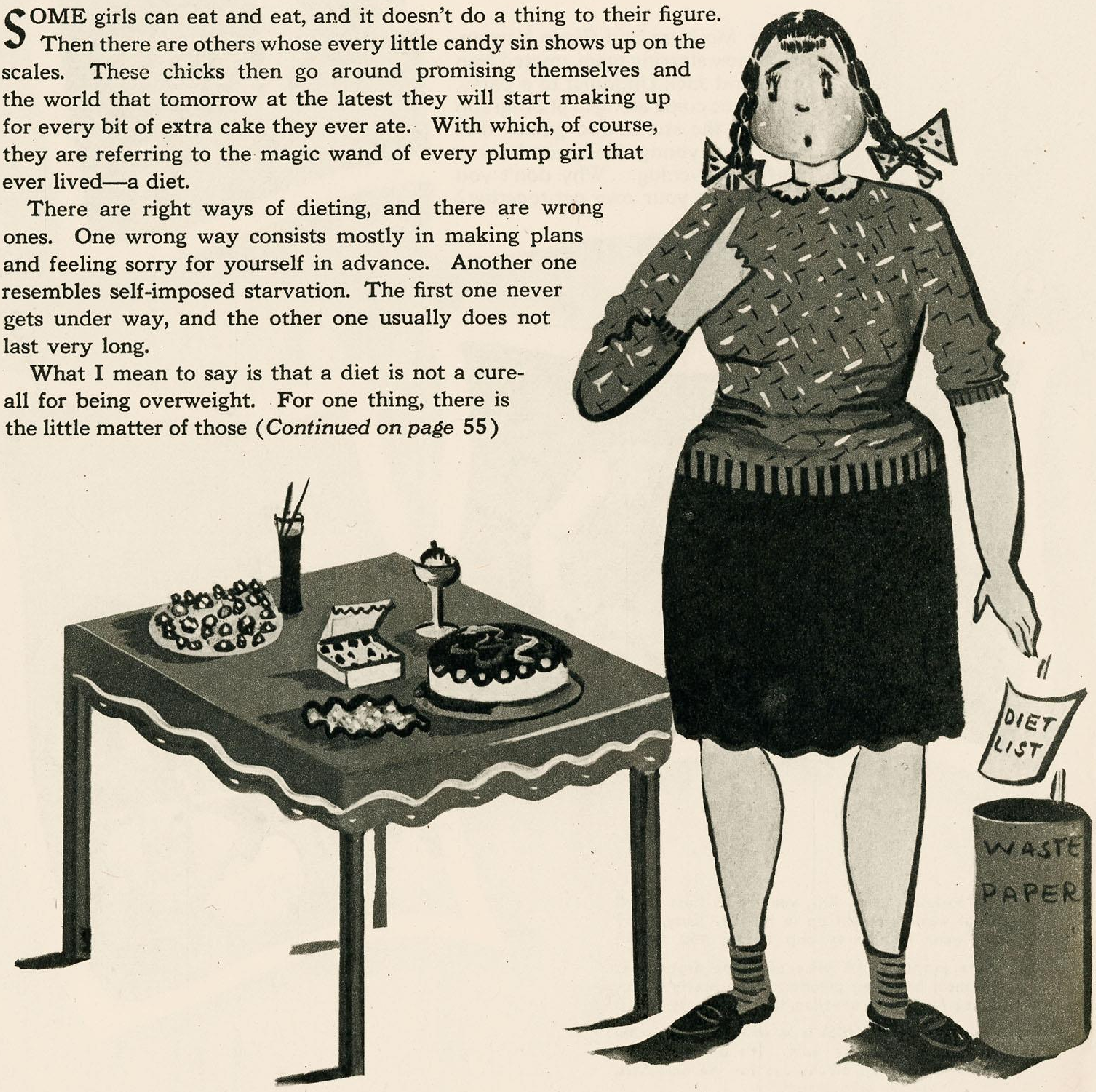
You resolve to lose weight . . . "No more sweets," you say—Sez you! Why do you trade in the slim shape you want for that fudge sundae binge? Tina Travers knows—and helps you to help yourself and your figure.

by Tina Travers

SOME girls can eat and eat, and it doesn't do a thing to their figure. Then there are others whose every little candy sin shows up on the scales. These chicks then go around promising themselves and the world that tomorrow at the latest they will start making up for every bit of extra cake they ever ate. With which, of course, they are referring to the magic wand of every plump girl that ever lived—a diet.

There are right ways of dieting, and there are wrong ones. One wrong way consists mostly in making plans and feeling sorry for yourself in advance. Another one resembles self-imposed starvation. The first one never gets under way, and the other one usually does not last very long.

What I mean to say is that a diet is not a cure-all for being overweight. For one thing, there is the little matter of those (*Continued on page* 55)



"It Was A Wonderful Party"

Marcy McGuire and Glenn Vernon, RKO's new starring team, invited Nan Leslie and Jack Lindquist to a party. They let us come along to photograph some of the stunts and games that gave four young Hollywoodians a fun-filled evening. Why don't you try them at your own get-together?

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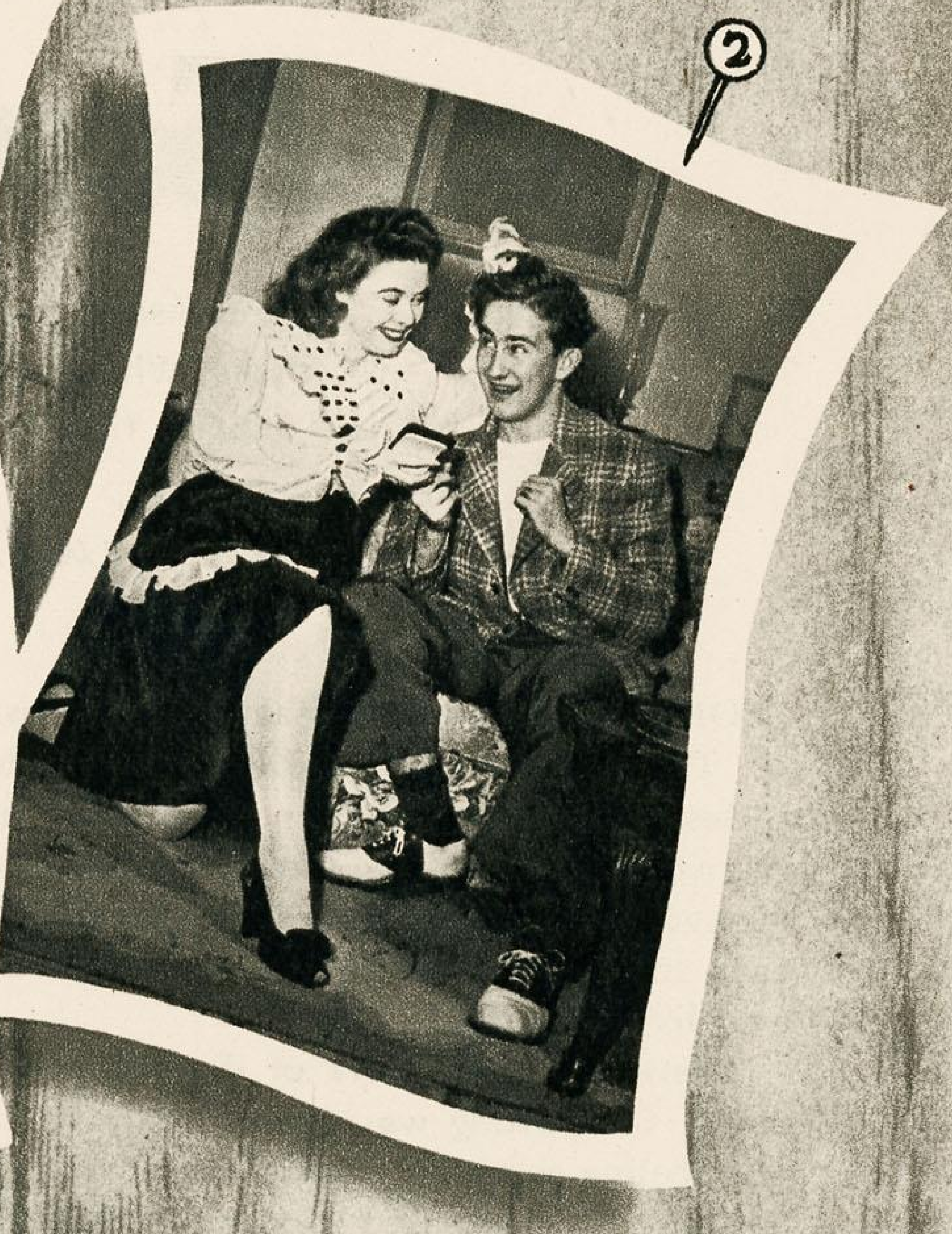

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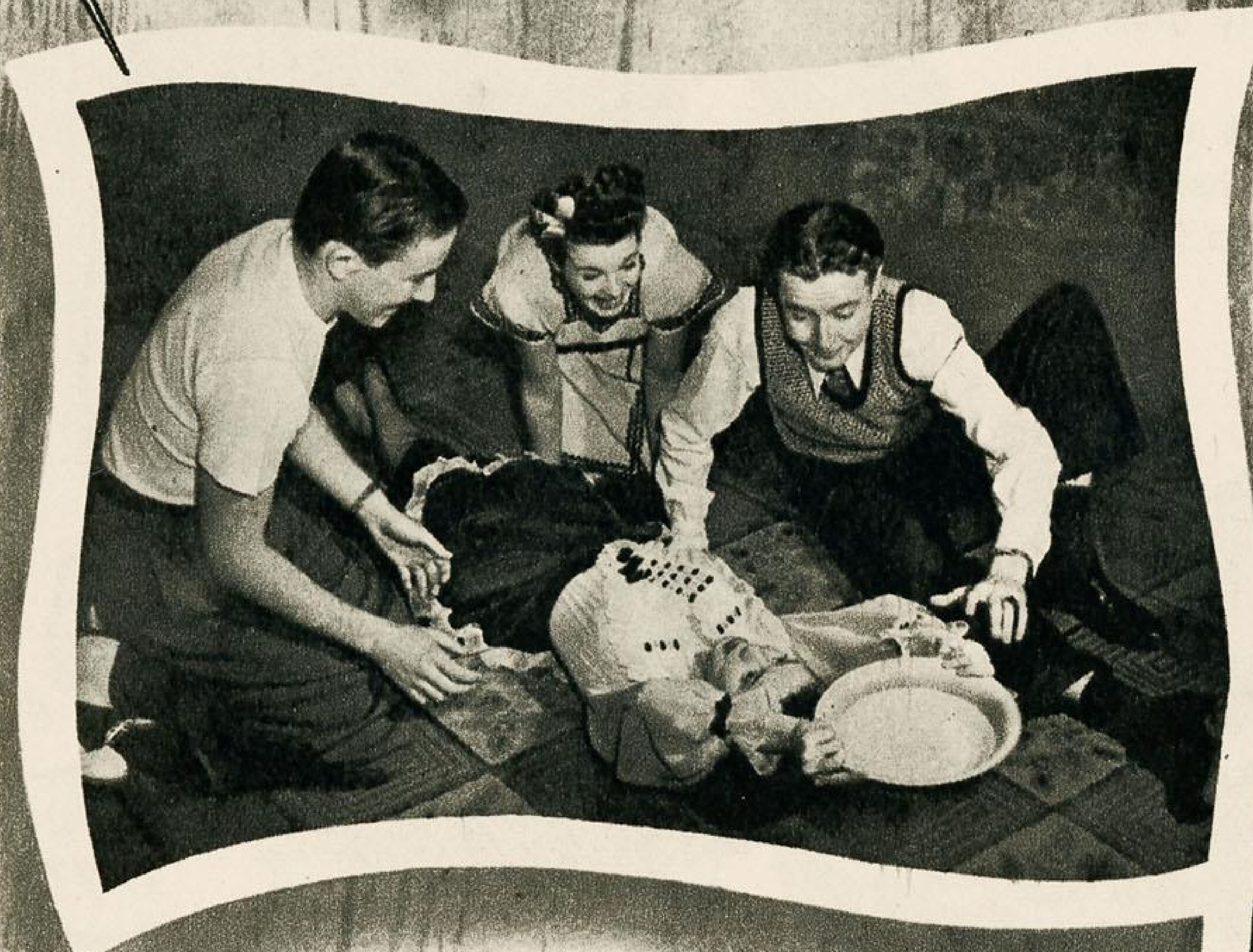

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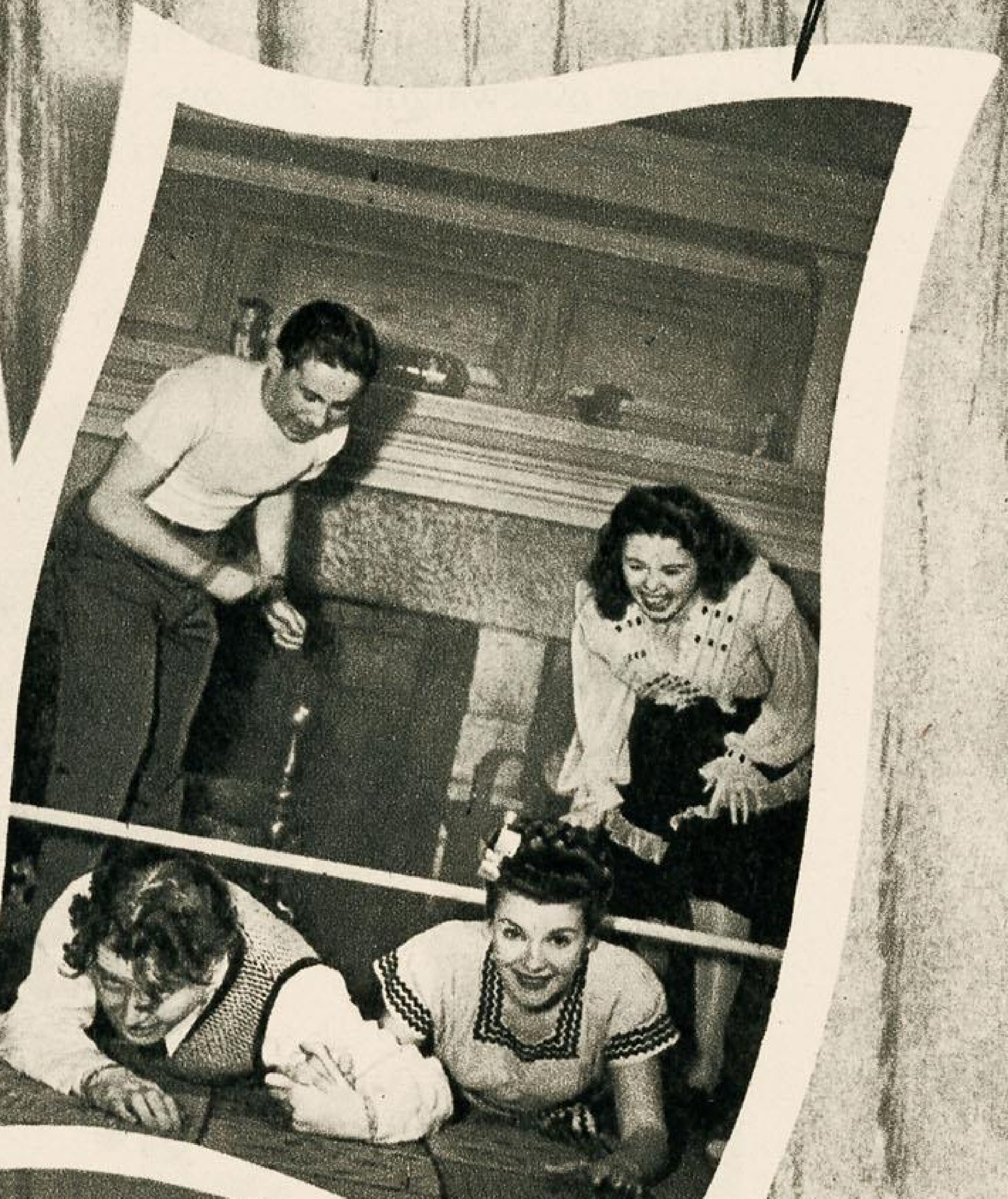

1. Water torture! Lying flat, you try to raise a full basin of water straight up in the air. Easy, huh? Better wear a bathing cap before you try it!
2. Practice proposals. A prize of lemon drops goes to the most beguiling pleader. Here pretty Marcy pops the important question to Jack (lucky guy!).
3. More pole fun. The trick is to wriggle under without knocking down the pole. It's a fine de-icer for an evening, and mucho fun for the onlookers.

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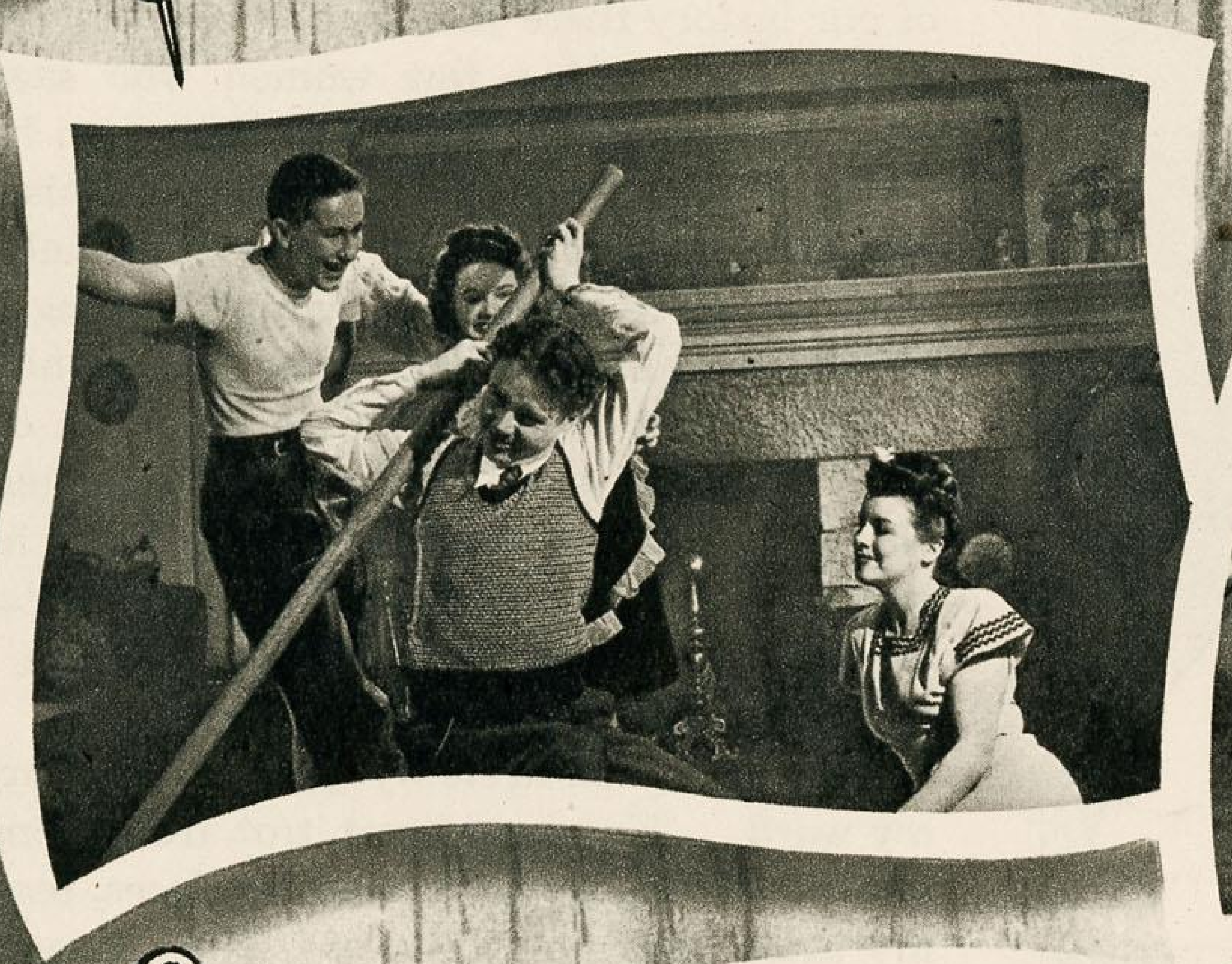

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⑧

4. "Unaccustomed as I am"—Each guest makes a two-minute speech on any subject. Here Glenn holds forth on the North Pole—of all places!
5. Broadcast in bedlam! Glenn is the suave m.c., Marcy warbles, Jack makes music, and Nan enthusiastically clap-claps all their efforts.
6. Glenn "takes a pole" for you. Put the pole in a corner of the room and hold it as Glenn does. Then step over it—without moving your hands.
7. Hey, Nan, what's the matter with you? Don't you know that there's a man-power shortage today? Better give that Glenn a kinder glance.
8. The night is filled with music as Nan and Marcy, Jack and Glenn, top off their wonderful evening with a homegrown and hilarious quartet.

Bluebelle?

By John Oliven, M. D.

Dr. Oliven tells us more about our BODY AND SOUL in this fascinating series . . . Why do we get those low-down blue spells? "Doc" gives us this and other answers . . .

TODAY I want to follow a suggestion of your editor, and tell you something about moods, and especially about that thing called "the blues." But before I begin I'd like to say a few words about the early history of our American nurses whose lives represent a triumph over that all too-human malady.

All of you have seen a nurse somewhere—in a hospital, or in a doctor's office, or maybe just in the movies, and you know how doctors and patients alike just couldn't think of being without nurses today.

But that wasn't always so. In the earlier times of our history there just weren't any real nurses. There were only a few women who saw the need and who took matters in their own hands. They practically built their own hospitals, they furnished the bandages and other materials, and they got their training by simply asking some physician to teach them the necessary things.

This condition lasted up to the time of the Civil War, and both of the fighting parties, the North as well as the South, had their heroic women who volunteered for this service of mercy. I'd like to quote a short passage from the diary of one of these early nurses:

". . . Up at six, dress by gaslight, run through my ward . . . Till noon I trot, trot, trot, giving out rations, cutting up food, washing faces, teaching my attendants how beds are made, how floors are swept, dressing wounds, dusting tables, sewing bandages, keeping my tray tidy, rushing up and down after pillows and bed linens, sponges, and directions until it seems as if I would joyfully pay down all I possess for a fifteen-minute rest. At twelve comes dinner for the patients and afterward there is letter writing for them or reading aloud. Supper at five sets everyone running who can run. Evening amusements. . . . Then for such as need them the final doses for the night."

These were the women who, with their faithful service, helped bring nursing where it is today: one of the most respected professions in the world. And no (*Continued on page* 48)

FOR GIRLS ONLY

by Laraine Day

Laraine Day, star of RKO's "Those Endearing Young Charms", and many other fine films, has joined our staff. You will discover, as you get better acquainted with Miss Day through these pages, that she is more than just a charming, beautiful and gracious person; you will discover that she has a great understanding of your problems. Miss Day is constantly in touch with teen-agers, being vitally interested in their well-being. The talented star, at your age, produced, wrote and directed school plays; her interest in this form of self-expression for youth has never lagged. Miss Day's life is clean, wholesome; she is active in church activities. And now, meet your new friend . . .

LETTER FROM LARAINE:

This is really one of the nicest things ever to happen to me—to be your confidante. I have read every one of your letters, and already I feel we are good friends. Your problems are not only important to you, they are important to me: I want to help you in every way I can.

There are a couple of things I'd like to tell you before I start answering your letters. One, there will never be a confidence of yours I will violate; and, two, every letter will be answered as honestly, as truthfully and as sincerely as I know how.

It's nice knowing you—Ann, Shirley, Gloria, Betty—all of you! And nice knowing, too, that every month we'll have a date right here on these pages.

Always, your friend,
LARAINE.

I am fourteen years old and have had pimples and blackheads for three years. I have tried every kind of ointment and salve,

(Continued on page 65)

Handling the Forward Pass . . .

by Rosalie F. Wilson

This is about BOYS, young and old, and what to do about them when they get that gleam in the eye that may mean trouble. We know you'll want to know the latest on keeping them (and you) out of mischief . .

YOU'RE beginning to get a trifle discouraged about the whole thing. You wonder whether other girls have the same trouble, or if there's just something dreadful about you that brings out the worst in your men.

The situation which you've been running into more and more frequently of late is roughly this: you and Johnny have a perfectly divine evening until that last half hour when—presto!—Johnny does a quick-change into an octopus.

You've tried the outraged and virtuous Unhand-Me-You-Cad attitude, which you know Mom would expect of you, with far from gratifying results. That is, Johnny unhands you all right, but all additional dates are conspicuous by their absence. On the other hand, you can't bring yourself to give Johnny the unrestricted green light. Not for a hundred future dates. You're simply not the green light type.

Your instincts tell you there must be a smooth way of handling the situation, and your instincts are perfectly right.

To begin with, you'll have better control over the situation if you understand it thoroughly. Most passes fall into one of three categories, all with their own special method of defense.

The first play is the Tentative One. Here, Johnny is no whit more experienced at heaving the forward pass than you are at receiving it. However, in bull sessions he has acquired the impression that it's being done, and he's perfectly willing to conform to minimum date standards. Just remember, when those tentacles start to weave, that Johnny's sole aim is to make you think he's a devil of a fellow. Remember, too, that despite his brash assurance (which is probably phony), his raw young ego is surprisingly vulnerable. Therefore, if you can convince Johnny that he's a thoroughly irresistible lad, while actually avoiding the issue, you'll head up his date list.

The easiest way to do this is to take the whole thing lightly. Pretend you know Johnny's kidding, but that you're perfectly willing to enter into the spirit of the jest. Keep a supply of flip remarks handy for just such occasions. "My mother didn't raise her only child to be a wrestler," you can object good-naturedly. Or, "We'll simply have to postpone this; my fifth lesson in Judo got lost in the mail."

You can think up zany objections in your spare time, under the dryer, or during study periods. These serve the double purpose of permitting Johnny to back down gracefully, which he will subconsciously appreciate, and also intimate that you think he's pretty cute, rather than a horrid beast. Once you turn the thing into comedy, your worries are over. Even Charles Boyer couldn't pitch effective woo with a gal who was firmly convinced the whole thing was funny.

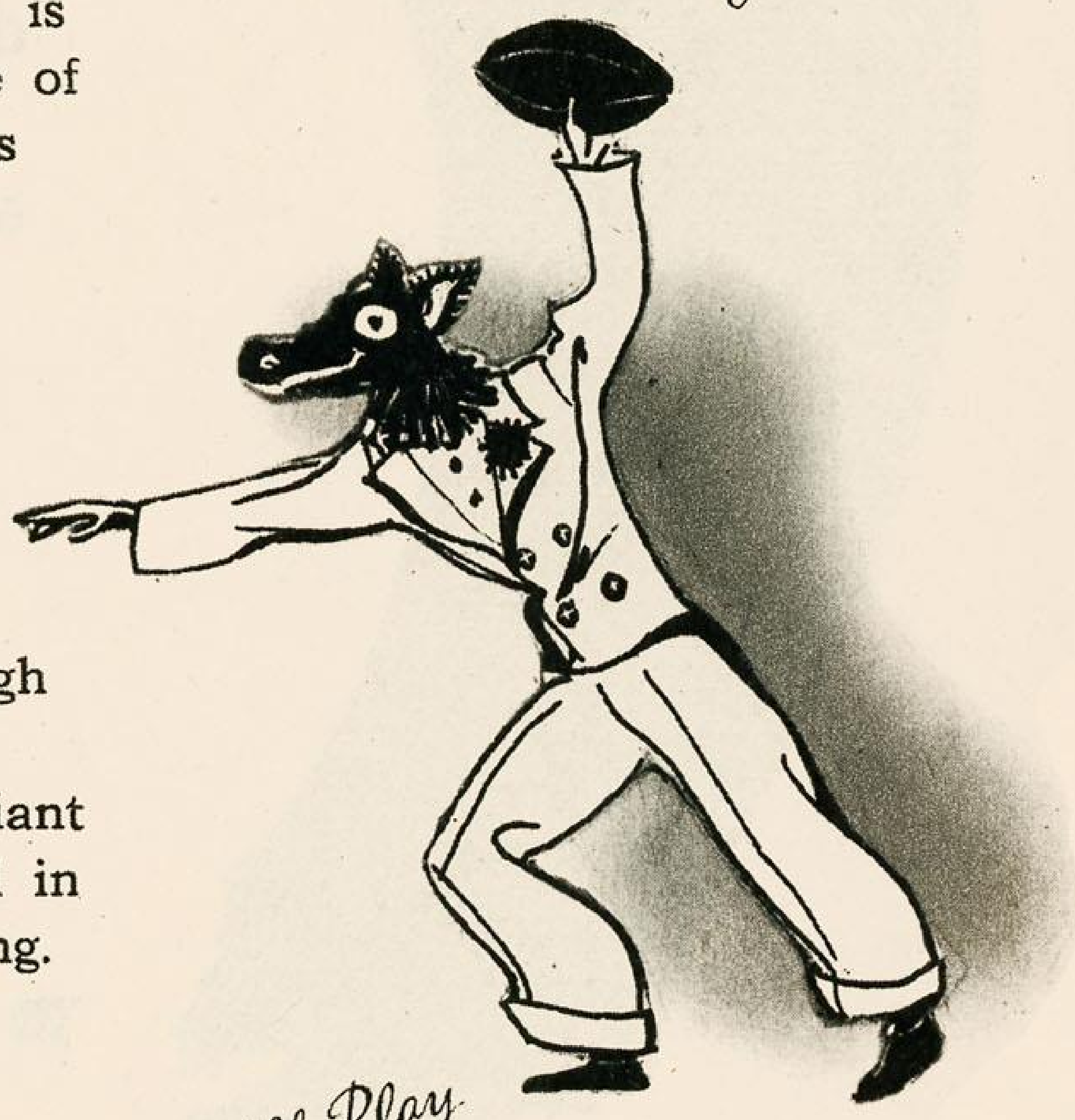
The Advanced Play is even easier to handle. This one is usually pulled by a player who has had some small degree of success with his Tentative work, and who already *knows* he's irresistible.

The light approach won't work here. A far better system is the Verbal Skirmish, the object of which is to keep Johnny talking. Encourage him, wide-eyed, to elaborate on his views of life, world affairs, politics, or Betty Grable and relativity if he's so inclined. Insert only enough "whys" and "buts" to keep him rolling. In this way, without realizing it, Johnny will have expended, through harmless channels, whatever energy he has accumulated.

He will, in addition, convince himself that you are a brilliant and experienced woman simply because you haven't gasped in horror at whatever "advanced" theories he has been spouting. His male ego will be flattered (*Continued on page* 40)

Tentative Play

Advanced Play

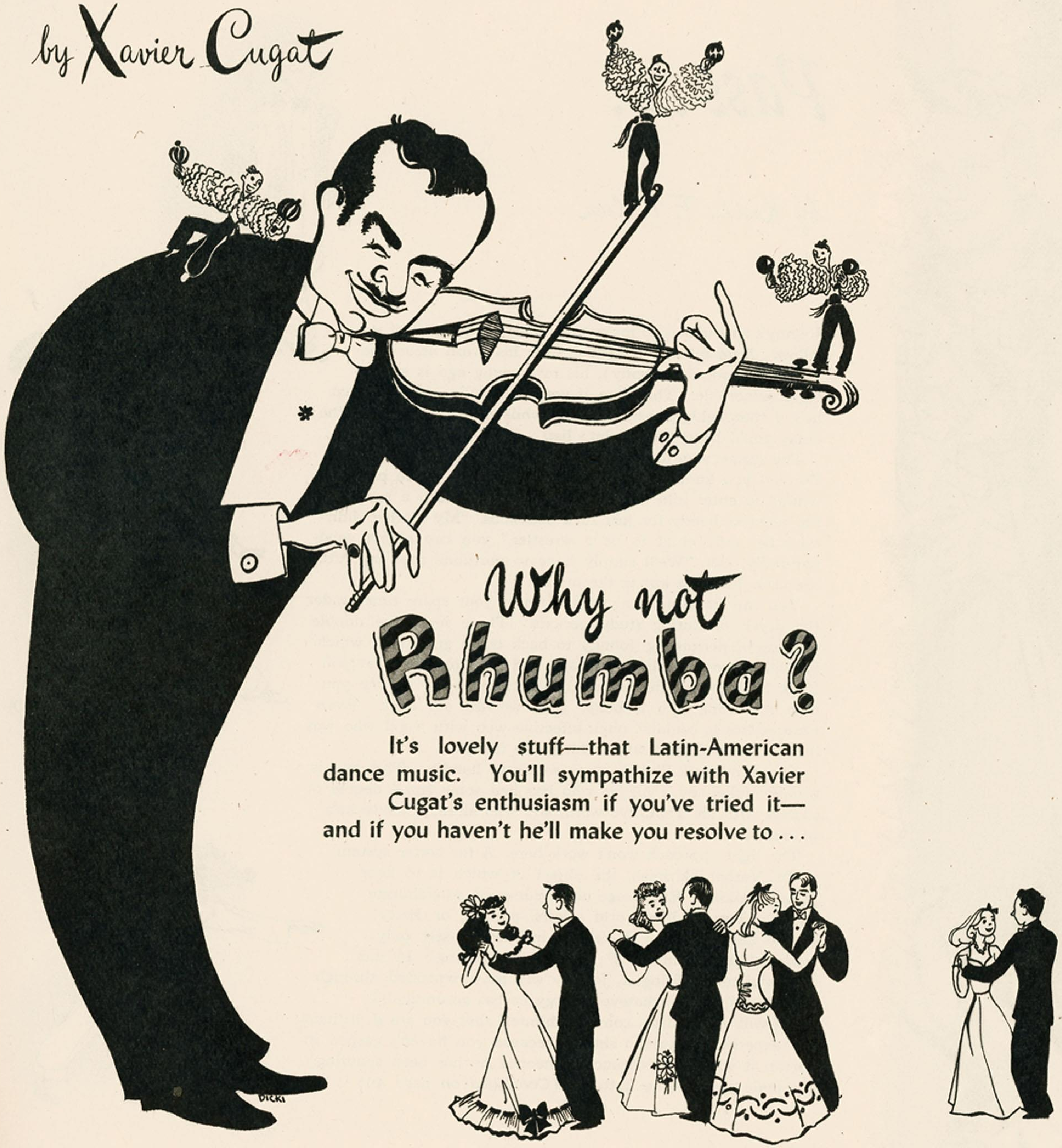


Wolf Play

by Xavier Cugat

Why not Rhumba?

It's lovely stuff—that Latin-American dance music. You'll sympathize with Xavier Cugat's enthusiasm if you've tried it—and if you haven't he'll make you resolve to . . .



THE rhumba is simple! The rhumba is easy! It is not a dance for pairs of contortionists in ruffled costumes who are featured in the movies or in night club revues—nor is it for only those older persons who can afford to attend expensive and fancy schools which teach you "guaranteed in ten easy lessons to dance the rhumba if you can walk!"

The rhumba is a three step—with a little hitch in it—like the kind your heart takes when "he" passes you in the street. If you can dance—a waltz, a foxtrot, or follow with easy grace your dancing partner, you can rhumba too. You don't need fancy lessons. Some of your best lessons you can take from watching. The rhumba is like all good things—simple in essence but very subtle. And please, girls, you don't need the whole floor for it. The rhumba can be done on a dime.

Nothing made me happier during my recent night engagement at New York's Copacabana than to take notice of the many younger people on the floor who were dancing the rhumba and the samba as if they were as natural to them as any native North American dance that they had learned in childhood—and they were enjoying it. It also gave me great personal satisfaction to find that they were learning to distinguish between the various types of Latin-American music—just as they can point out to you that one song is a ballad, while another is a jump tune.

I think, perhaps, the greatest handicap that the Latin-American dances had in gaining the popularity to which they are entitled on the North American continent was professional dancers. For professional dancers are, of course, judged as tops in their field because of the ease and grace with which (*Continued on page* 22)

Cugat shows how he would handle a "hot horn," regardless of the example of Harry James whose picture disapprovingly observes.

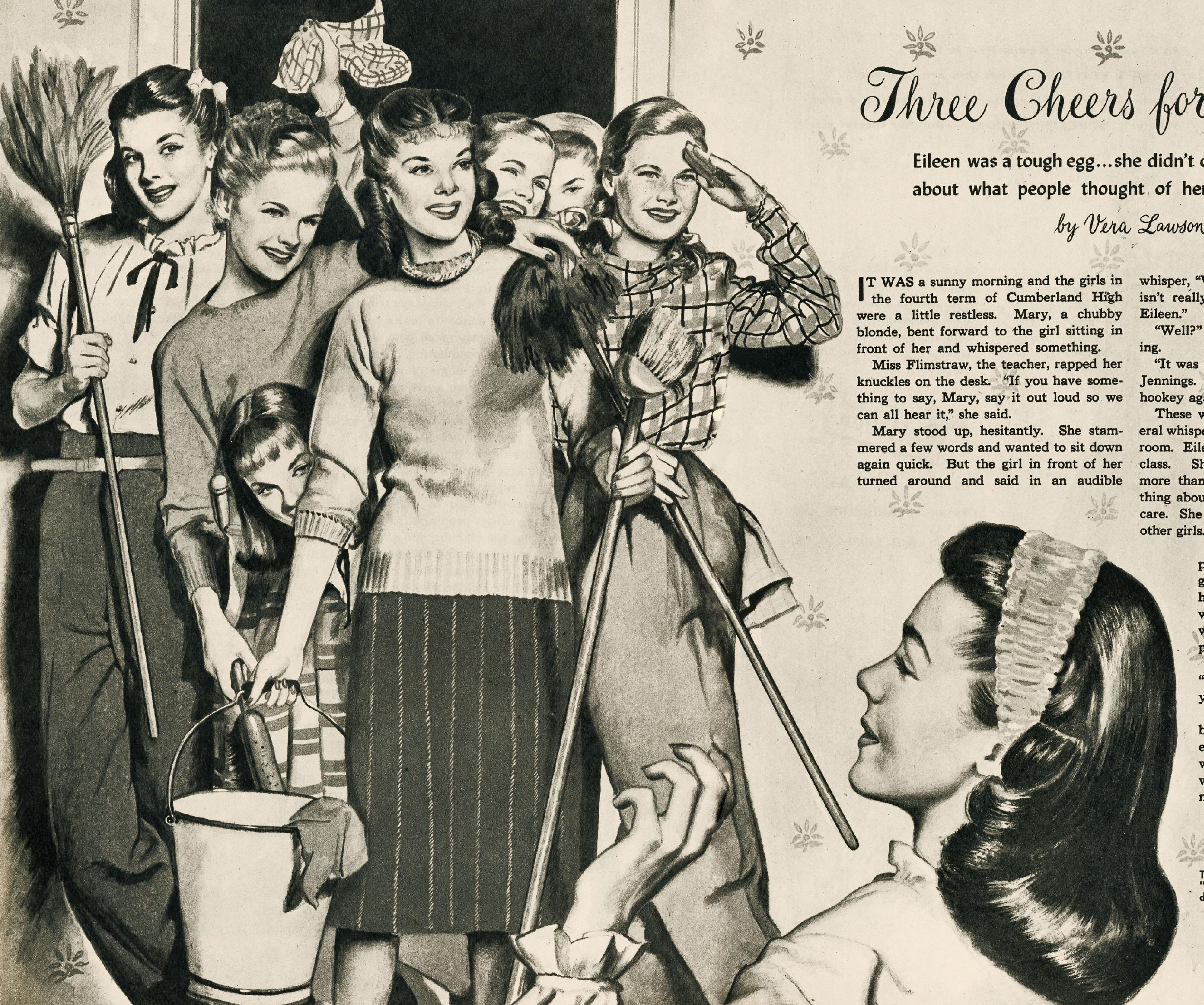
Xavier Cugat and Company demonstrate subtle but scintillating Latin-American rhythms to entranced listeners. But who can sit still when Cugat plays?

Versatile fellow, this Cugat—but his women acquaintances always insist that he give warning before sketching them. Wonder why!

Three Cheers for Eileen...

Eileen was a tough egg...she didn't care about school, about what people thought of her...or DID she?

by Vera Lawson



The front door swung open, and a cheery "Good-morning, Eileen", came from a dozen throats. Was she still dreaming?

IT WAS a sunny morning and the girls in the fourth term of Cumberland High were a little restless. Mary, a chubby blonde, bent forward to the girl sitting in front of her and whispered something.

Miss Flimstraw, the teacher, rapped her knuckles on the desk. "If you have something to say, Mary, say it out loud so we can all hear it," she said.

Mary stood up, hesitantly. She stammered a few words and wanted to sit down again quick. But the girl in front of her turned around and said in an audible whisper, "Why don't you say it, Mary? It isn't really a secret after all, that about Eileen."

"Well?" Miss Flimstraw was still waiting.

"It was something about Eileen—Eileen Jennings. I just said that she was playing hookey again."

These words were the signal for a general whisper to spread throughout the classroom. Eileen was the black sheep of the class. She stayed away from school more than she attended. And the funny thing about it was that she didn't seem to care. She even boasted about it to the other girls.

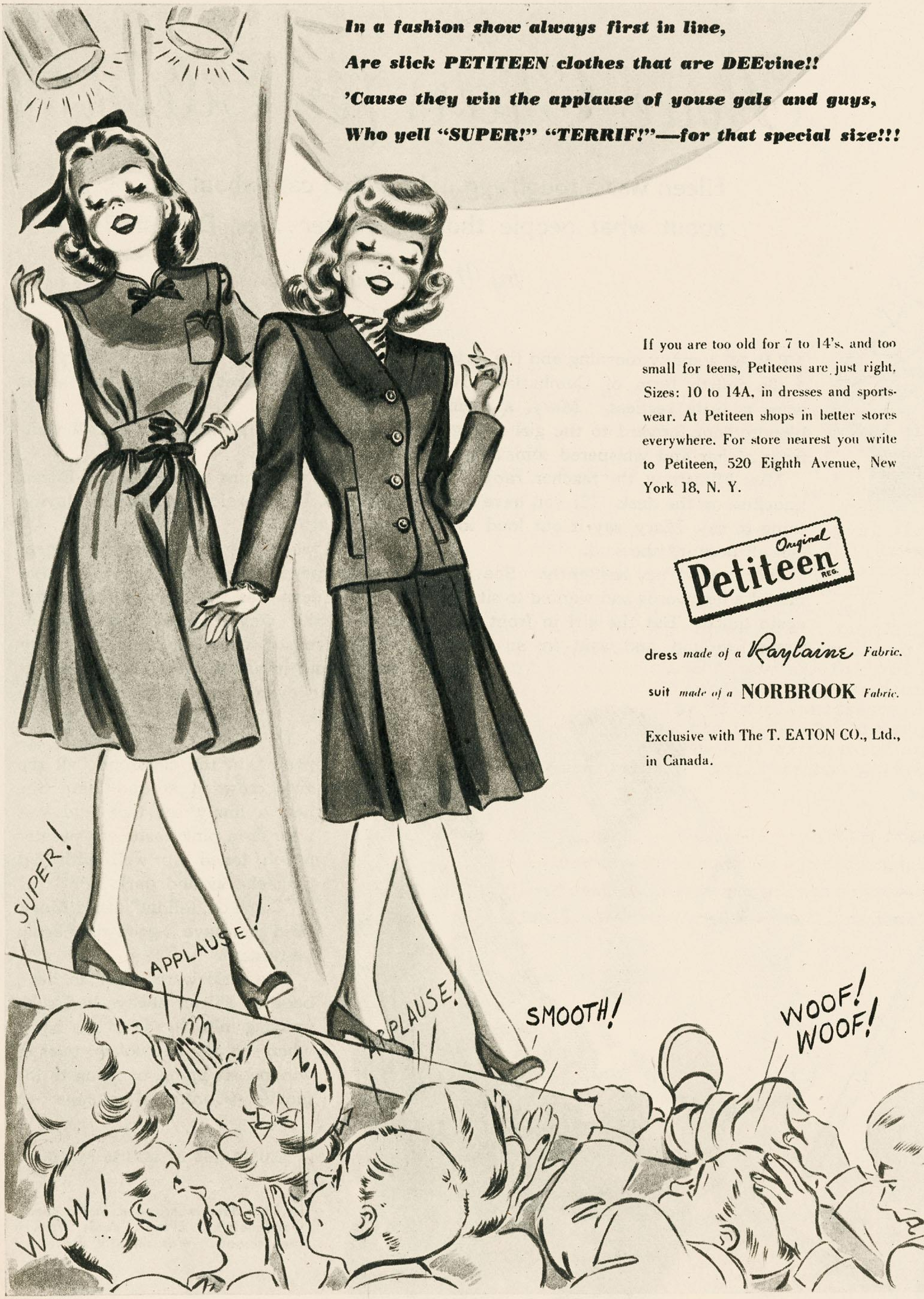
Next day, when Eileen appeared in the classroom, all the girls crowded around her. She had a finely set face and was wearing a pink cashmere sweater which toned up well with her pink cheeks and dark hair.

"Come on, tell us," urged Mary. "Did you have a good time again yesterday?"

The girls were eager to hear, because Eileen always had such exciting tales to tell of the hours when she played hookey; tales of window shopping, or going to the movies, *(Continued on page 58)*

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUISE ALTSON

In a fashion show always first in line,
Are slick PETITEEN clothes that are DEEvine!!
'Cause they win the applause of youse gals and guys,
Who yell "SUPER!" "TERRIF!"—for that special size!!!


SUPER!
APPLAUSE!
APPLAUSE!
SMOOTH!
WOOF! WOOF!
WOW!

If you are too old for 7 to 14's, and too small for teens, Petiteens are just right. Sizes: 10 to 14A, in dresses and sportswear. At Petiteen shops in better stores everywhere. For store nearest you write to Petiteen, 520 Eighth Avenue, New York 18, N. Y.

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VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD

October 30, 1945
Hollywood, California

Dear Betty Ann—

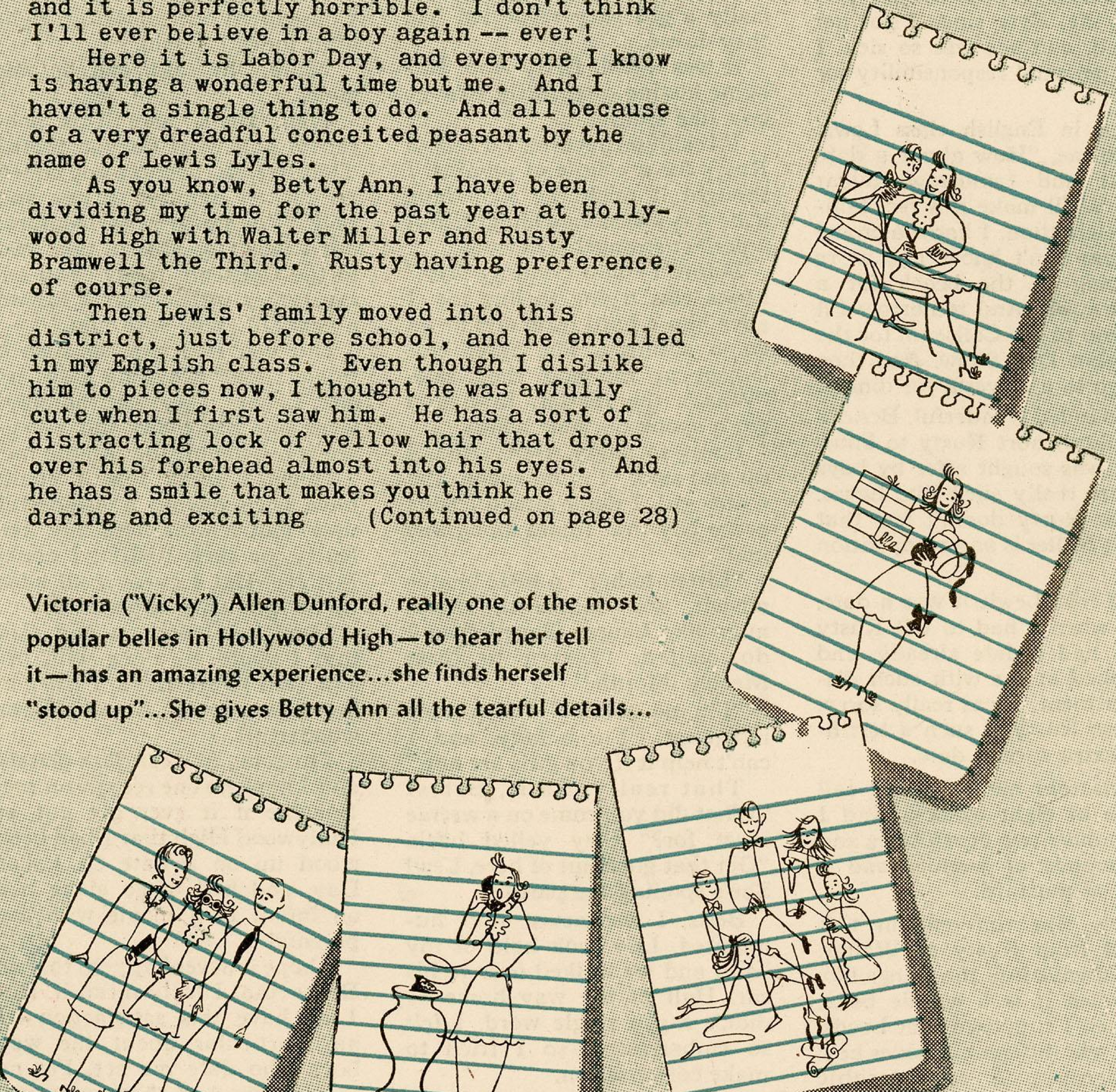
Dear Betty Ann: I've just been stood up, and it is perfectly horrible. I don't think I'll ever believe in a boy again -- ever!

Here it is Labor Day, and everyone I know is having a wonderful time but me. And I haven't a single thing to do. And all because of a very dreadful conceited peasant by the name of Lewis Lyles.

As you know, Betty Ann, I have been dividing my time for the past year at Hollywood High with Walter Miller and Rusty Bramwell the Third. Rusty having preference, of course.

Then Lewis' family moved into this district, just before school, and he enrolled in my English class. Even though I dislike him to pieces now, I thought he was awfully cute when I first saw him. He has a sort of distracting lock of yellow hair that drops over his forehead almost into his eyes. And he has a smile that makes you think he is daring and exciting (Continued on page 28)

Victoria ("Vicky") Allen Dunford, really one of the most popular belles in Hollywood High—to hear her tell it—has an amazing experience...she finds herself "stood up"...She gives Betty Ann all the tearful details...



DEAR BETTY ANN

From Page 27

and everything. Anyway, Lewis is different from all of the other boys at Hollywood High.

Labor Day was coming along; and I just knew that Walter Miller was going to ask me for a date. He always does. And Rusty would too. So I got Walter fixed up with Lisbeth, she used to be Four-Eyes, who isn't so fat anymore. It took a lot of doing, but I worked on Walters' sympathies, and told him I would simply adore him for doing such a kind and generous act as putting a little happiness into Lisbeth's life. Ever since I got her reduced, and she was so sick, I feel a personal responsibility for her.

Then in English class Lewis said to me, "How about a date tonight and tomorrow, Sugar Puss? We'll make it a real holiday celebration. I know a crowd that you don't know, and we're all going to the beach for a weenie roast. And tomorrow I'll take you to the Coliseum for the big Labor Day Show. And then we'll go to a drive-in for dinner.

It sounded wonderful. Besides it wouldn't hurt Rusty to know that I was sought after by boys who are really slick like Lewis. I know Rusty doesn't feel that Walter Miller is any competition at all.

So I told Lewis it was a date. Later when I had to tell Rusty that I had a date already, and he looked at me with such disappointment, I was really sorry. Because Rusty is such a terrifically extra special date.

Lewis told me he would call for me at eight o'clock. And I was to have two dozen buns and two pounds of weenies and a bottle of mustard.

Lewis was different in this respect from Rusty or Walter. They always buy the things like that when it is a weenie bake. But then I supposed that Lewis' crowd was different. Besides he'd be spending a considerable amount of money on me Labor Day. It was only fair that I should contribute to our two day holiday fun, I told Mom when I asked permission to charge all of that food.

At the beach we roasted the weenies. There were ten of us. But when the fire died down all of the girls and boys began concentrating on mush. Pure mush.

Honest, Betty Ann, you'd think they were soooo in love, that it was almost disgusting.

I'm no prude, but I don't believe in free-for-all mauling. And when Lewis wanted to — well, kiss me, I refused.

Rusty and Walter would never act that way with a girl. Especially a girl they respected like they do me.

It was awful, Betty Ann. Imagine kissing a perfectly strange boy like Lewis!

I'll confess that after I'd known Rusty for a couple of months, I thought it might be something if he did kiss me goodnight. But a perfect stranger — never.

Before I could even say "No," Lewis was trying to hug me. I gave him a hard push and he let go in a hurry. The other kids looked at me and they said, "What's the matter, Lew, you got a spook on your hands?"

I was so angry, Betty Ann, I up and said, "I'm no spook. I'm a nice girl. I don't intend letting every boy that comes along kiss me!"

"Listen to her," a little blonde nit-wit, who thinks she looks more like Lauren Bacall than I do, yelled, "Listen to Miss Mealey Mouth."

"I'm no prude!" I was very indignant. "I'm a lady, and I can't help it if you girls are not."

That really did it, Betts! "What did you come on a weenie roast for?" they yelled back. "Get that goon out of here, Lew! She's spoiling the party."

Betts, I was never more humiliated. Lew took hold of my hand and we walked over to his car. Half of the way home he didn't say a single word. I felt so embarrassed, so I tried to make conversation.

"Maybe we could go to a movie," I suggested.

"We've missed one feature. It's too late," Lew responded.

"Well, you certainly got a nerve to be mad just because a girl wouldn't kiss you," I said.

"I'm not mad," said Lewis. "It just hurts my rep with the crowd. In fact a girl considers she's darn lucky if I ask her for a date."

Somehow, Betty Ann, we got to talking, and Lewis finally came out of his sulk by the time we reached home.

It was only ten o'clock. I had permission to stay out until 11:30, but he took me right up to the front door and said goodnight.

"I'll be ready to go to the Coliseum at one tomorrow, right after lunch," I said.

"Sure," he said, and he was gone.

Well, Betts, here it is one-thirty, and what do you think? That terrible, horrible boy called me at ten minutes to one and said, "I'm sorry, Miss Dunford, but I won't be able to take you to the Coliseum today. You see my father insists that I attend a baseball game with him."

Did you ever hear of such a thing, Betts? Standing a girl up on Labor Day — a holiday! Everyone has plans and everyone is out having fun. All but me.

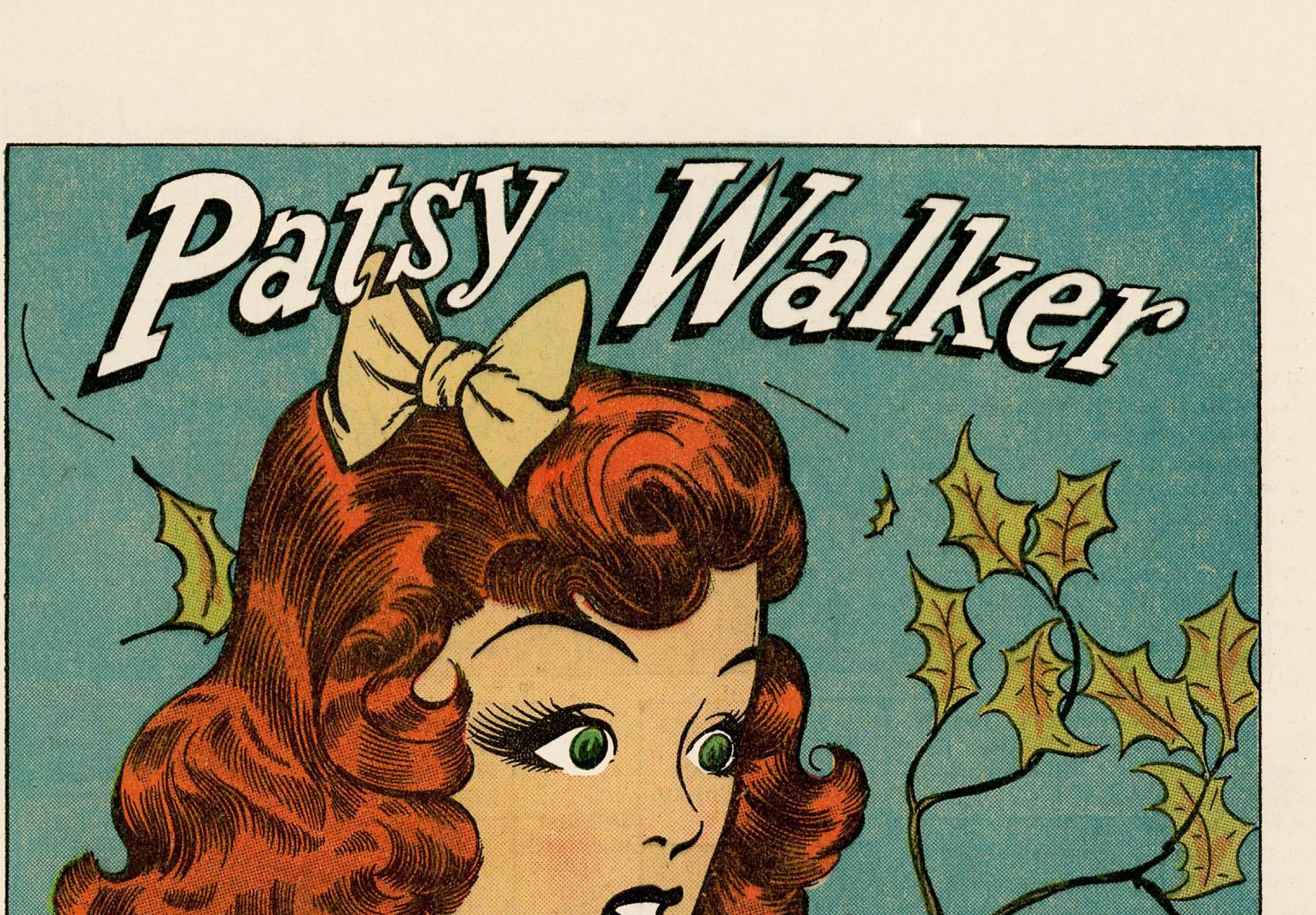
When I think that I could have been having a wonderful time with a wonderful boy like Rusty, or even Walter, I could just cry. But I guess it all adds up to womanly experience.

Mom just came in and said that I could go along with her and Dad to see Lana Turner in her new movie. Aren't Moms wonderful!

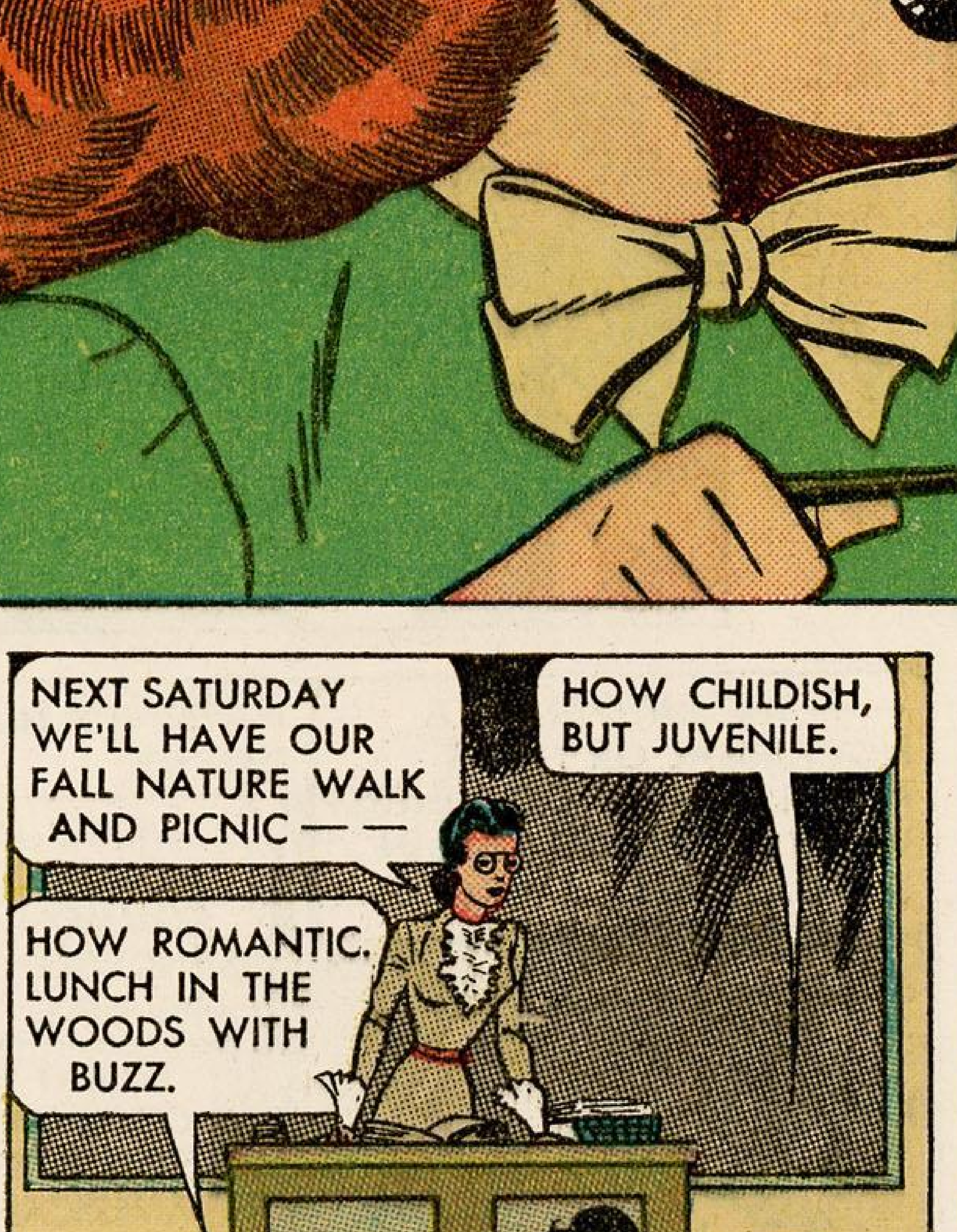
I'm going to wear dark glasses and I hope no one recognizes me. Imagine if it ever got out at Hollywood High that I had been stood up on a date on Labor Day and had to go along like an infant to a movie with my parents!

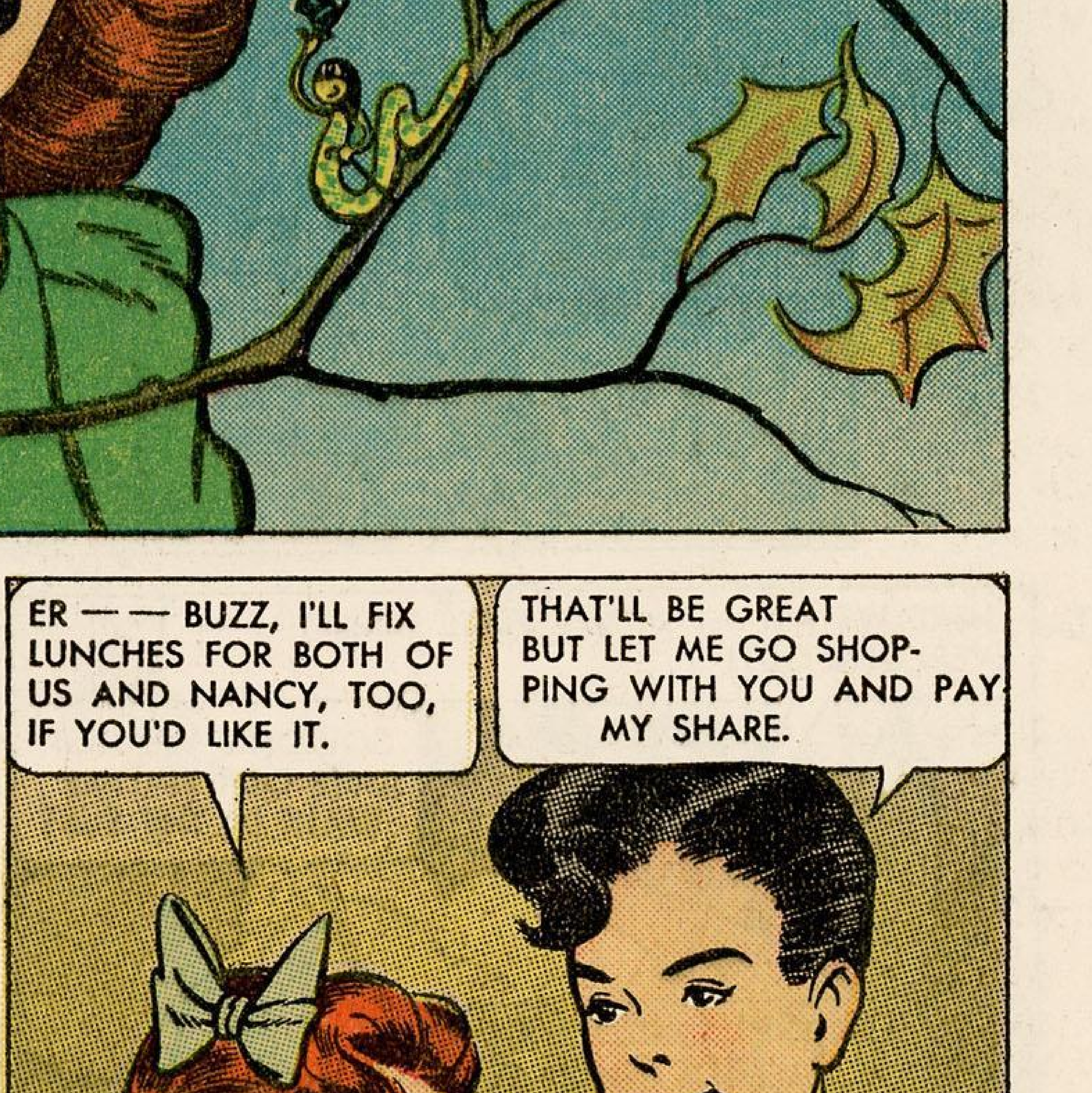
I hope it never happens to you, Betty Ann. I truly mean it. But I do have this satisfaction — I am particular about the way boys who date me act. I'm no easy mark. And that's very important.

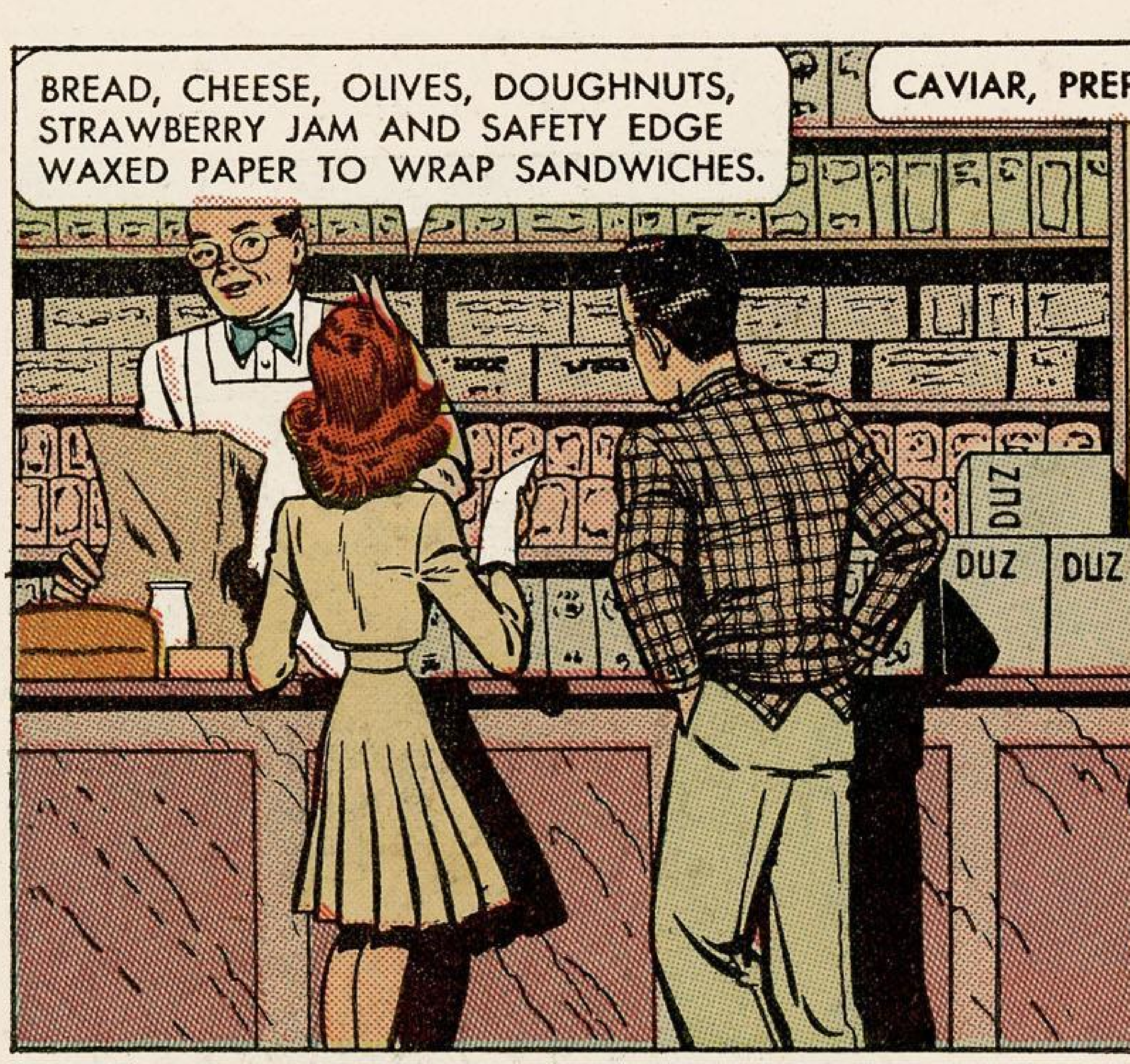
Your faithful and devoted friend. Victoria Allen Dunford.

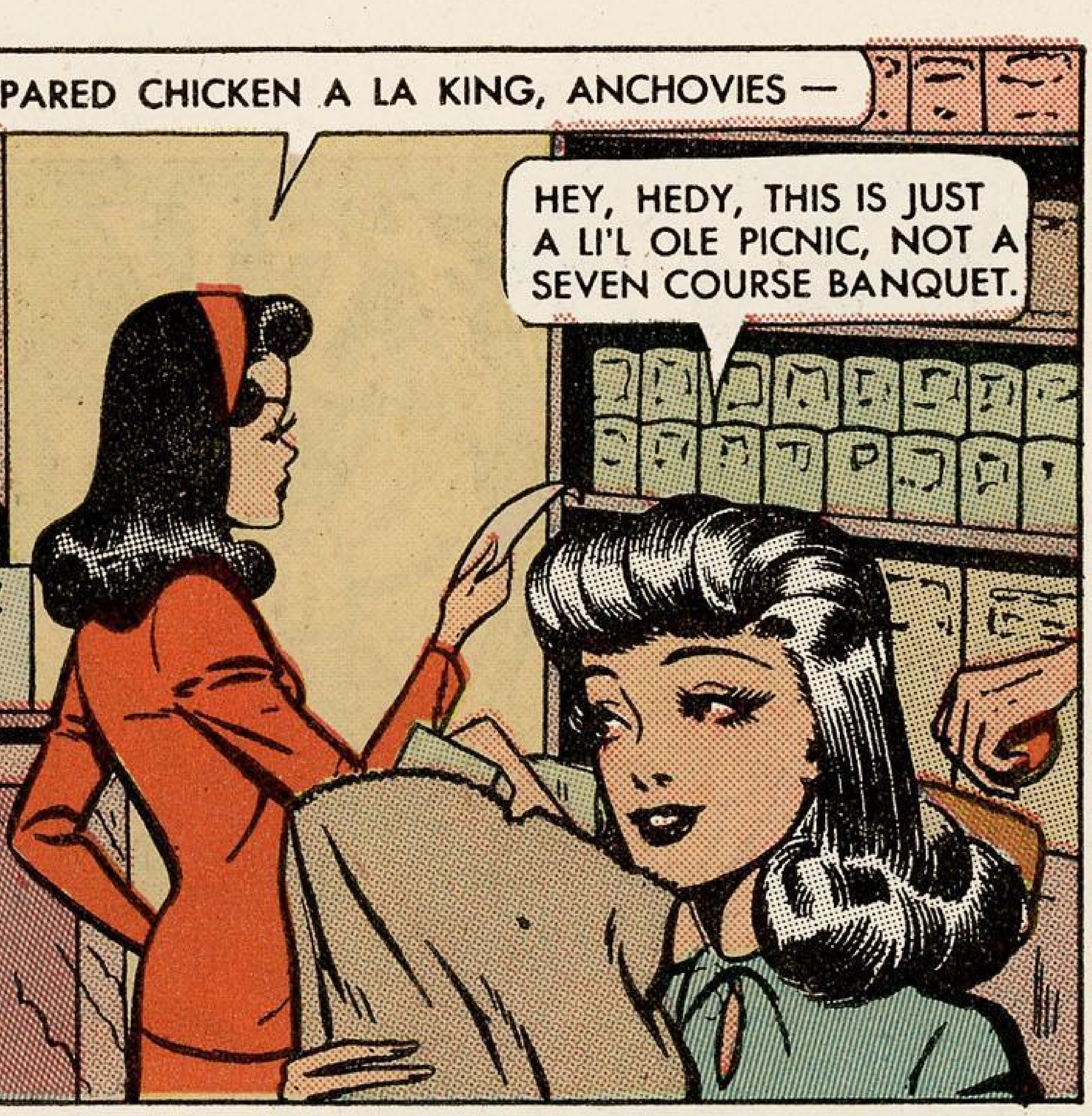

Patsy Walker

ONE EARLY FALL DAY —

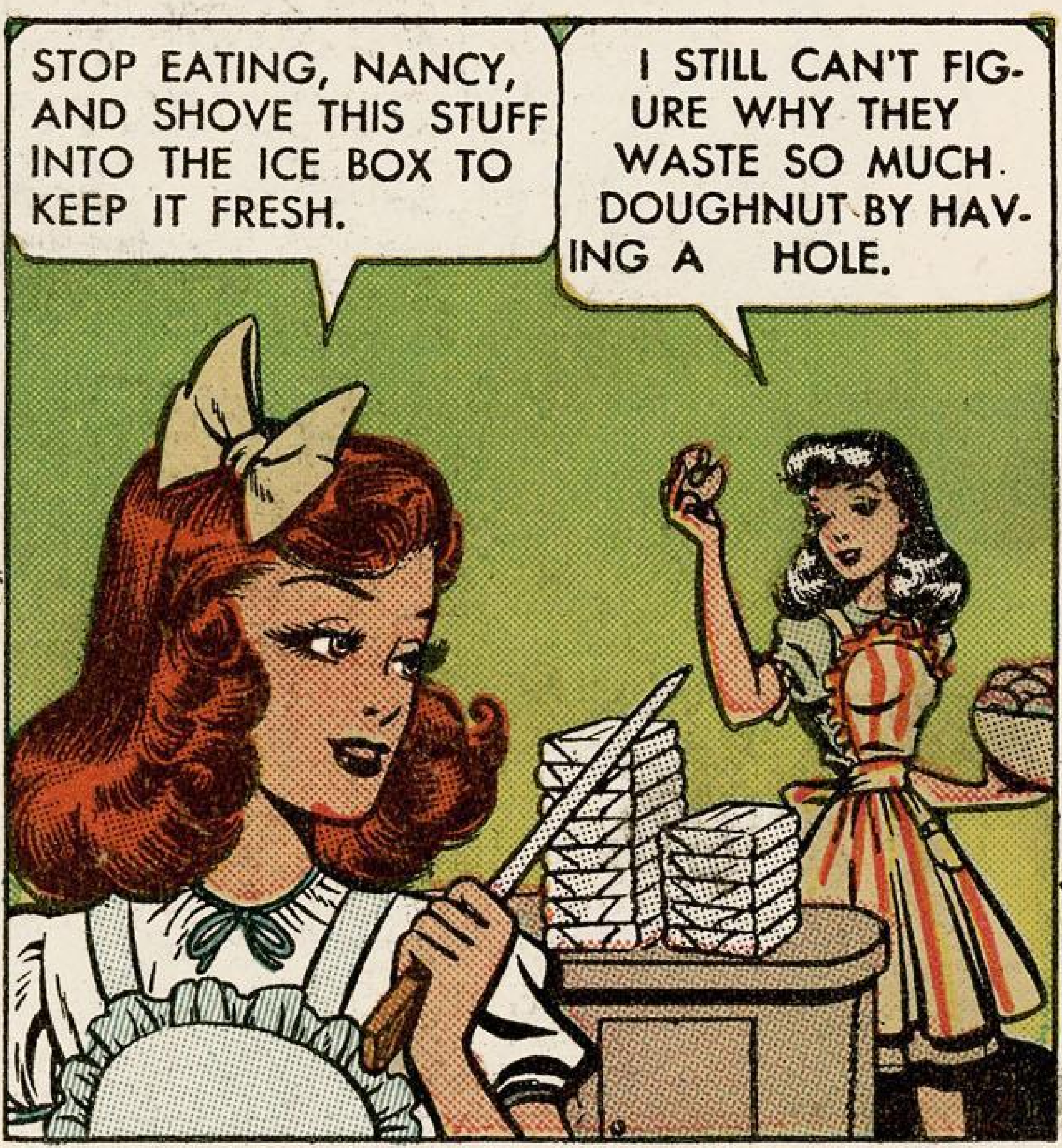

NEXT SATURDAY WE'LL HAVE OUR FALL NATURE WALK AND PICNIC — —
HOW CHILDISH, BUT JUVENILE.
HOW ROMANTIC. LUNCH IN THE WOODS WITH BUZZ.


ER — — BUZZ, I'LL FIX LUNCHES FOR BOTH OF US AND NANCY, TOO, IF YOU'D LIKE IT.
THAT'LL BE GREAT BUT LET ME GO SHOPPING WITH YOU AND PAY MY SHARE.

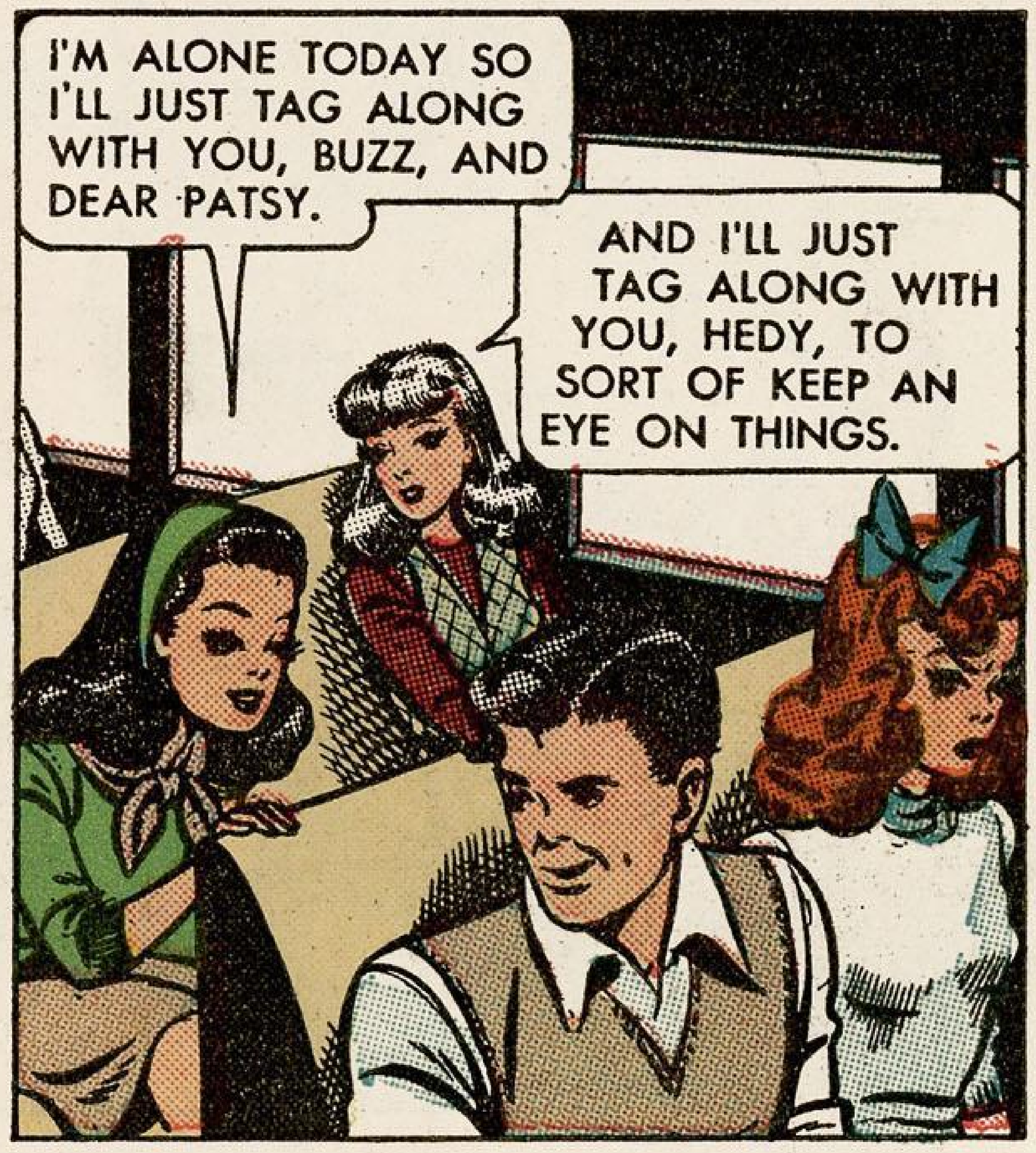

BREAD, CHEESE, OLIVES, DOUGHNUTS, STRAWBERRY JAM AND SAFETY EDGE WAXED PAPER TO WRAP SANDWICHES.
DUZ
DUZ
DUZ

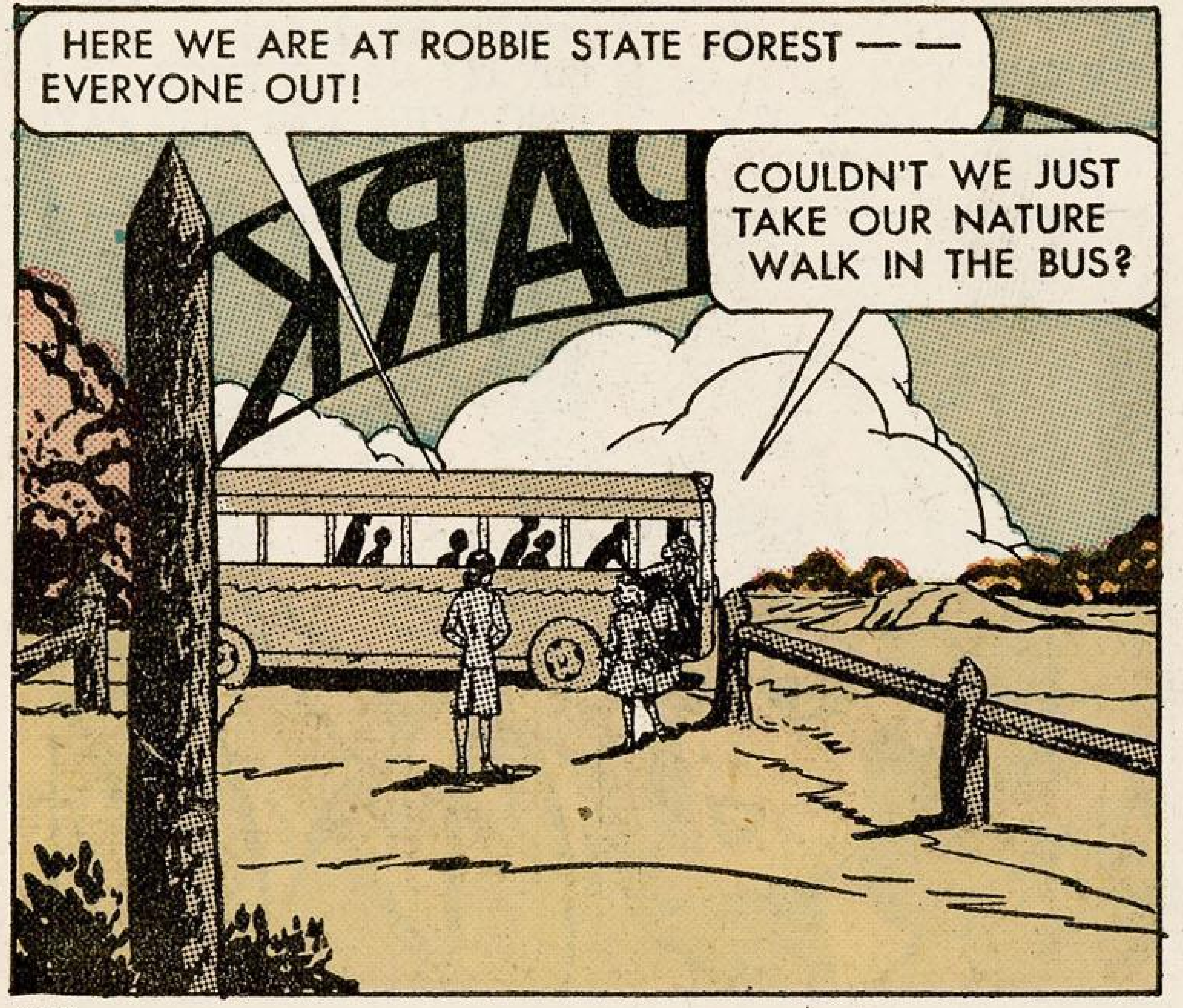

CAVIAR, PREPARED CHICKEN A LA KING, ANCHOVIES —
HEY, HEDY, THIS IS JUST A LI'L OLE PICNIC, NOT A SEVEN COURSE BANQUET.

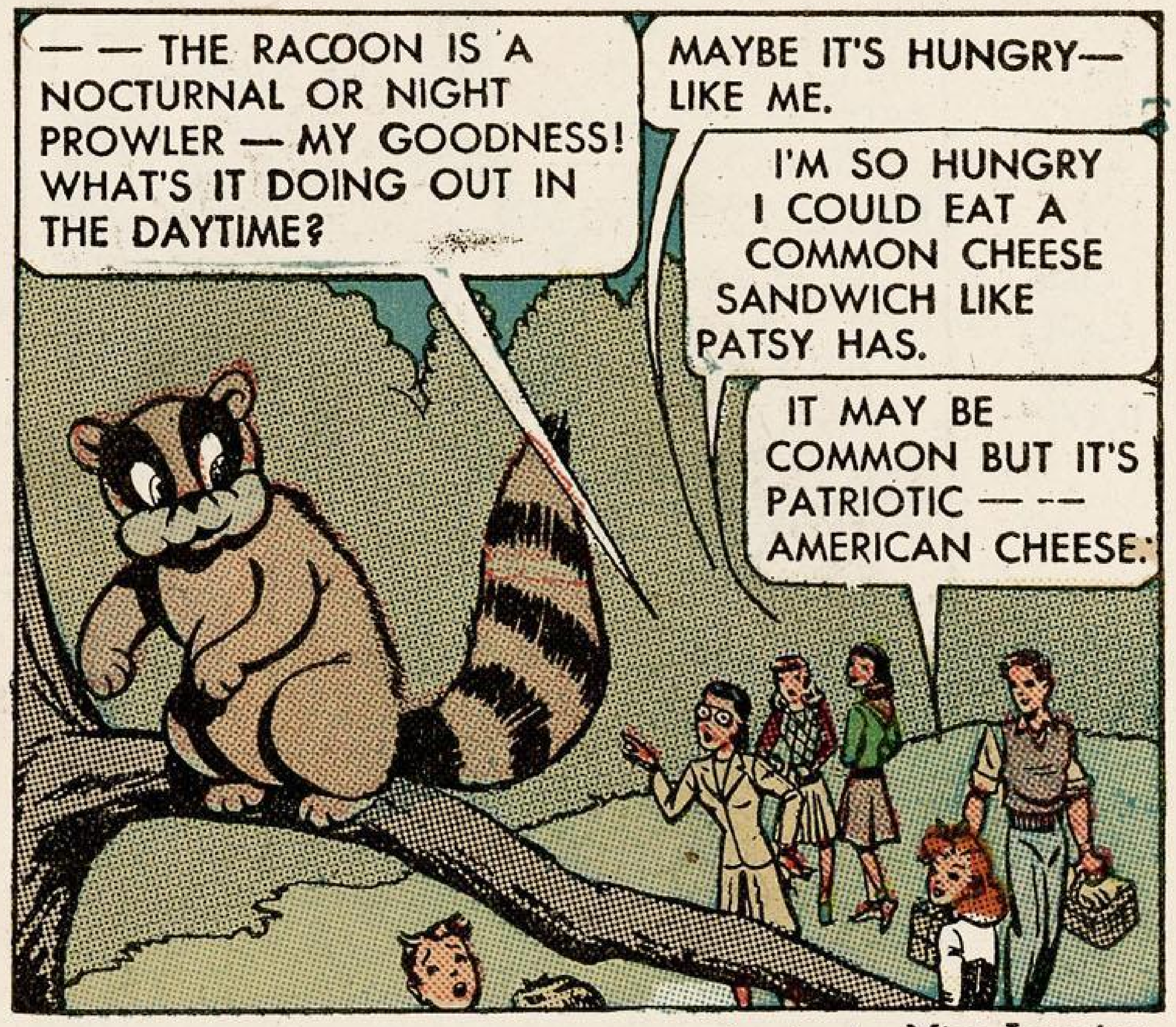
THE NIGHT BEFORE THE OUTING —

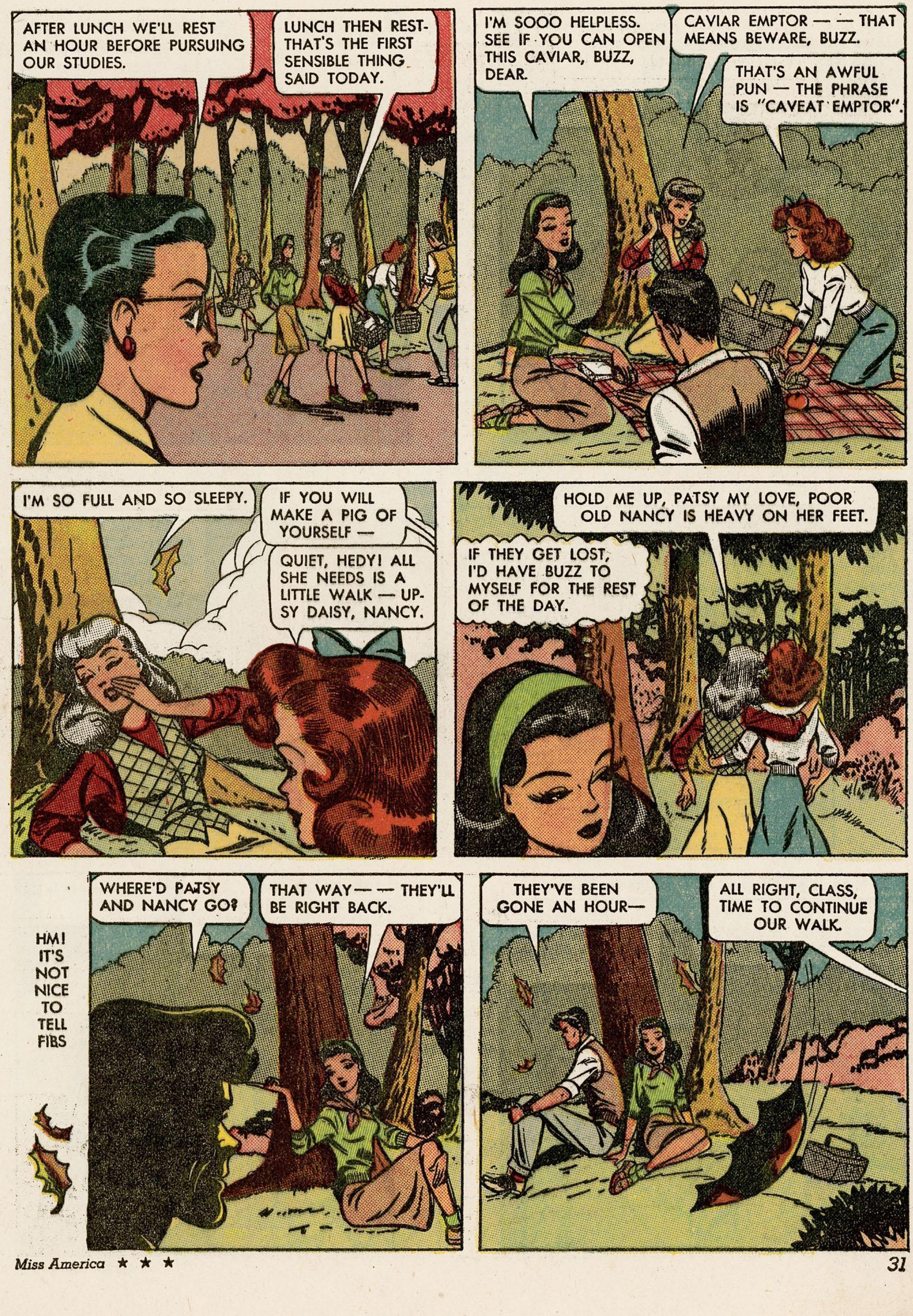

STOP EATING, NANCY, AND SHOVE THIS STUFF INTO THE ICE BOX TO KEEP IT FRESH.
I STILL CAN'T FIGURE WHY THEY WASTE SO MUCH DOUGHNUT BY HAVING A HOLE.

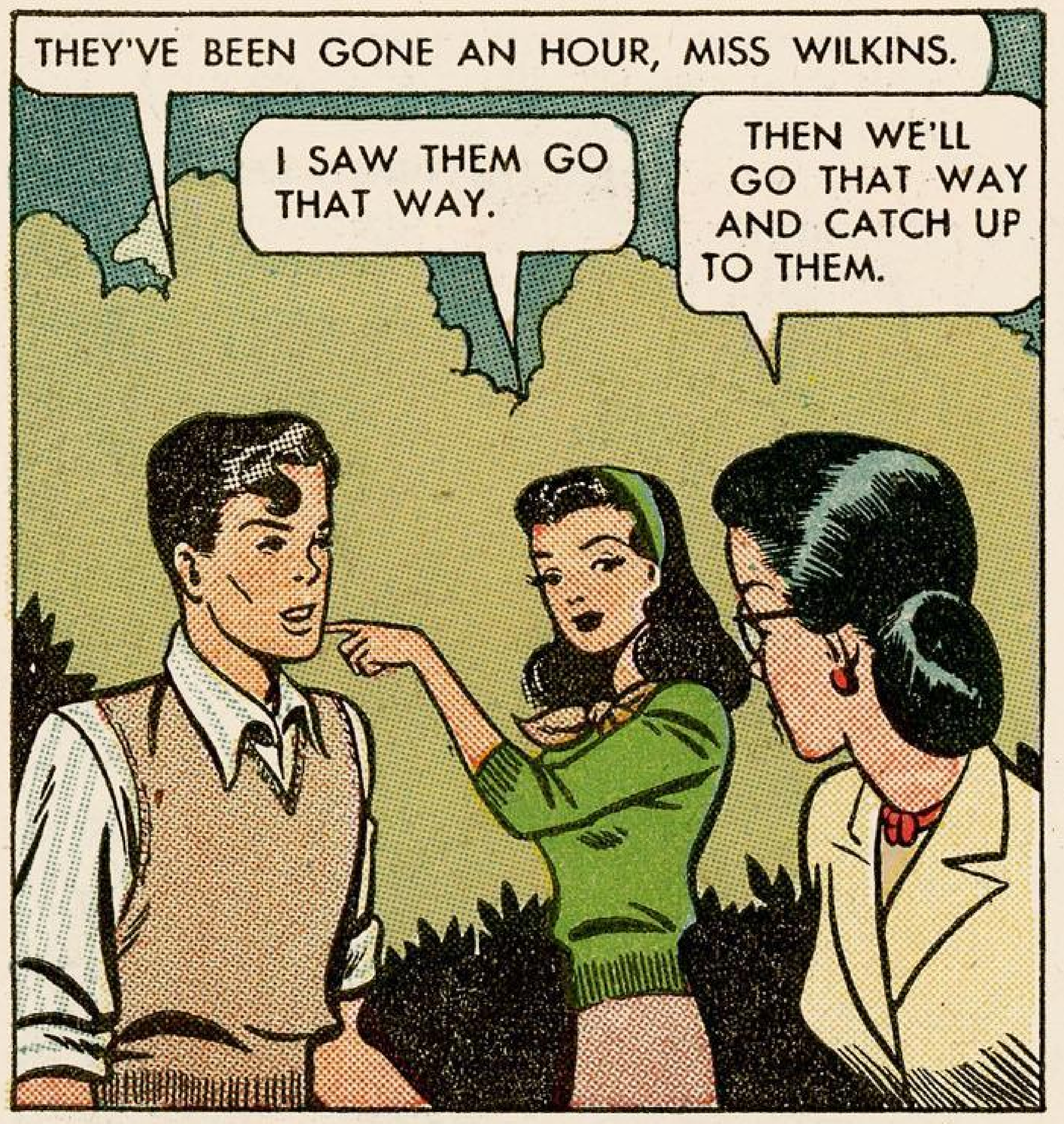
SATURDAY MORNING AND THEY START BY BUS.


I'M ALONE TODAY SO I'LL JUST TAG ALONG WITH YOU, BUZZ, AND DEAR PATSY.
AND I'LL JUST TAG ALONG WITH YOU, HEDY, TO SORT OF KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS.

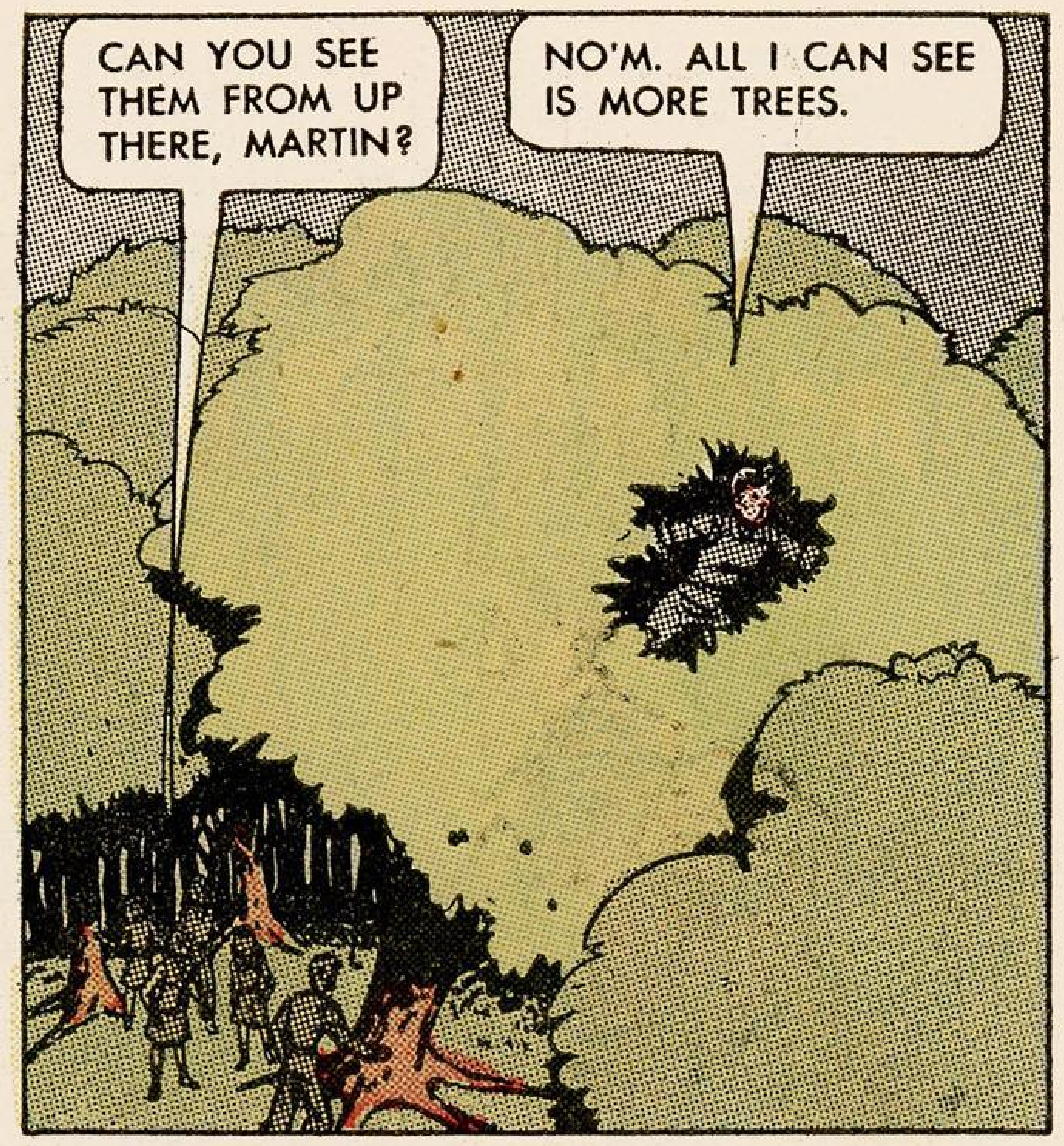

HERE WE ARE AT ROBBIE STATE FOREST — — EVERYONE OUT!
COULDN'T WE JUST TAKE OUR NATURE WALK IN THE BUS?
PARK


— — THE RACOON IS A NOCTURNAL OR NIGHT PROWLER — MY GOODNESS! WHAT'S IT DOING OUT IN THE DAYTIME?
MAYBE IT'S HUNGRY— LIKE ME.
I'M SO HUNGRY I COULD EAT A COMMON CHEESE SANDWICH LIKE PATSY HAS.
IT MAY BE COMMON BUT IT'S PATRIOTIC — — — AMERICAN CHEESE.

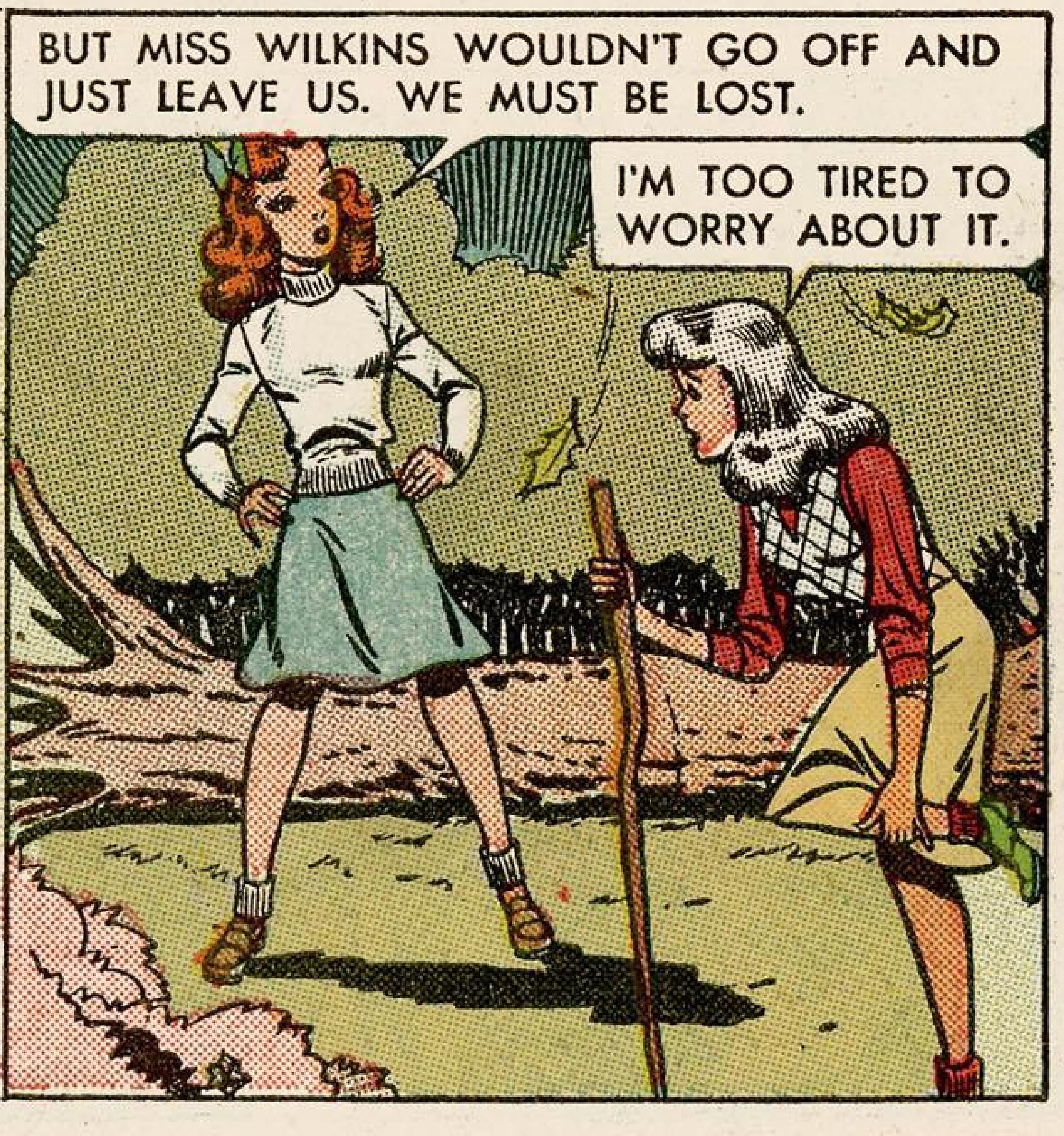

AFTER LUNCH WE'LL REST AN HOUR BEFORE PURSUING OUR STUDIES.
LUNCH THEN REST- THAT'S THE FIRST SENSIBLE THING SAID TODAY.
I'M SOOO HELPLESS. SEE IF YOU CAN OPEN THIS CAVIAR, BUZZ, DEAR.
CAVIAR EMPTOR — — THAT MEANS BEWARE, BUZZ.
THAT'S AN AWFUL PUN — THE PHRASE IS "CAVEAT EMPTOR".
I'M SO FULL AND SO SLEEPY.
IF YOU WILL MAKE A PIG OF YOURSELF —
QUIET, HEDY! ALL SHE NEEDS IS A LITTLE WALK — UPSY DAISY, NANCY.
HOLD ME UP, PATSY MY LOVE, POOR OLD NANCY IS HEAVY ON HER FEET.
IF THEY GET LOST, I'D HAVE BUZZ TO MYSELF FOR THE REST OF THE DAY.
HM! IT'S NOT NICE TO TELL FIBS
WHERE'D PATSY AND NANCY GO?
THAT WAY— — THEY'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
THEY'VE BEEN GONE AN HOUR—
ALL RIGHT, CLASS, TIME TO CONTINUE OUR WALK.

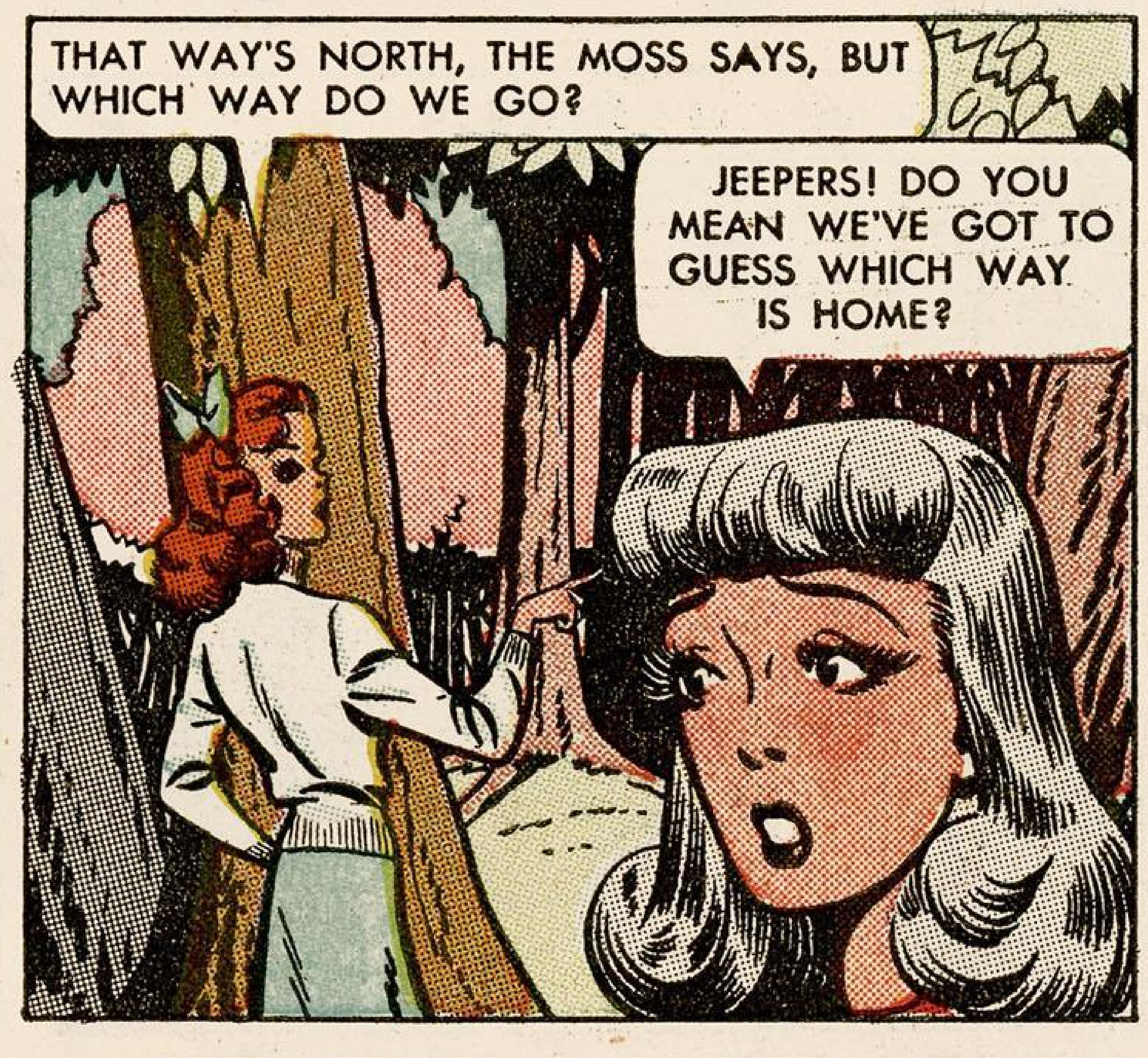

THEY'VE BEEN GONE AN HOUR, MISS WILKINS.
I SAW THEM GO THAT WAY.
THEN WE'LL GO THAT WAY AND CATCH UP TO THEM.

ANOTHER HOUR PASSES AND THE CLASS HAS NOT FOUND THE MISSING GIRLS.

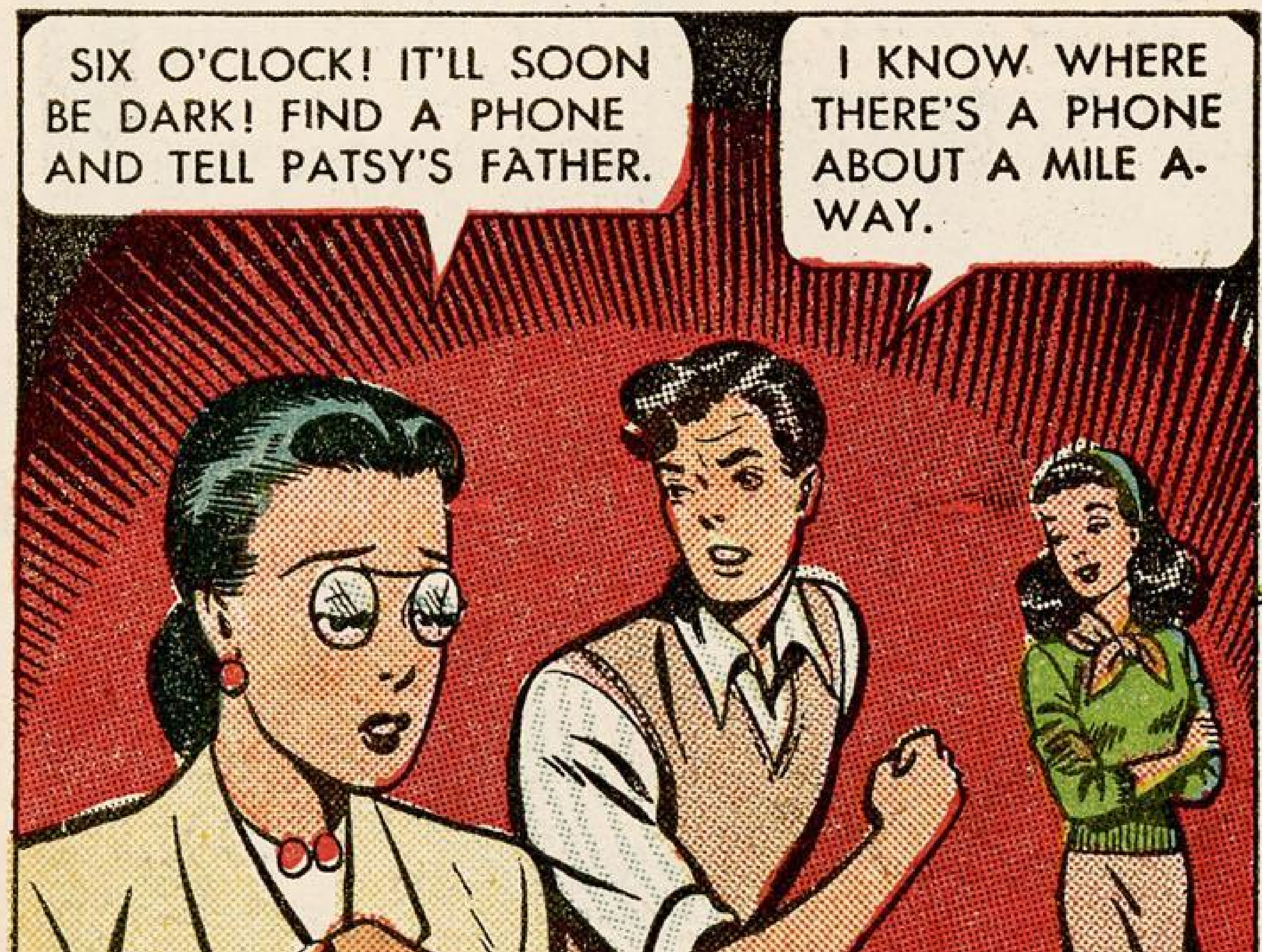

CAN YOU SEE THEM FROM UP THERE, MARTIN?
NO'M. ALL I CAN SEE IS MORE TREES.

MEANWHILE, THE TWO WANDERERS ARE BE COMING A LITTLE PUZZLED.

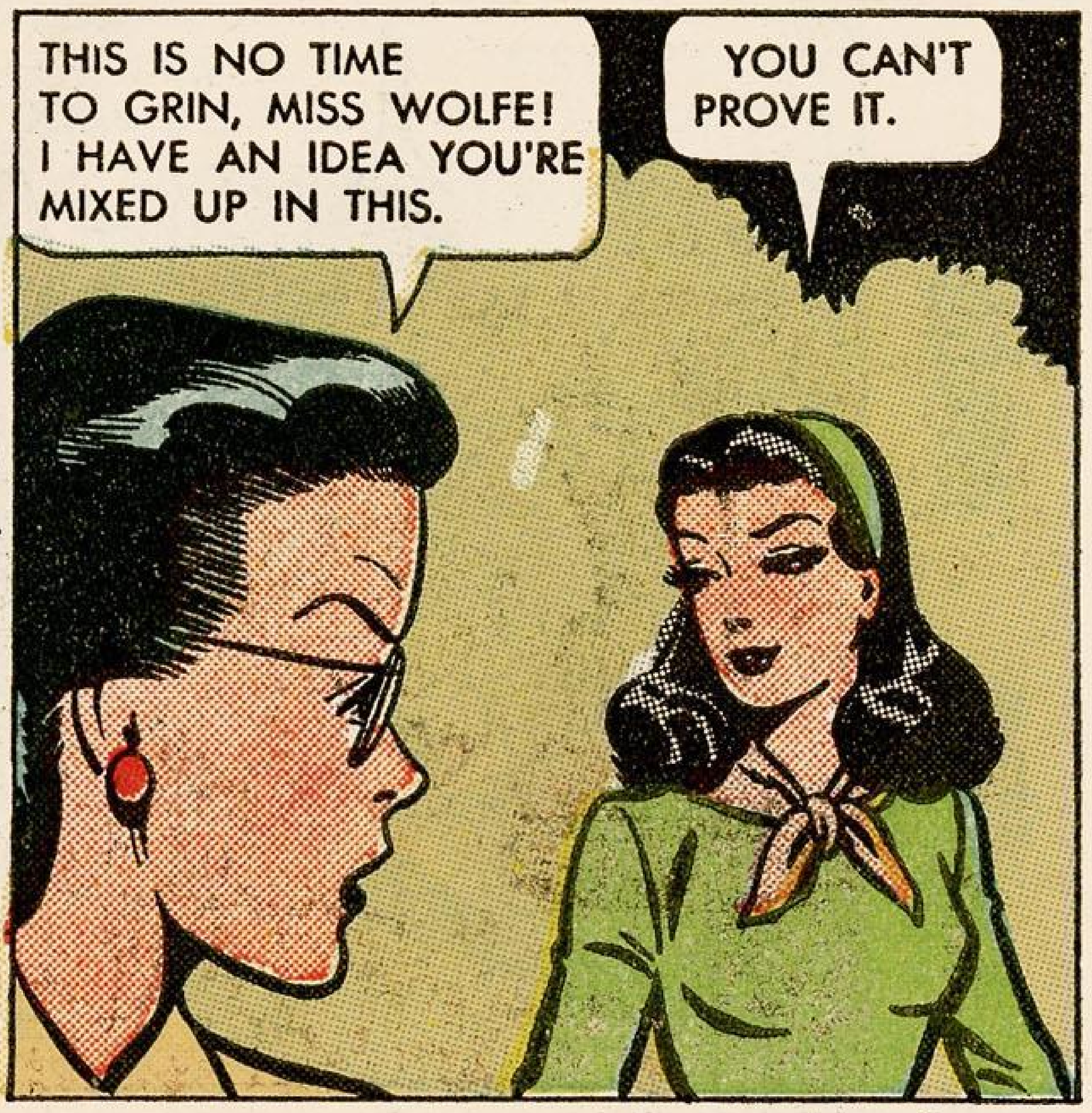

BUT MISS WILKINS WOULDN'T GO OFF AND JUST LEAVE US. WE MUST BE LOST.
I'M TOO TIRED TO WORRY ABOUT IT.


THAT WAY'S NORTH, THE MOSS SAYS, BUT WHICH WAY DO WE GO?
JEEPERS! DO YOU MEAN WE'VE GOT TO GUESS WHICH WAY IS HOME?

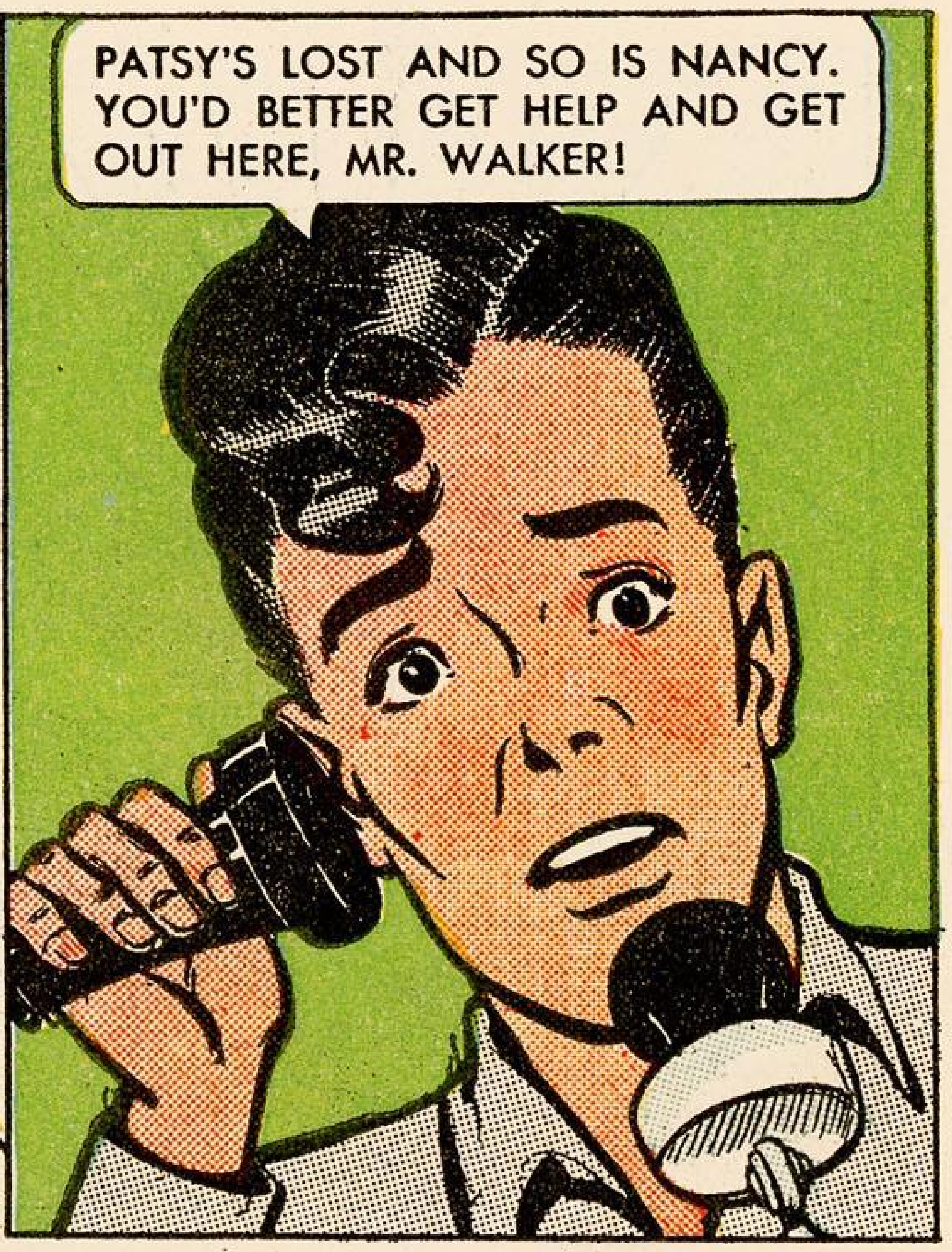
MISS WILKINS IS REALLY WORRIED NOW.


SIX O'CLOCK! IT'LL SOON BE DARK! FIND A PHONE AND TELL PATSY'S FATHER.
I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A PHONE ABOUT A MILE A-WAY.

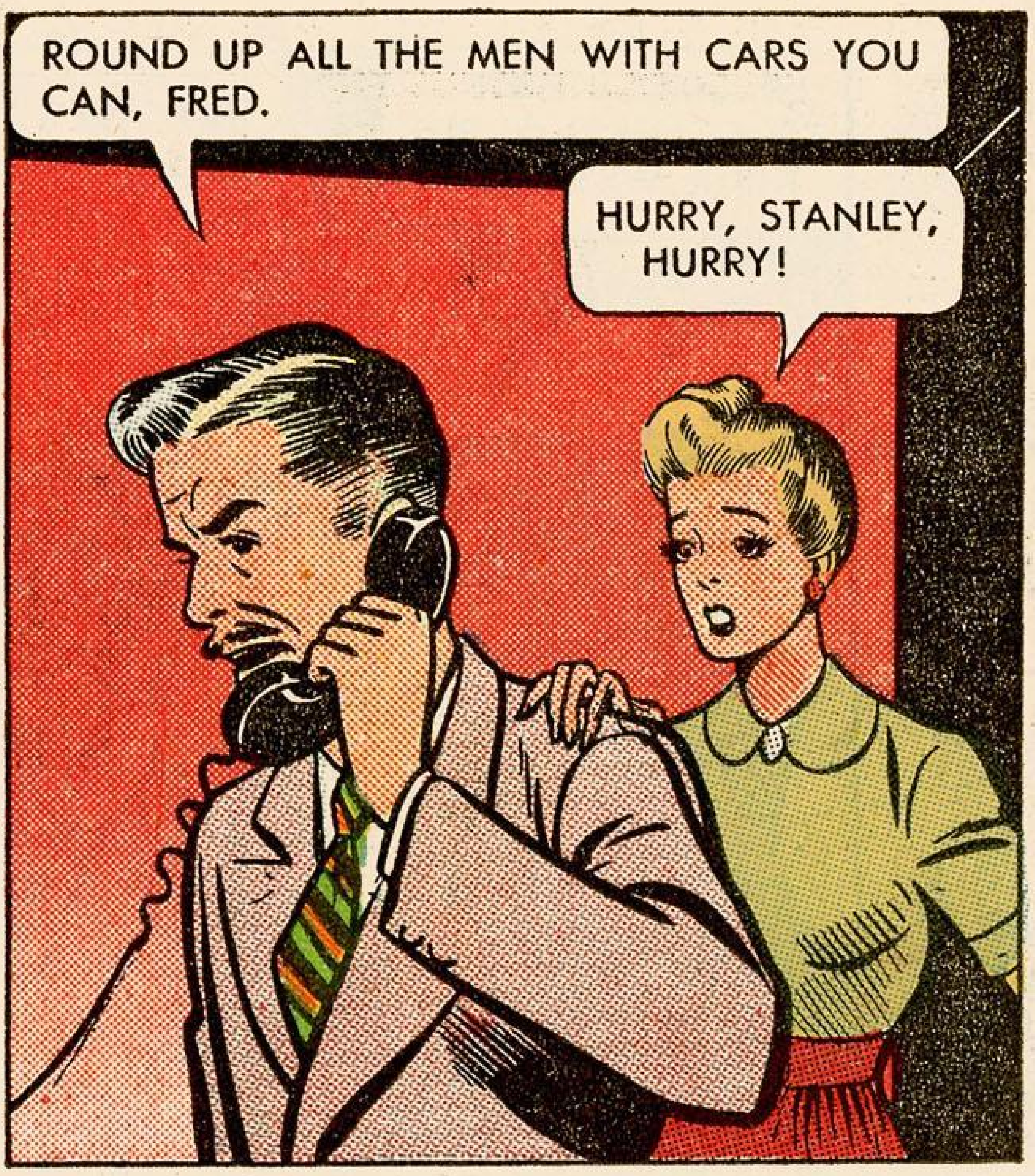
BUZZ HAS GONE TO TELEPHONE MR. WALKER THAT PATSY AND NANCY ARE MISSING.


THIS IS NO TIME TO GRIN, MISS WOLFE! I HAVE AN IDEA YOU'RE MIXED UP IN THIS.
YOU CAN'T PROVE IT.

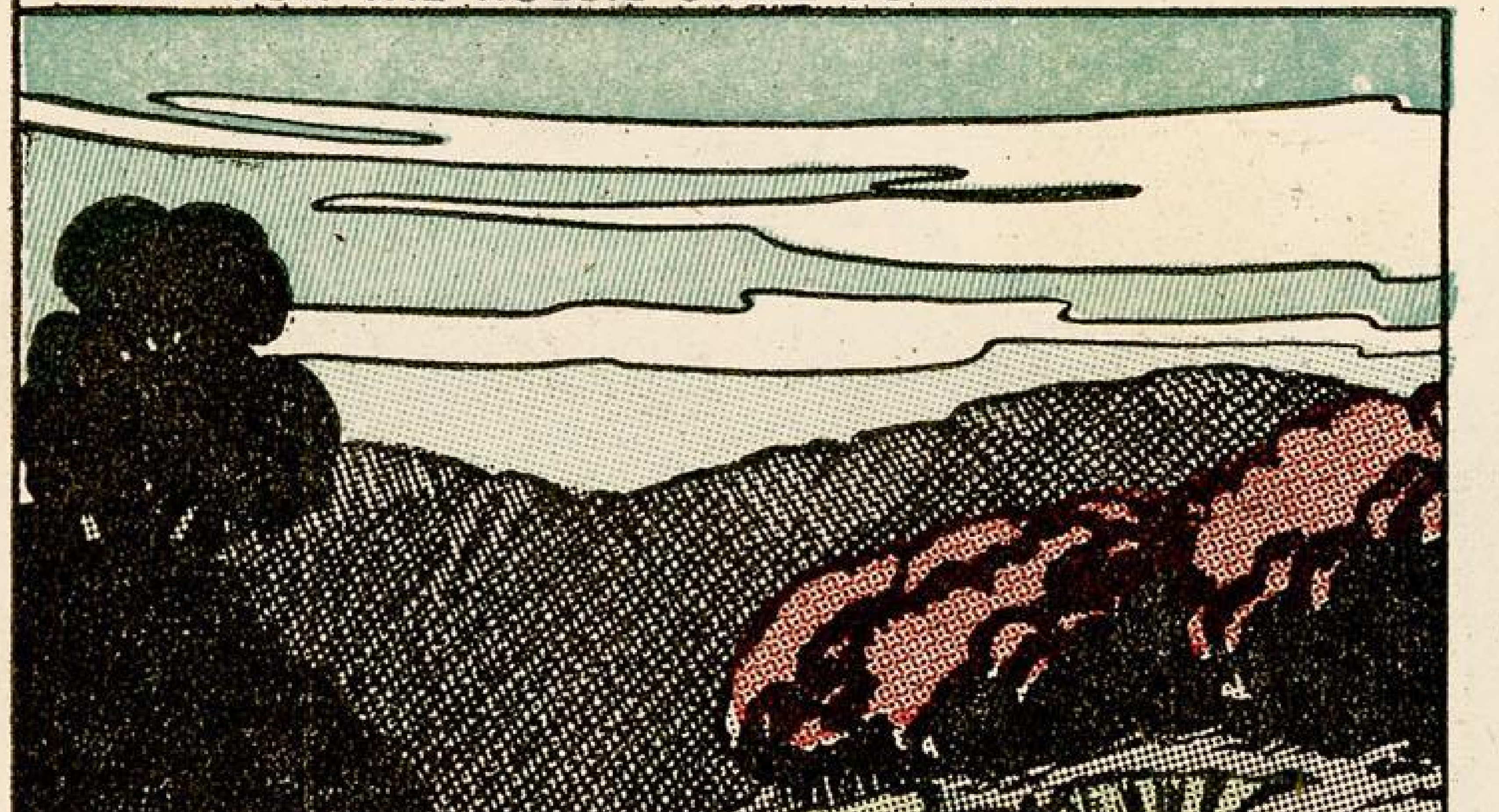
THIS'LL BE A SHOCK TO PATSY AND NANCY'S FAMILIES.

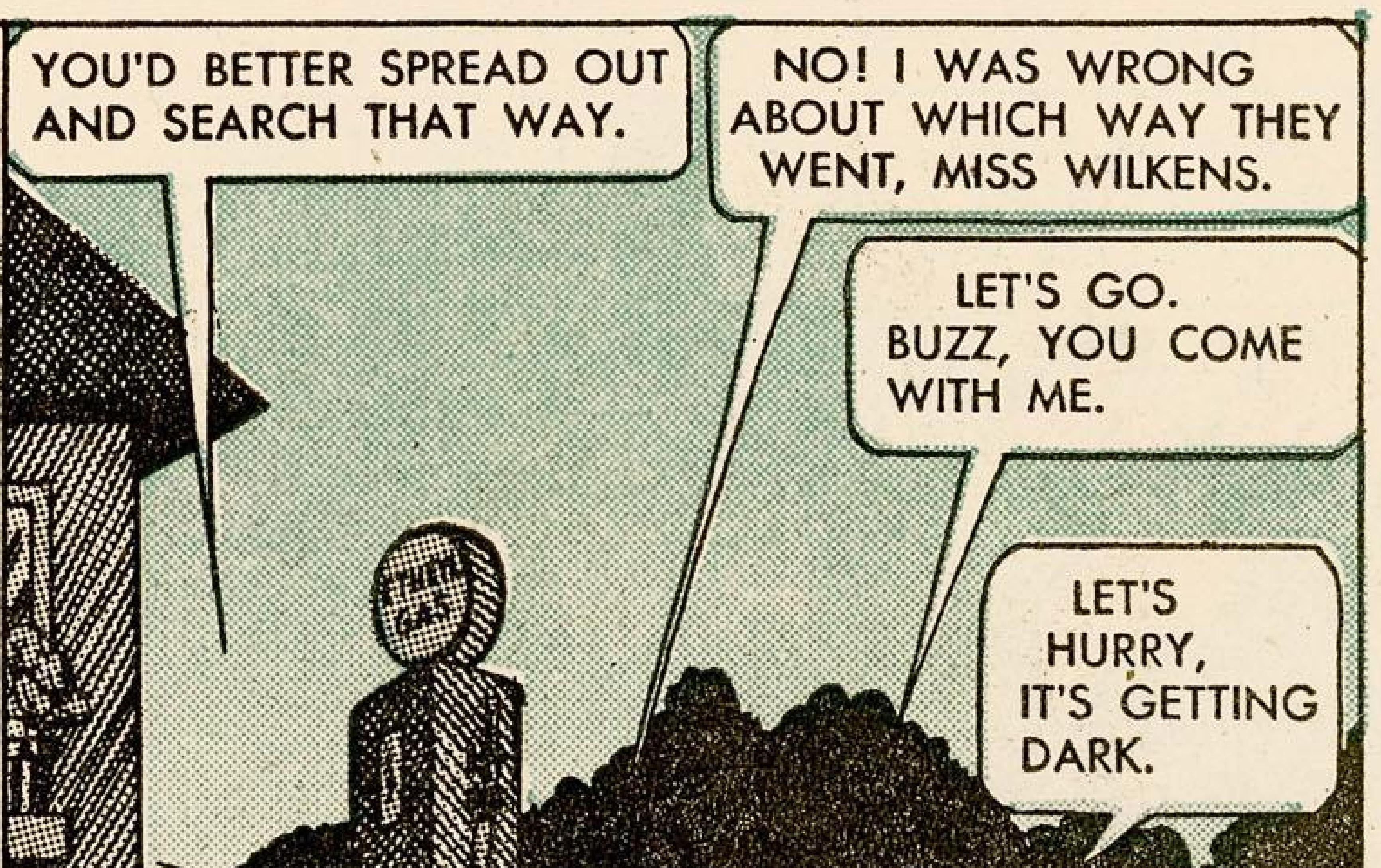

PATSY'S LOST AND SO IS NANCY. YOU'D BETTER GET HELP AND GET OUT HERE, MR. WALKER!

MR. WALKER ORGANIZES A SEARCHING PARTY IMMEDIATELY.

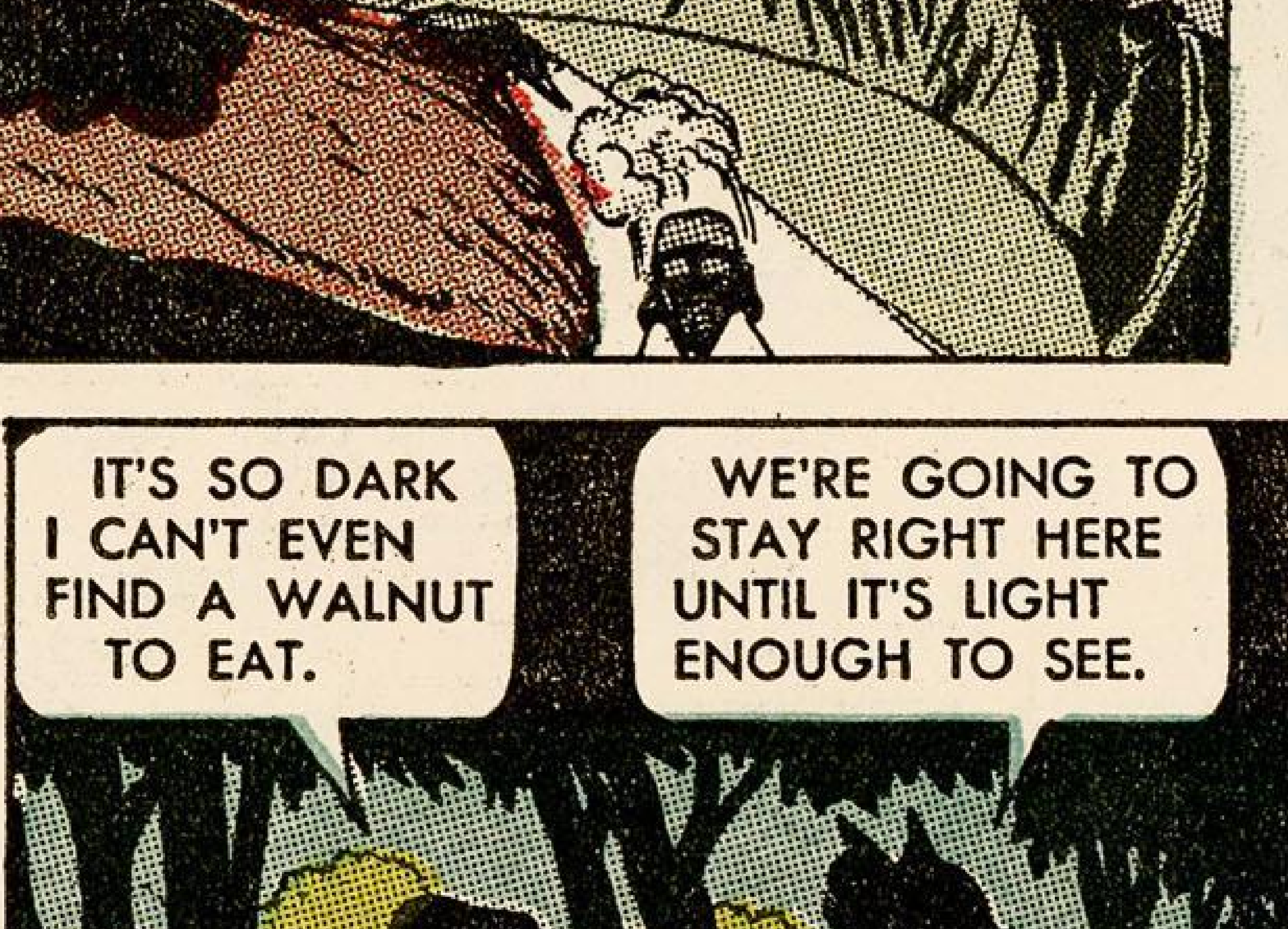

ROUND UP ALL THE MEN WITH CARS YOU CAN, FRED.
HURRY, STANLEY, HURRY!

A LITTLE LATER, DOZENS OF CARS AND SEARCHERS HEAD FOR THE ROBBIE STATE FOREST.

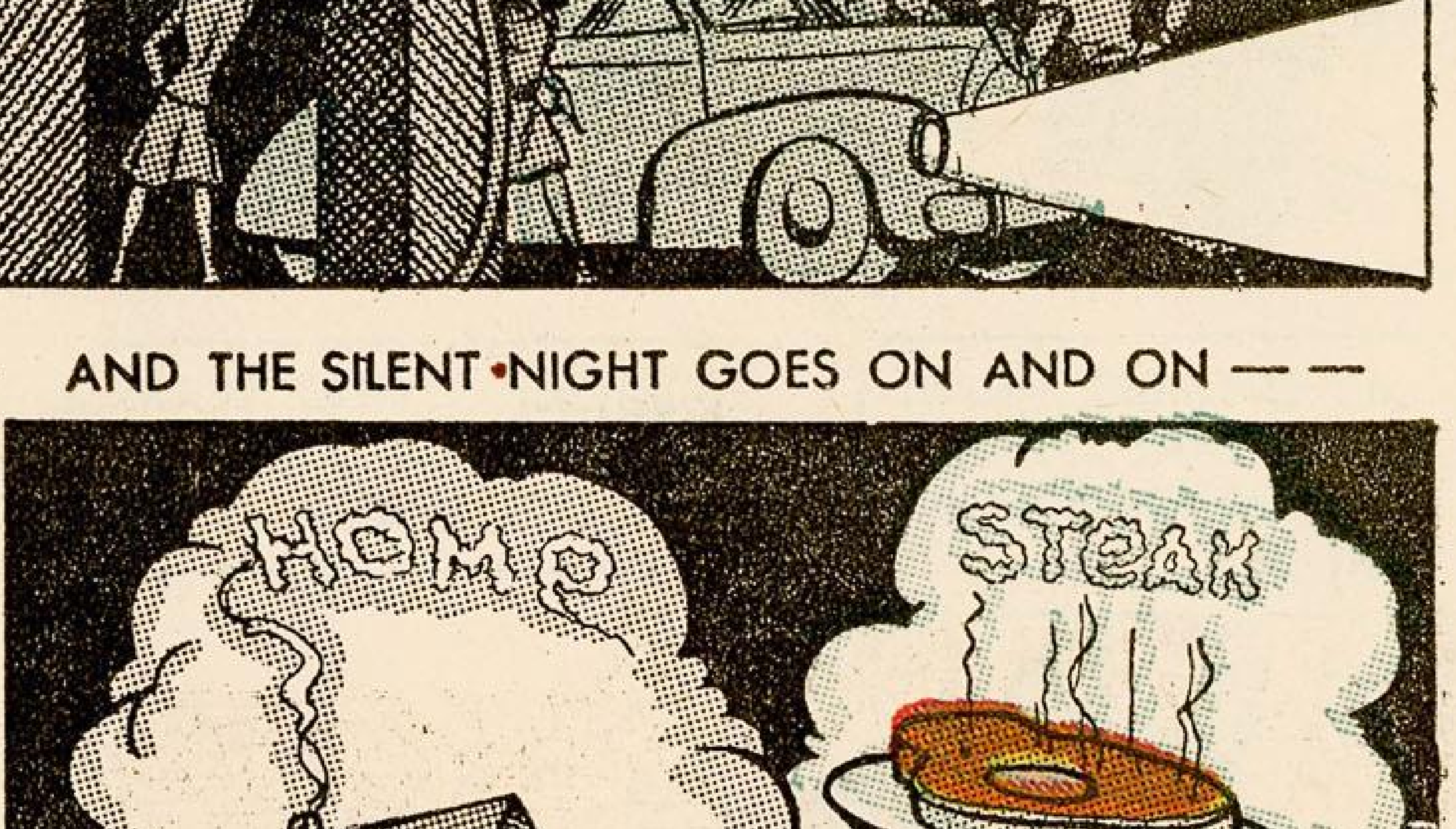



YOU'D BETTER SPREAD OUT AND SEARCH THAT WAY.
NO! I WAS WRONG ABOUT WHICH WAY THEY WENT, MISS WILKENS.
LET'S GO. BUZZ, YOU COME WITH ME.
LET'S HURRY, IT'S GETTING DARK.

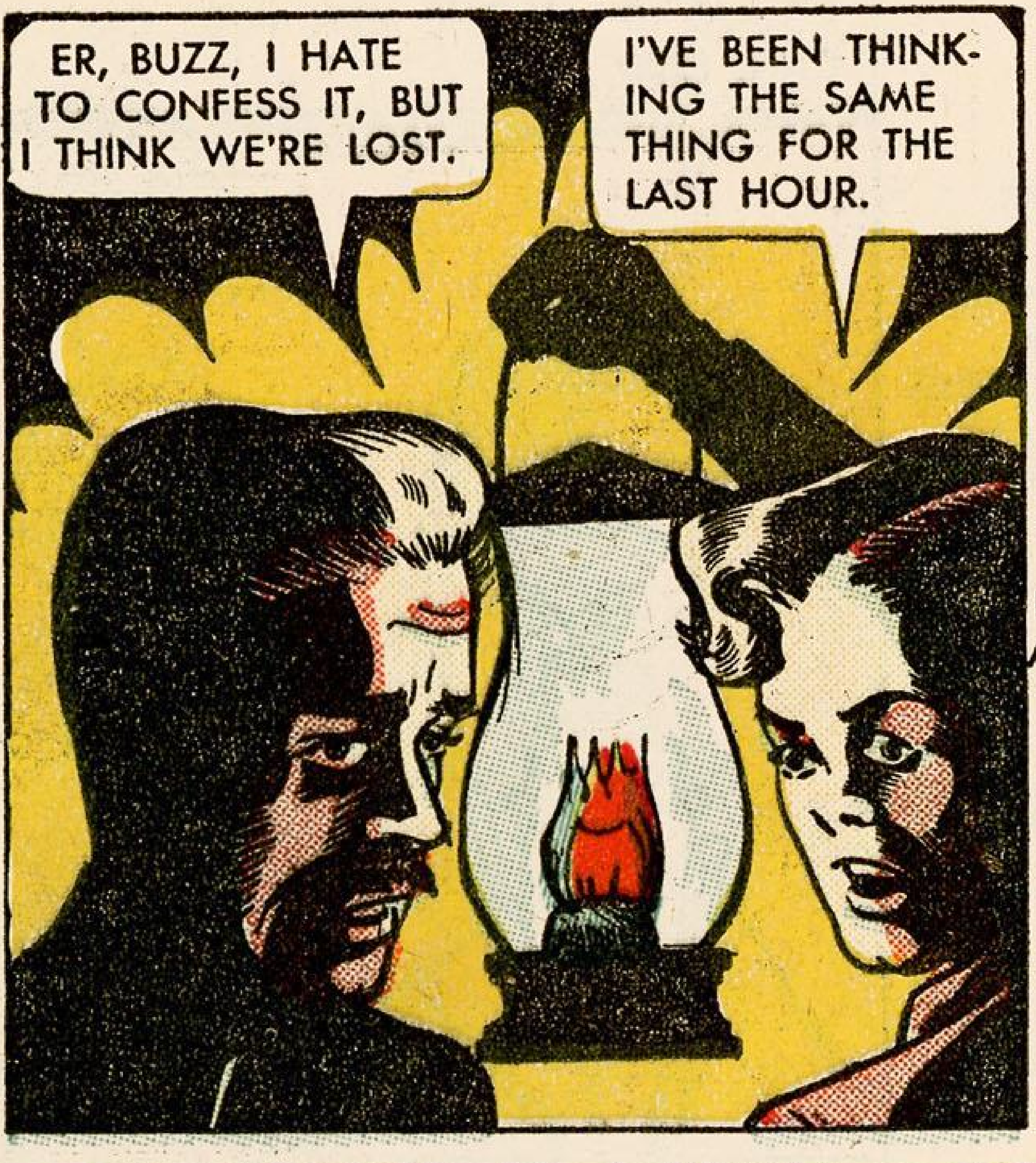
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT OUR TWO BABES IN THE WOOD.


IT'S SO DARK I CAN'T EVEN FIND A WALNUT TO EAT.
WE'RE GOING TO STAY RIGHT HERE UNTIL IT'S LIGHT ENOUGH TO SEE.

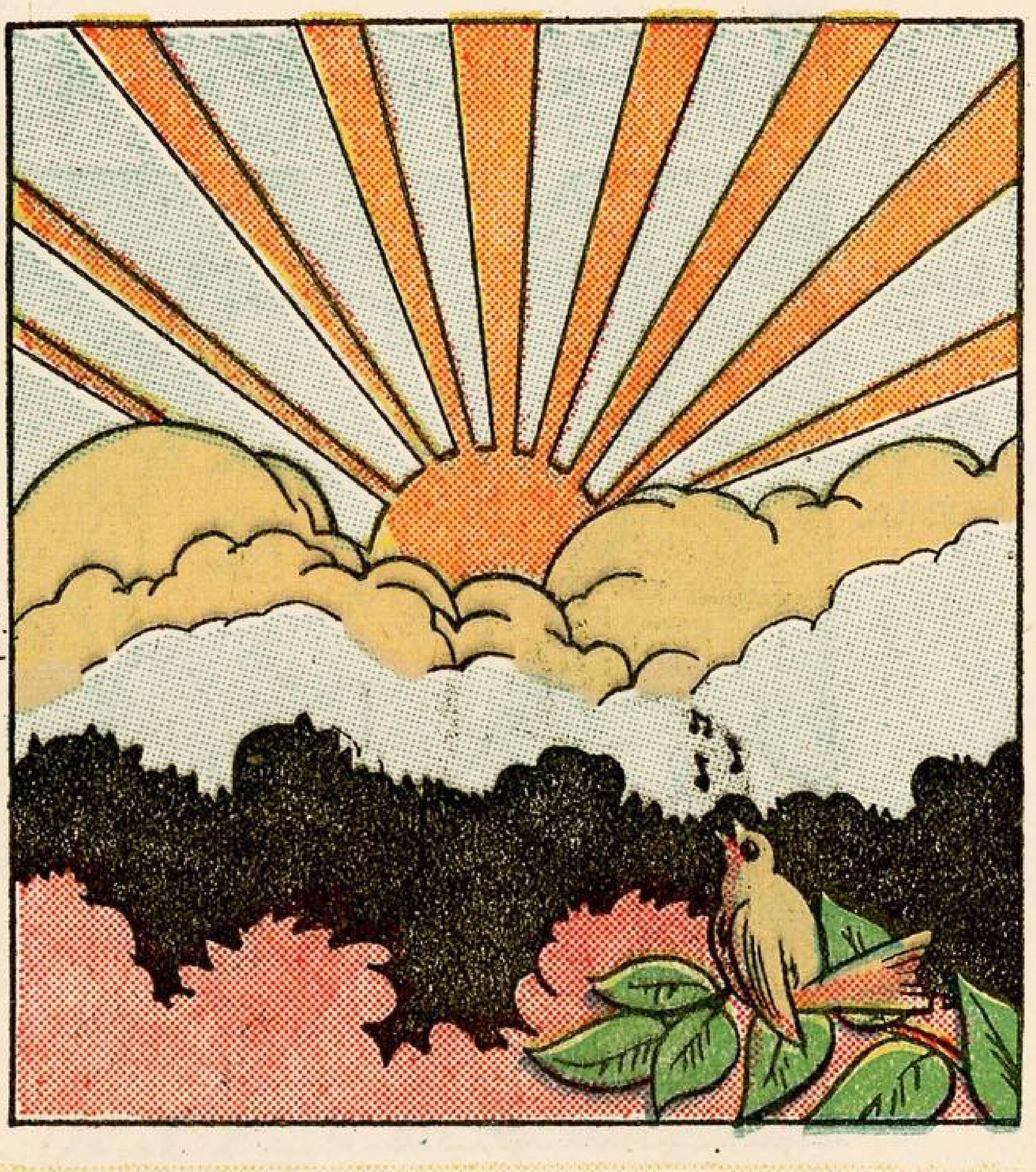
AND THE SILENT NIGHT GOES ON AND ON — —


HOME
STEAK
Z Z Z Z
Z Z Z Z

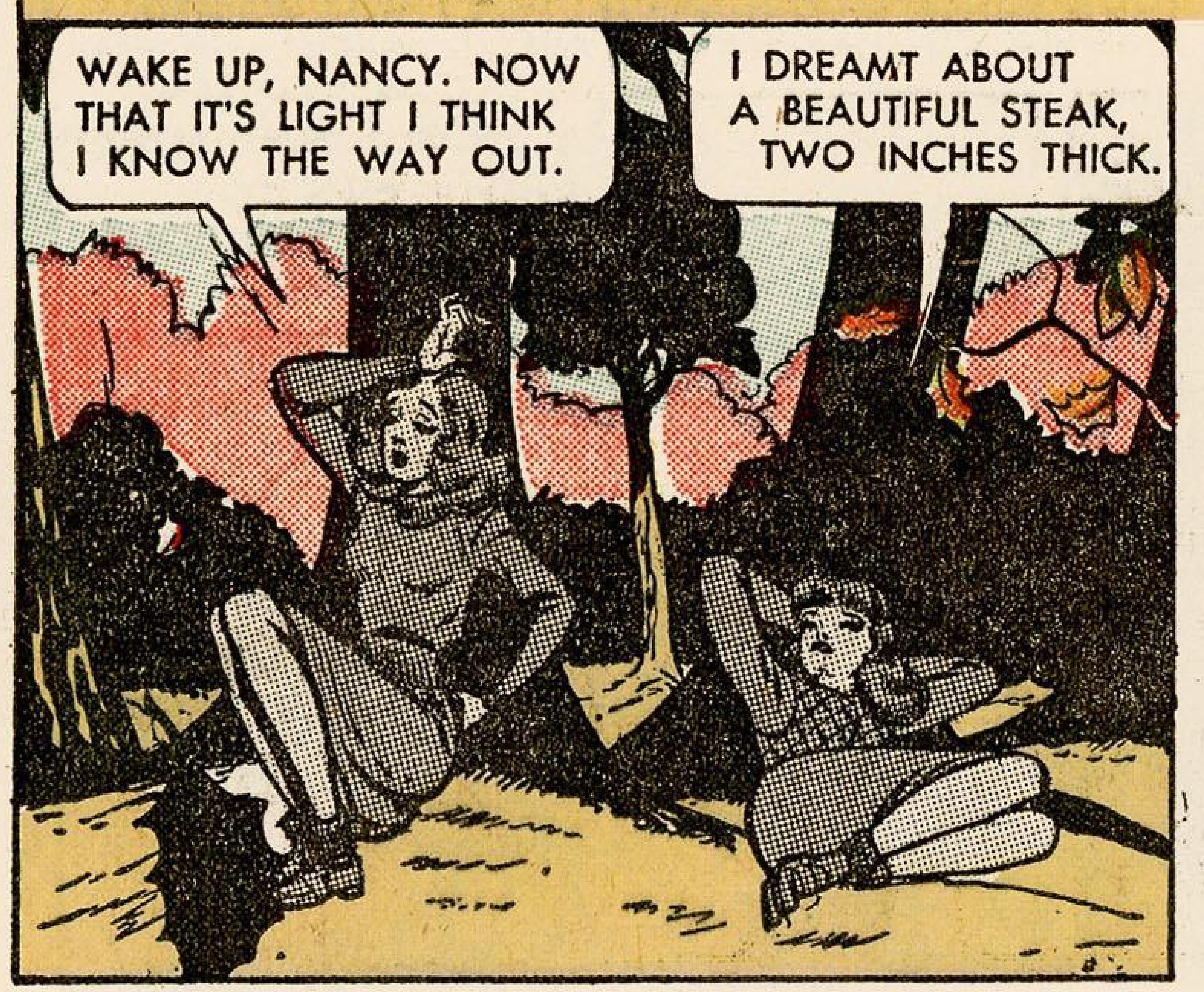
THE POSSE SEARCHES THRU THE NIGHT.


ER, BUZZ, I HATE TO CONFESS IT, BUT I THINK WE'RE LOST.
I'VE BEEN THINKING THE SAME THING FOR THE LAST HOUR.

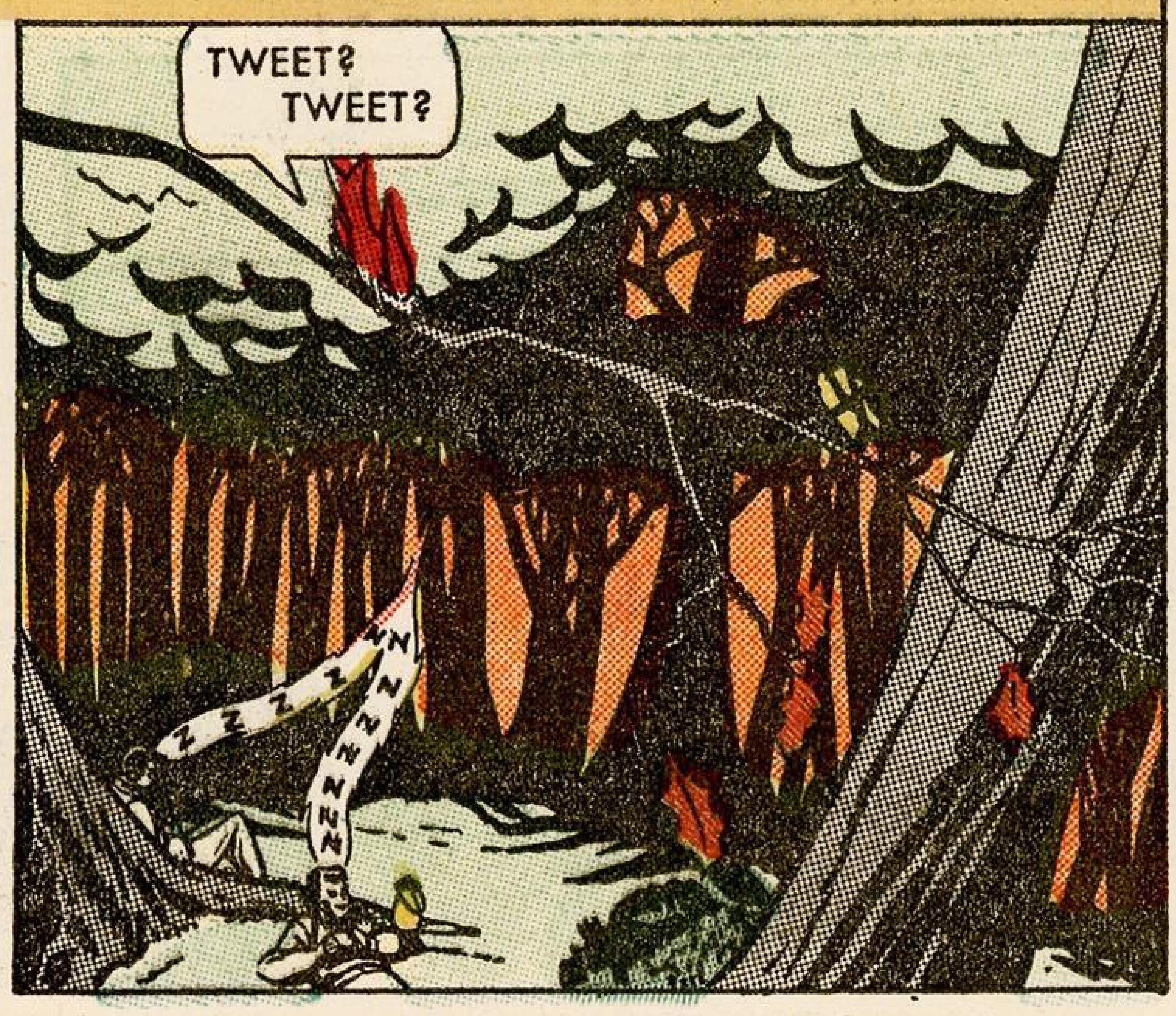
AT LONG LAST — THE DAWN — AND — —

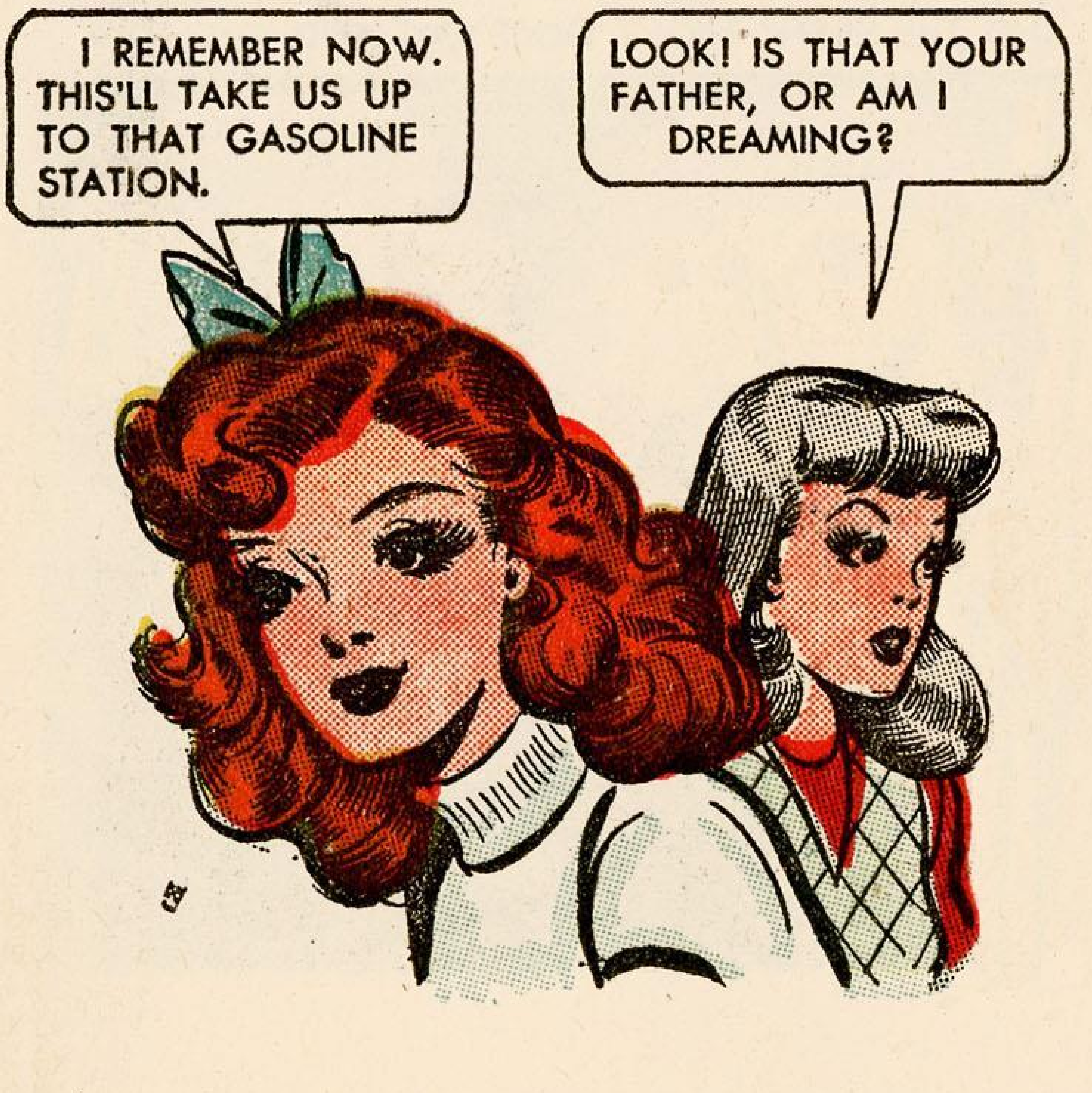


HERE'S ONE PAIR OF THE LOST ONES — —

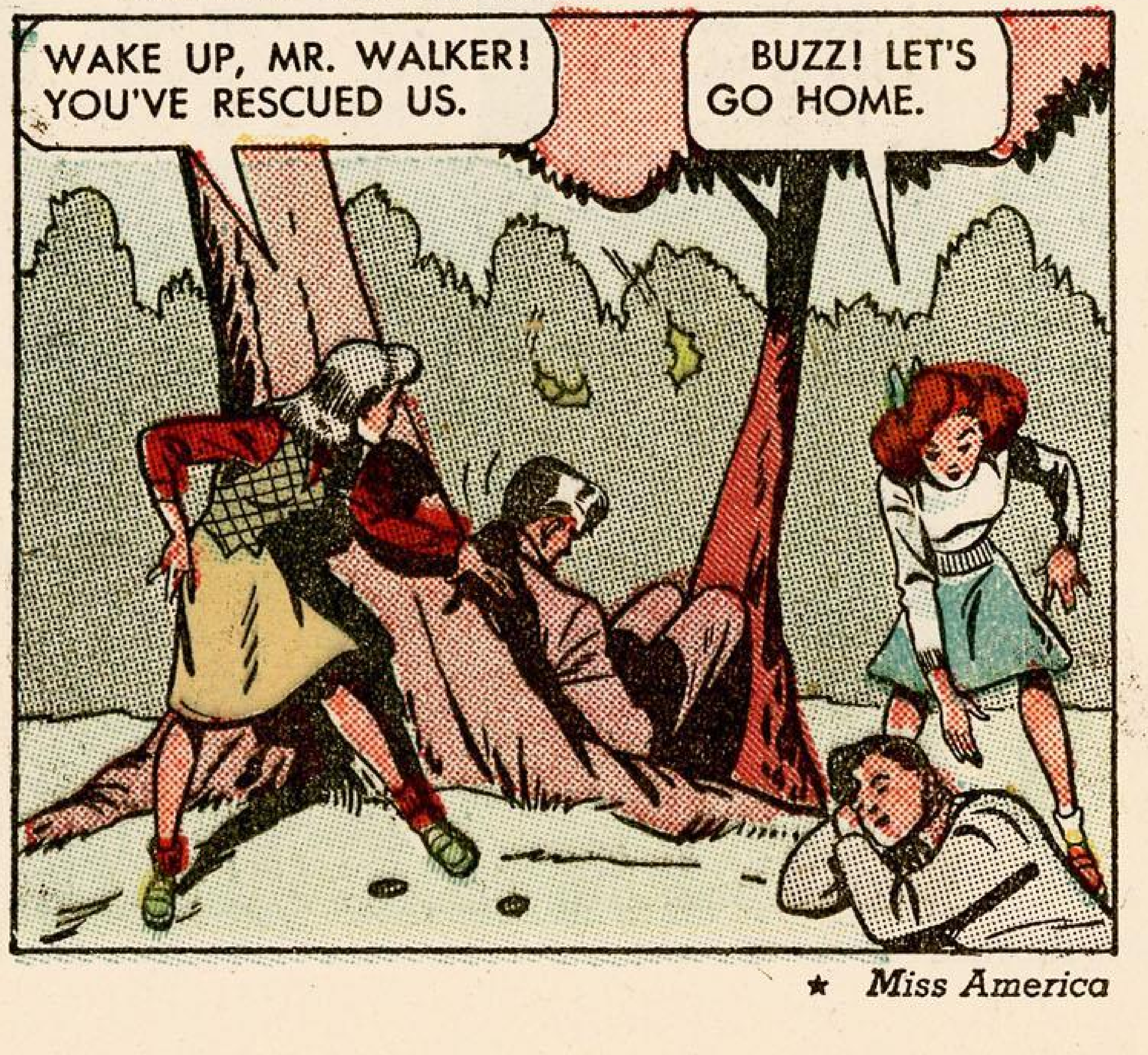

WAKE UP, NANCY. NOW THAT IT'S LIGHT I THINK I KNOW THE WAY OUT.
I DREAMT ABOUT A BEAUTIFUL STEAK, TWO INCHES THICK.

AND HERE'S THE OTHER PAIR.

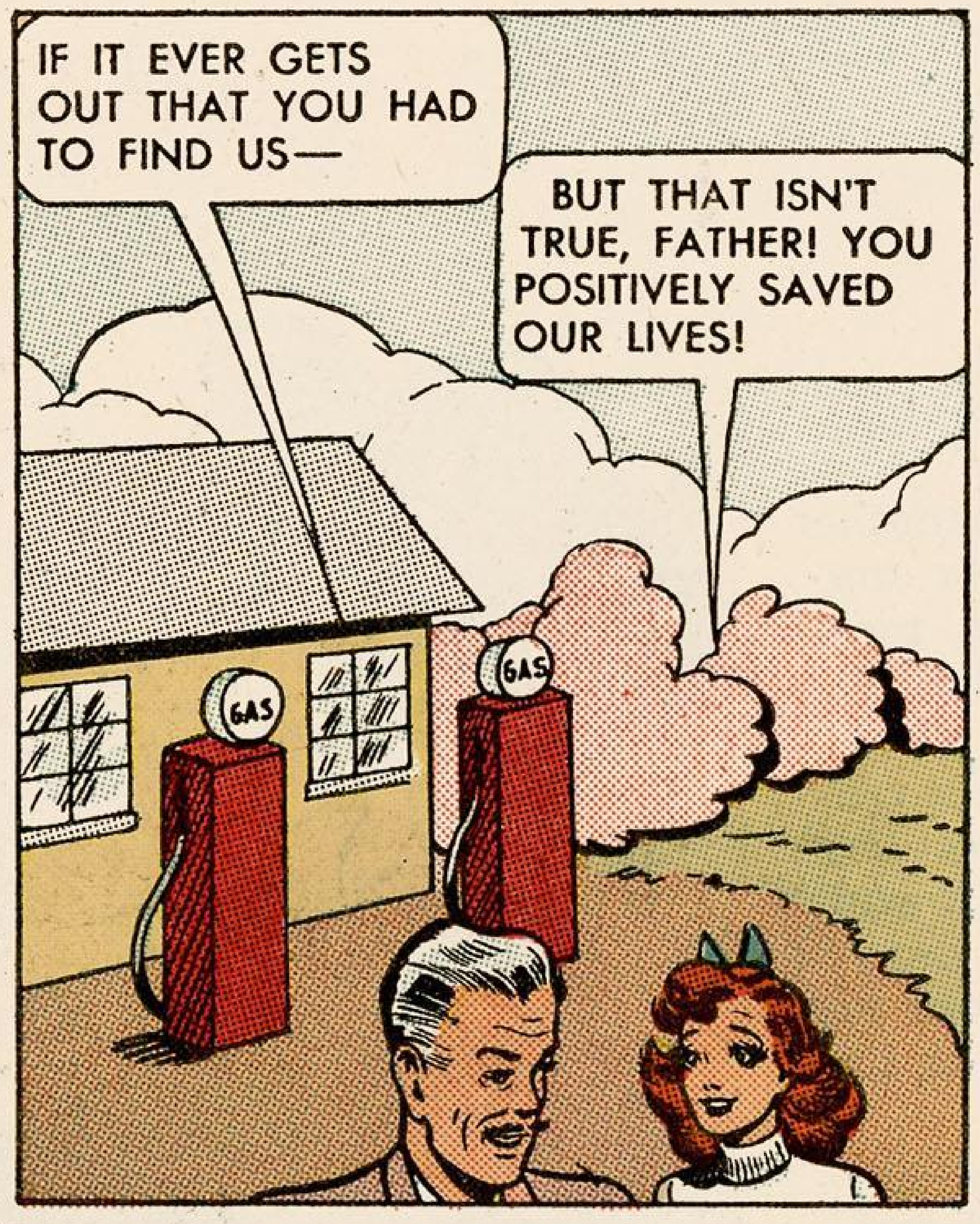

TWEET? TWEET?


I REMEMBER NOW. THIS'LL TAKE US UP TO THAT GASOLINE STATION.
LOOK! IS THAT YOUR FATHER, OR AM I DREAMING?

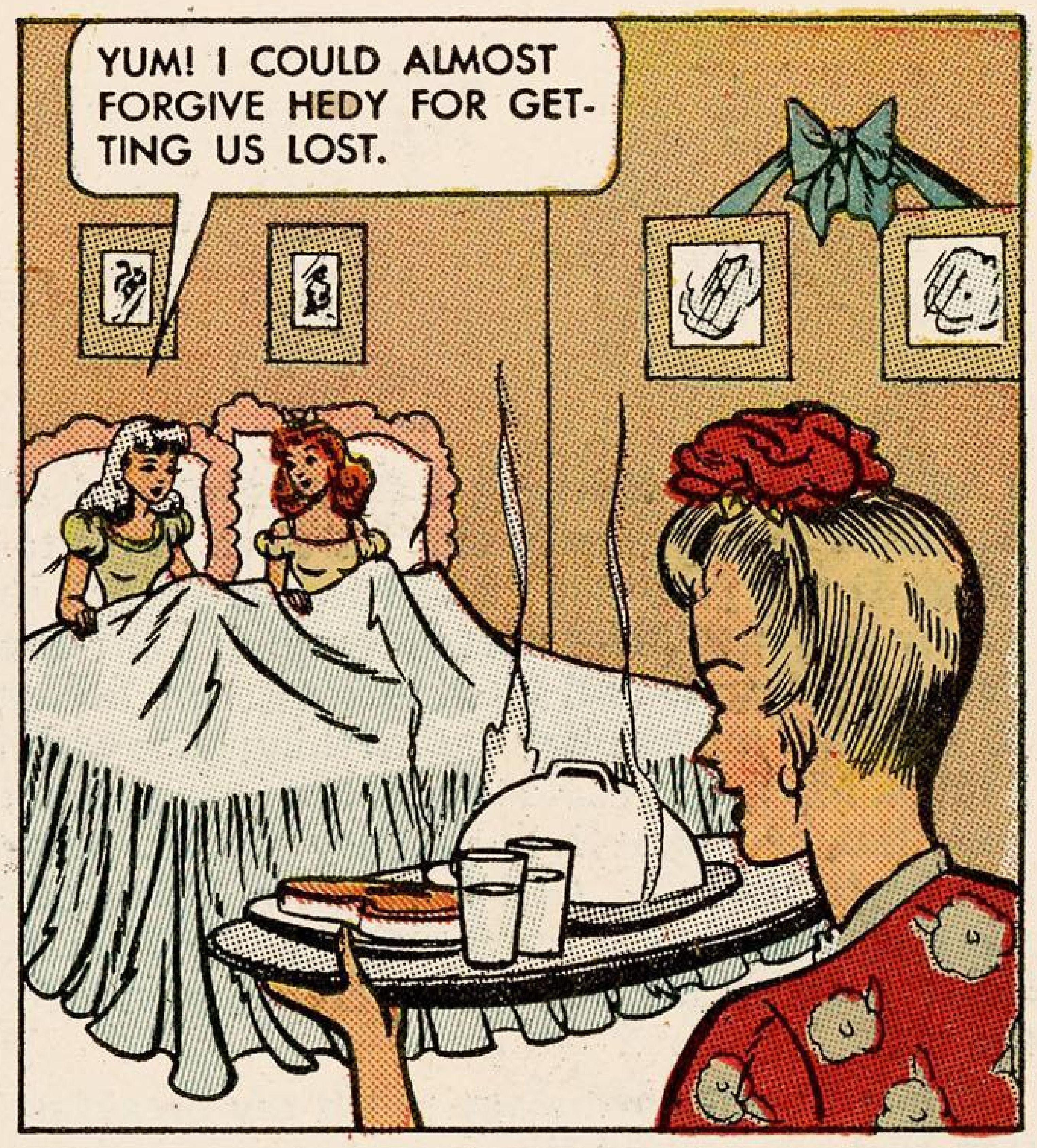
THIS IS A FINE THING. THE LOST GIRLS HAVE RESCUED THE RESCUERS.

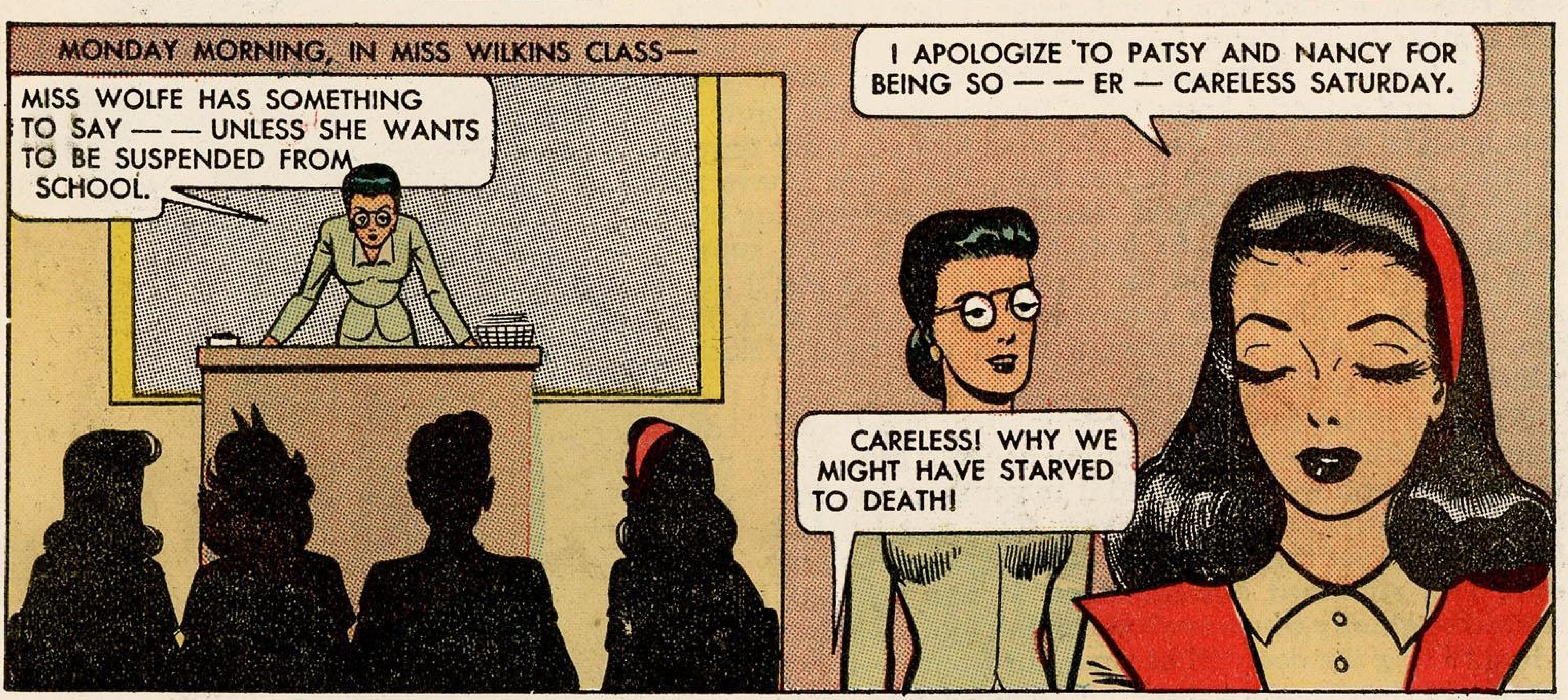

WAKE UP, MR. WALKER! YOU'VE RESCUED US.
BUZZ! LET'S GO HOME.

A LITTLE LATER, THEY REACH SAFETY, AND PHONE FOR A CAR.

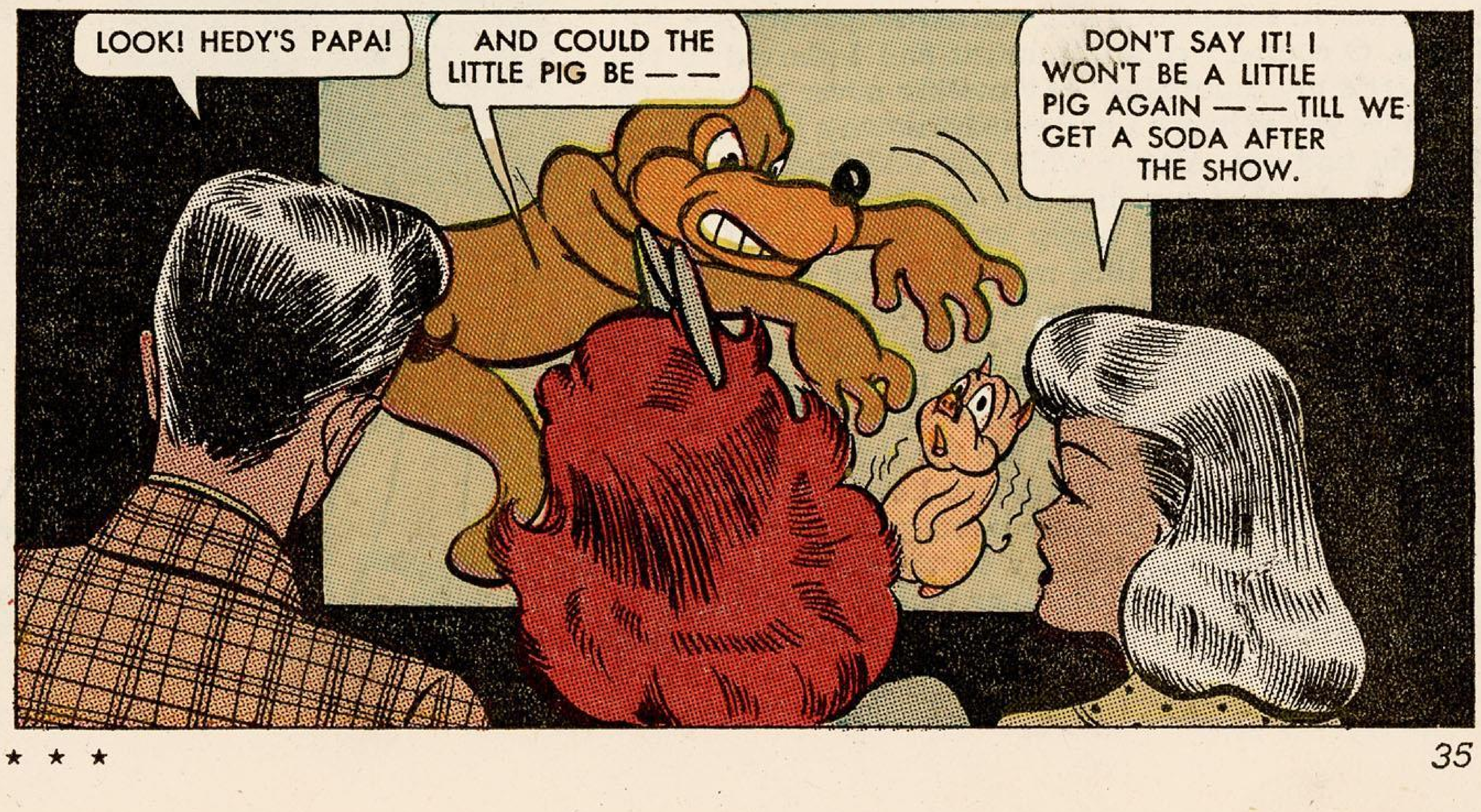

IF IT EVER GETS OUT THAT YOU HAD TO FIND US—
BUT THAT ISN'T TRUE, FATHER! YOU POSITIVELY SAVED OUR LIVES!
GAS
GAS

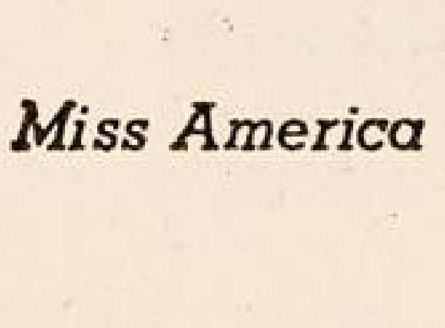
HOME AT LAST!


YUM! I COULD ALMOST FORGIVE HEDY FOR GETTING US LOST.


MONDAY MORNING, IN MISS WILKINS CLASS—
MISS WOLFE HAS SOMETHING TO SAY — — UNLESS SHE WANTS TO BE SUSPENDED FROM SCHOOL.
I APOLOGIZE TO PATSY AND NANCY FOR BEING SO — — ER — CARELESS SATURDAY.
CARELESS! WHY WE MIGHT HAVE STARVED TO DEATH!

AND SO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.


LOOK! HEDY'S PAPA!
AND COULD THE LITTLE PIG BE — —
DON'T SAY IT! I WON'T BE A LITTLE PIG AGAIN — — TILL WE GET A SODA AFTER THE SHOW.



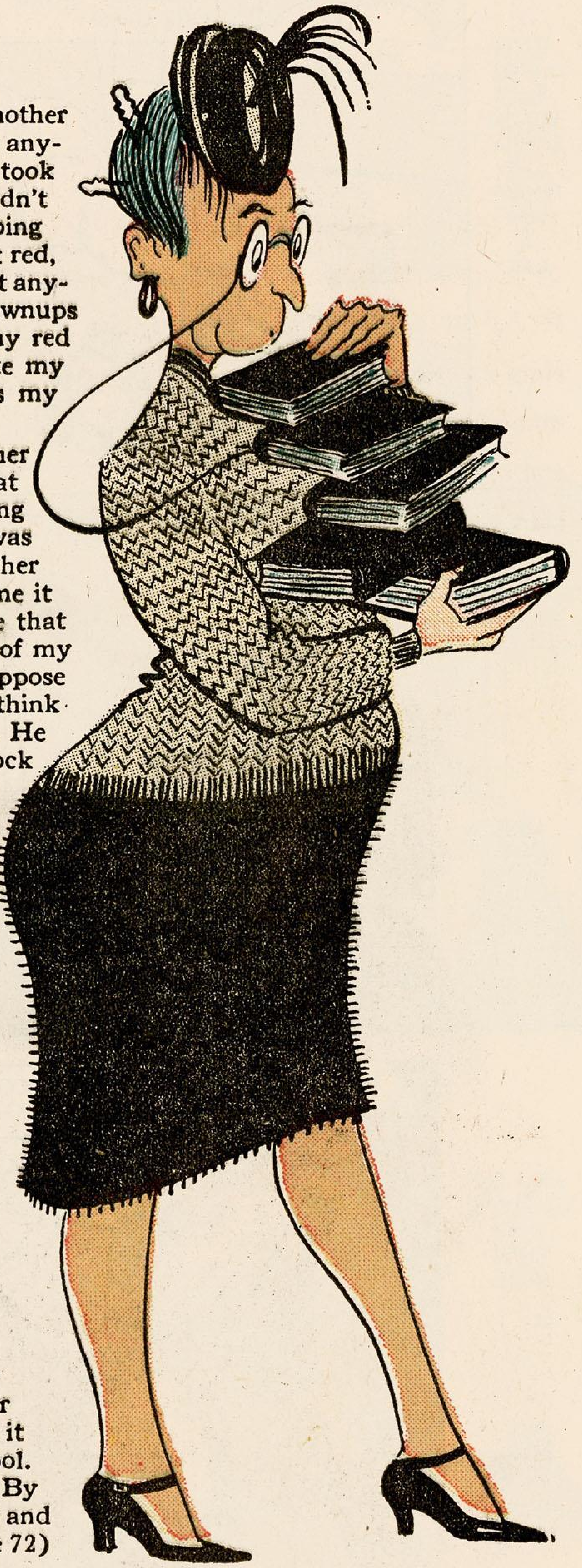
The Chance of a Lifetime...

by Marie Sally

LAST Tuesday morning I fell out of bed when my mother called me. It wasn't that I was so eager to get up or anything. It was just that I had been asleep and she kind of took me by surprise. After that everything went wrong I couldn't find my red socks and I had to have them because I was going to wear my red sweater and nothing goes with red except red, I think. My mother said that nobody would look at my feet anyway, but of course I knew they would. Sometimes grownups can be so juvenile. And then when I was putting on my red sweater, I caught it on my fingernail. This nearly broke my heart because my red sweater is almost new and it is my favorite.

When I went downstairs to eat my breakfast, my mother was rushing around like a fire-engine. I don't mean that my mother looks like a fire-engine; she was just rushing around like one. She had discovered that the clock was stopped and nobody knew what time it was. My brother was looking in his *Boy Scout Handbook* to see what time it is when the sun is where it was then, but I don't have that much faith in the *Boy Scout Handbook* to say nothing of my brother. He thinks that he knows everything but I suppose it is just his age. He is in the eighth grade and you'd think he was the President or something, the way he acts. He finally said that it was between seven and eight o'clock which naturally helped a lot.

I gulped down my breakfast in a hurry and then I went back upstairs again to get my books. They were in my desk and when I opened it to get them my red socks fell out. This made me very happy as I didn't have time to put them on. I ran down again, put on my coat, and stumbled out the door. It was raining! I wondered glumly why somebody hadn't told me before. I had to ring the doorbell because our front door locks when you close it, and my mother took her time coming to answer it. I dashed in and started to look for my umbrella. O course I couldn't find it and I started to yell "Where's my umbrella?" My mother never answers us when we yell at her so I had to calm down a little before I could find out. After a while she said that she didn't know. I clenched my fists and gnashed my teeth and wished in a loud and angry voice that I lived on a desert island. By this time my little sister was up. She is eight years old and an awful pest. She said she knew where it was but she wouldn't tell me. I couldn't control myself any longer and I started to let off steam by pounding her. Just at this crucial moment my mother unfortunately interrupted to tell me that I could use her umbrella and I'd better hurry up. I did. I decided that it must be awfully late because nobody was going to school. There was practically nobody on the street and I ran. By the time I got to school my hair looked like a dry mop and I was out of breath. I opened the (Continued on page 72)



This month, talented 14-year old Marie Sally of Dedham, Mass. wins the $50 prize award for her story, "The Chance of a Lifetime... Here's a tale so sparkling, so warm, and humorous, it bubbles over with teen-age zest and spirit. Its characters are real, alive! So start reading now... you'll be chuckling over it for a long time!

STUDY HALL
104
M. G.

TEENTOWN, U.S.A. By Joan Lord

YIPPEE! A JOAN LORD FASHIONS JINGLE CONTEST!
AND 2000 DOLLARS IN PRIZES!
JOAN LORD
TEEN-LIFE
HERE'S THE DICTIONARY, WHAT RHYMES WITH LABEL?
LET'S SEE- ABLE- CABLE- TABLE!
GO AWAY! THIS IS A JINGLE SESSION FOR GIRLS ONLY!
JINGLE FEVER'S GOT ME! AM I EVER FULL OF 4-LINE DREAM STUFF!
THIS JINGLE JIVE'S PRETTY KEEN- IT'S REALLY GOT ME ON THE BEAM!
THIS IS FOR ME! WATCH ME BRING HOME THE BACON!
GEE! WHAT CAN BE BETTER THAN VICTORY BONDS, THEY WILL BE MY SHARE IN VICTORY!
U.S. MAIL

$2,000.00 IN PRIZES *for a* JINGLE!

IN VICTORY BONDS

Easy to Do! Free for You! Write a Jingle—Win a Bond!

This is it! A super contest for teen-age girls only! Write a 4-line jingle and walk off with anywhere from $25 to $500 in Bonds! . . . Dish up a jingle for Joan Lord Fashion's famous "jingle-ad" series and get in the money and into print! If your jingle clicks, and is as smart as Joan Lord Fashions, it will be used in an ad and appear in several national magazines! All you have to do in this contest is

WRITE 4 LINES and BE SURE THE FOURTH LINE ENDS WITH THESE WORDS . . .

"...the Joan Lord Label."

Just to make it easier for you, here are two sample jingles to show you what goes:

You can tell a thoroughbred
By the colors of his stable
You can tell smart styling
By the Joan Lord label.

For Swing—it's Harry James
For Pin-Up—Betty Grable
For Swooning—it's Sinatra
For Style—the Joan Lord label.

GET INTO THE CONTEST! Get into the groove! When that jingle-fever hits you, you can't miss! Tell the other chicks to try jingle-jiving too! Make your jingle nutty, make it corny, make it smooth, but make it rhyme! SEND IN AS MANY JINGLES AS YOU LIKE—each one has a chance to win!

REMEMBER THERE'S NOTHING TO BUY —no box-tops to worry about! When the pay-off comes you'll say, "Cross My Fingers and Call Me Lucky!" Start jingling—write now!

***See the* JOAN LORD AD ON INSIDE BACK COVER**

WIN ONE OF THESE 46 PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE	$500 Bond
SECOND PRIZE . . .	$200 Bond
THIRD PRIZE	$100 Bond
5 PRIZES	$ 50 Bonds
38 PRIZES	$ 25 Bonds
TOTAL MATURITY VALUE	$2000

Joan Lord
FASHIONS

519 Eighth Ave.
New York

★ RULES—Read Carefully! ★

1. This contest is open to all girls of 'teen-age living within the limits of continental United States.
2. Submit your entry on the entry form shown on this page or on any sheet of paper. Print your name and address plainly.
3. This contest is subject to all federal, state, and local regulations.
4. Entries will be judged on the basis of originality, popular interest, and rhyming quality.
5. All entries must be accompanied by a letter of 100 words or less on "What I Want in Postwar Styles." These letters will only be considered in case of ties.
6. The decisions of the judges shall be final.
7. No employees or representatives of Joan Lord Fashions or its advertising agency shall be eligible for this contest.
8. All entries become the property of Joan Lord Fashions.
9. The contest closes on December 31, 1945 and all entries must be postmarked on or before that date.
10. All winners will be notified by mail.

Mail this Coupon with your Entry!

Contest Editor
Joan Lord Fashions
519 Eighth Avenue
New York City

____
____
____
________________________...the Joan Lord Label.

Please print name and address

Name..
Address..
City.................................State........................
Age.................Store where you shop..........................

LET'S RHUMBA

From page 22

they perform difficult routines. The rhumba or samba as "pleasure-danced" by Latin Americans is a far cry from these professional routines.

First of all, because of the tropical climate, if the Latins tried to dance as do these professionals, they would, to use an American phrase, "drop dead in their tracks." The rhumba when properly executed by pleasure dancers requires little movement and little space which serves to make it slightly short of perfect, for at present, particularly, most night clubs, hotel dancing spots and ball rooms the country over offer a minimum of space to dancers and there is little room in which to move about.

A direct opposite of "jitterbugging" or the "lindy" which has somehow become identified with North American youth, the rhumba is a sensible dance because it does require only slight movement and is extremely graceful. I have never seen and never expect to see a rhumba casualty list. But I don't doubt that jitterbugging has been the cause of enlarged hearts, flat feet, and very probably a great number of broken bones . . . and in my opinion, and that of many others, there is no more awkward form of movement.

Another difference between "hot" dancing and rhumbas, which can be made to the advantage of the girl dancer, is the difference in her dress. The young lady who anticipates an evening of muscular terpsichore shows up in an outfit in which she is ready to do battle—saddle shoes, full skirt and sweater sleeves pushed up to the elbows. That's all right—but senoritas, don't you think you look prettier in a party dress and what you call "date shoes"? Naturally, I'm prejudiced, because that's what the ladies wear for the rhumba and I like the rhumba. The young lady who is going out dancing and isn't going to be "swung" really can look prettier and wear more graceful clothes, don't you think so?

Anyway, as you know by now, rhumba is exciting. It's good to look at and fun to do—because it's young in heart, just as you are. And it isn't just South American any longer. It's American. Do I hear music? Do I hear rhumba? Pardon me, ladies, this is my dance. *Hasta la vista!*

FORWARD PASS

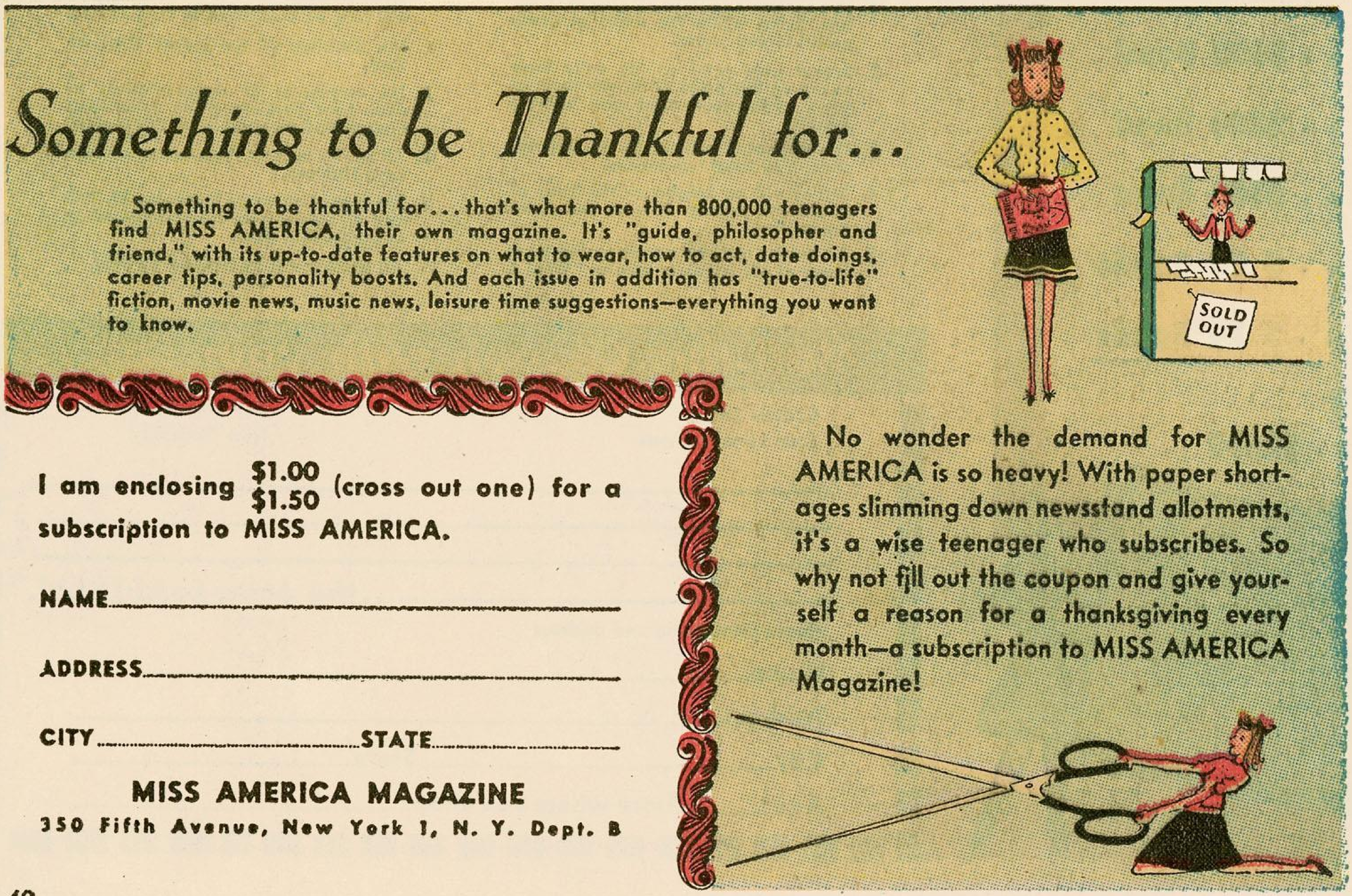
From page 21

at your seemingly breathless interest in his views, and the hour will undoubtedly have grown late enough for you to have a legitimate reason to head for home fast.

The third, or Wolf Play, is easiest of all to handle. This type of sub-human has no humor, no conversation and practically no sensibilities. His hide is thicker than the plating on a battleship and he is totally immune to any form of subtlety.

Here is where you can use the Unhand-Me-You-Cad attitude with satisfactory results. You needn't choose your brush-off carefully. The only necessity is to speak your piece slowly, loudly and clearly. After which, run, do not walk, to the nearest exit.

And better dating next time!



Something to be Thankful for...

Something to be thankful for . . . that's what more than 800,000 teenagers find MISS AMERICA, their own magazine. It's "guide, philosopher and friend," with its up-to-date features on what to wear, how to act, date doings, career tips, personality boosts. And each issue in addition has "true-to-life" fiction, movie news, music news, leisure time suggestions—everything you want to know.

No wonder the demand for MISS AMERICA is so heavy! With paper shortages slimming down newsstand allotments, it's a wise teenager who subscribes. So why not fill out the coupon and give yourself a reason for a thanksgiving every month—a subscription to MISS AMERICA Magazine!

I am enclosing $1.00 $1.50 (cross out one) for a subscription to MISS AMERICA.

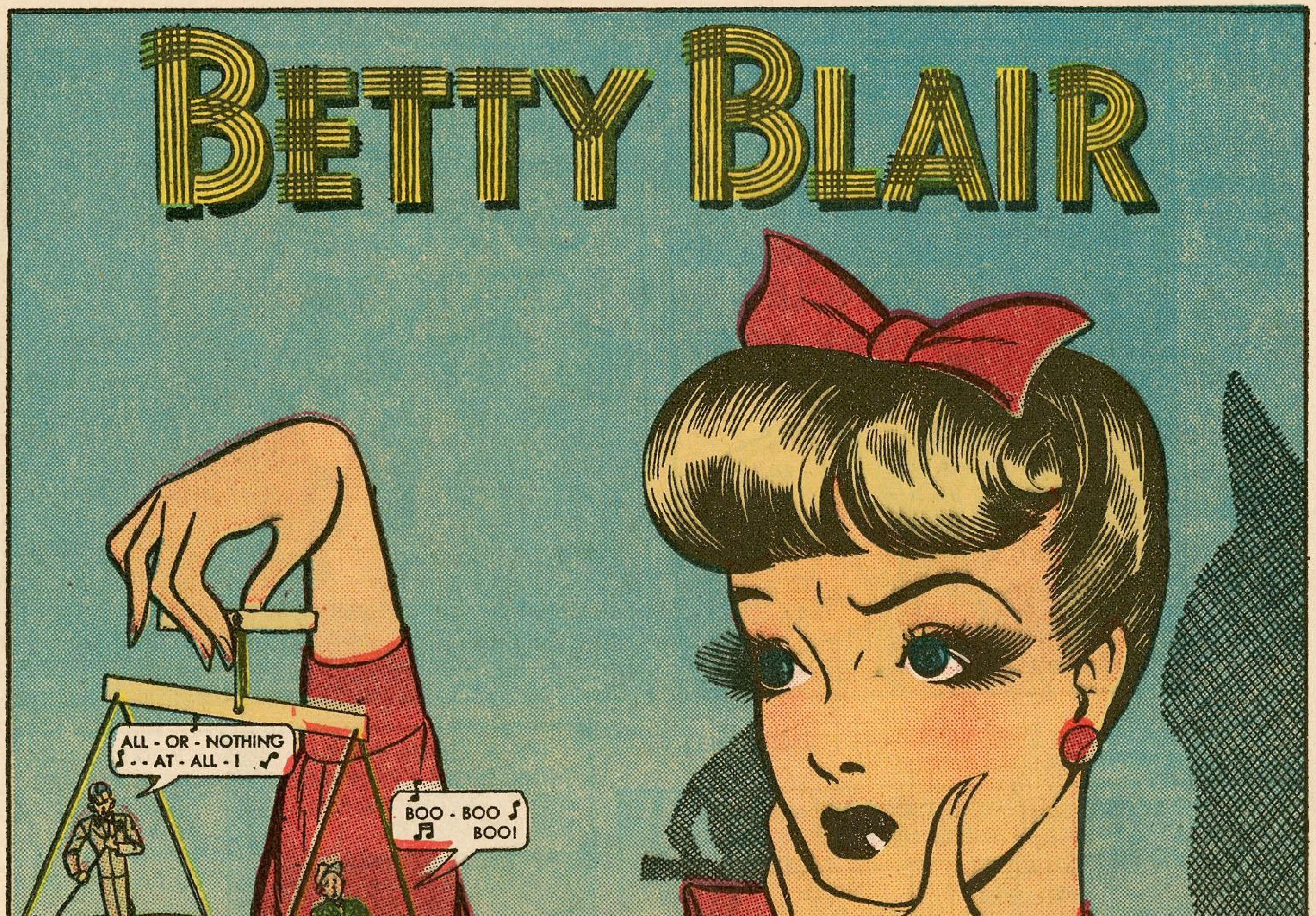
NAME______________________

ADDRESS______________________

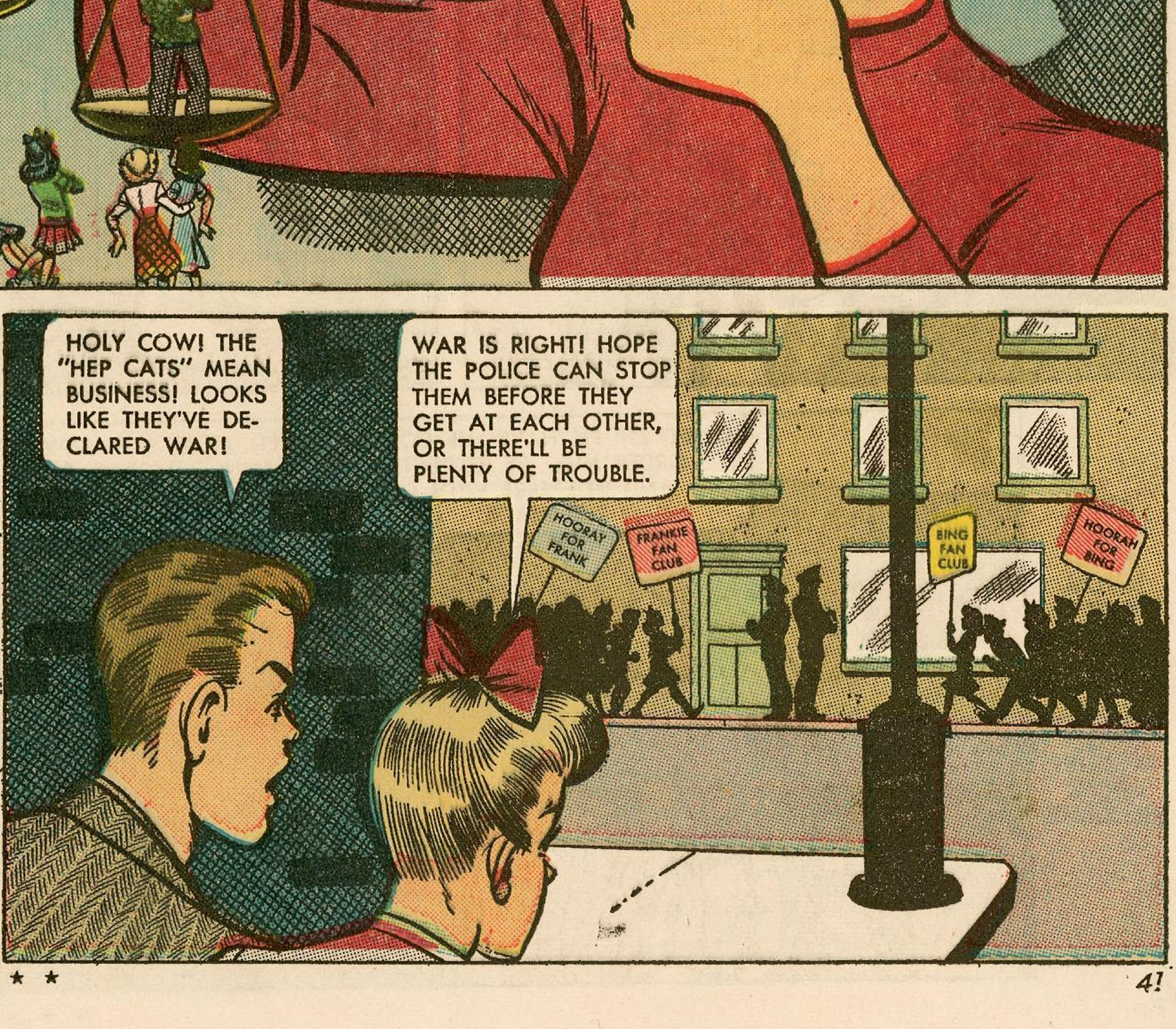
CITY______________STATE______________

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE
350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y. Dept. B

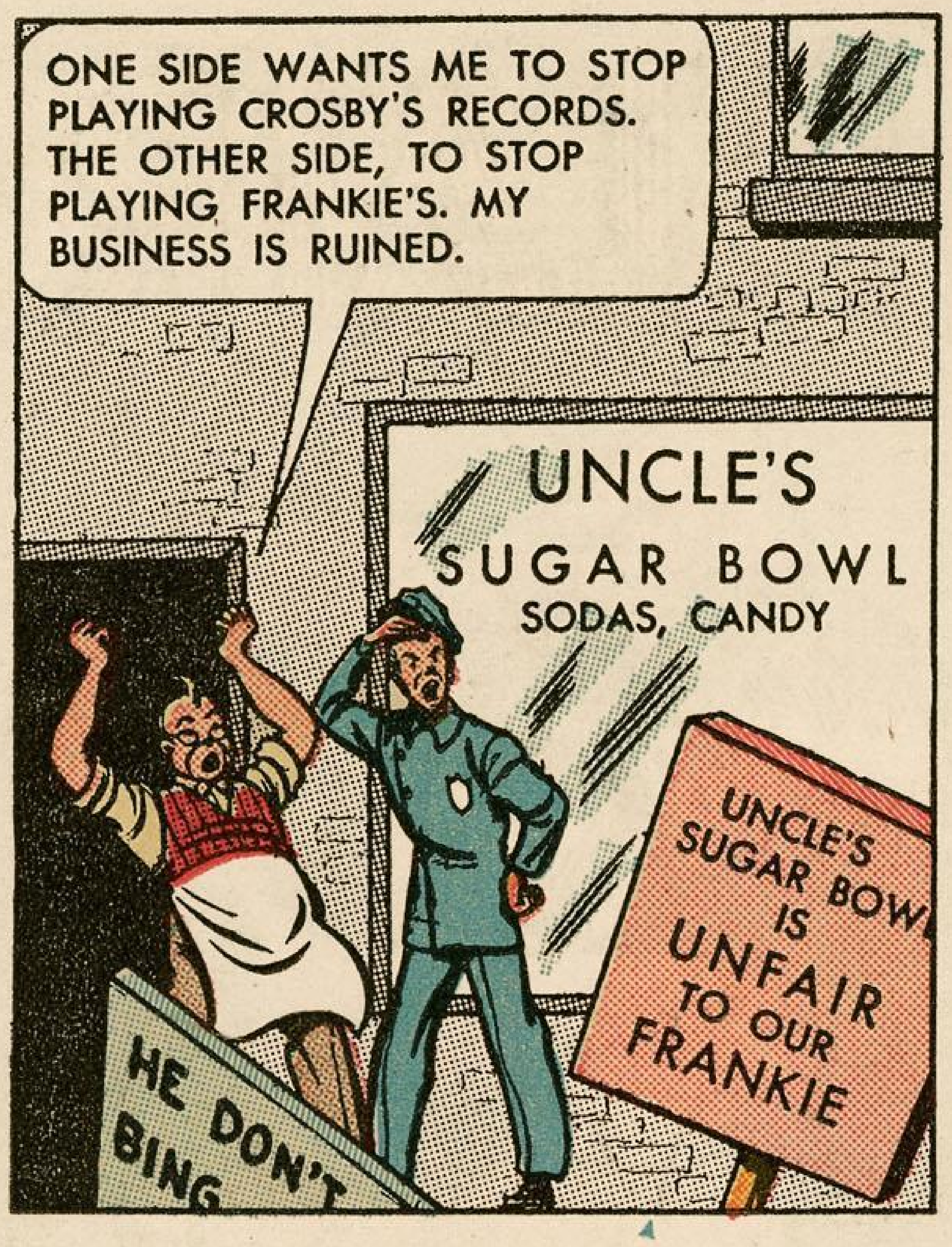
BETTY BLAIR

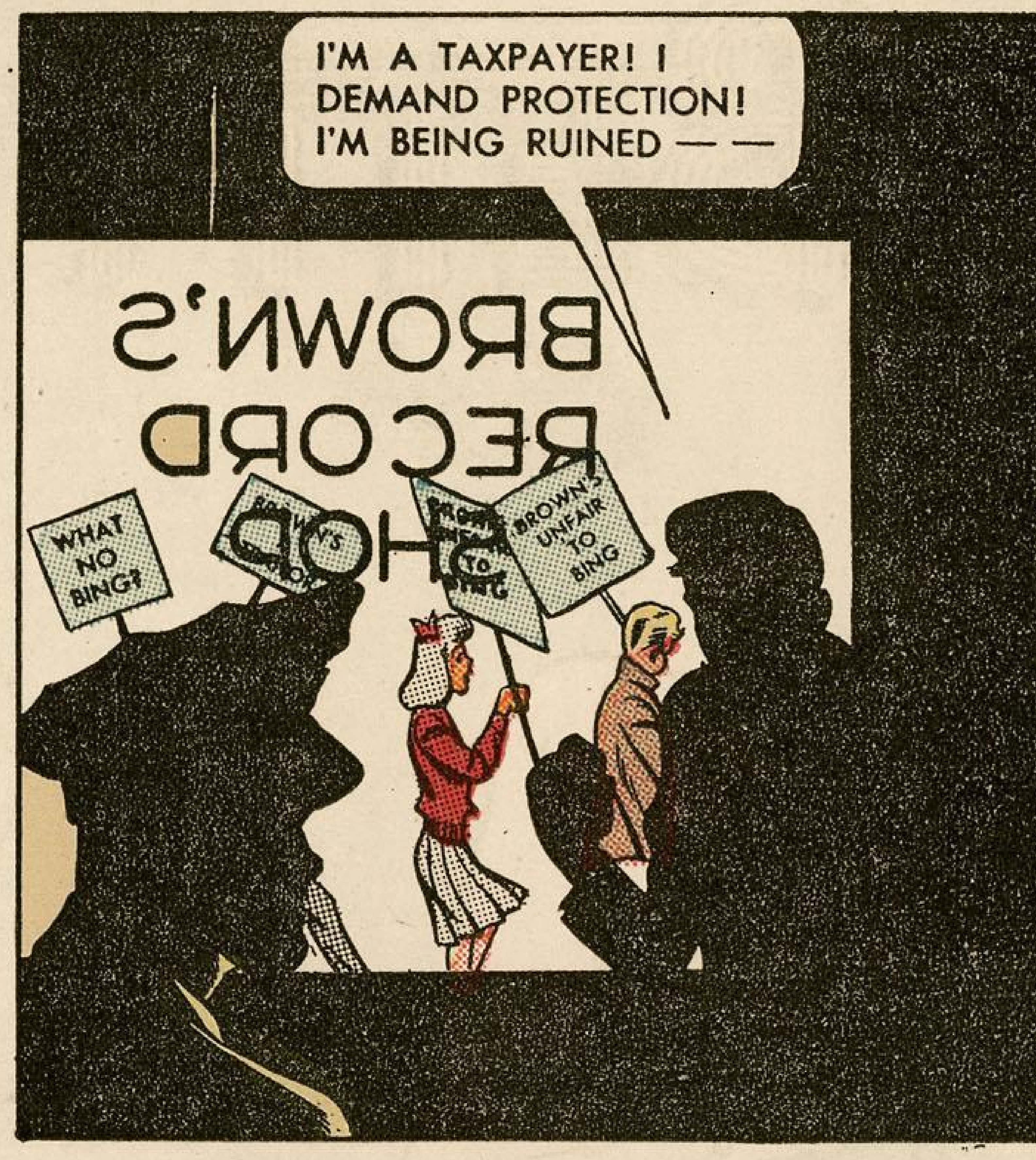

ALL - OR - NOTHING - - AT - ALL - !
BOO - BOO BOO!

SATURDAY AFTERNOON— AND MAIN STREET IS TREATED TO AN IMPROMTU PARADE THAT BLOCKS BETTY AND HER BOY FRIEND, TOMMY, ON THEIR WAY TO WORK

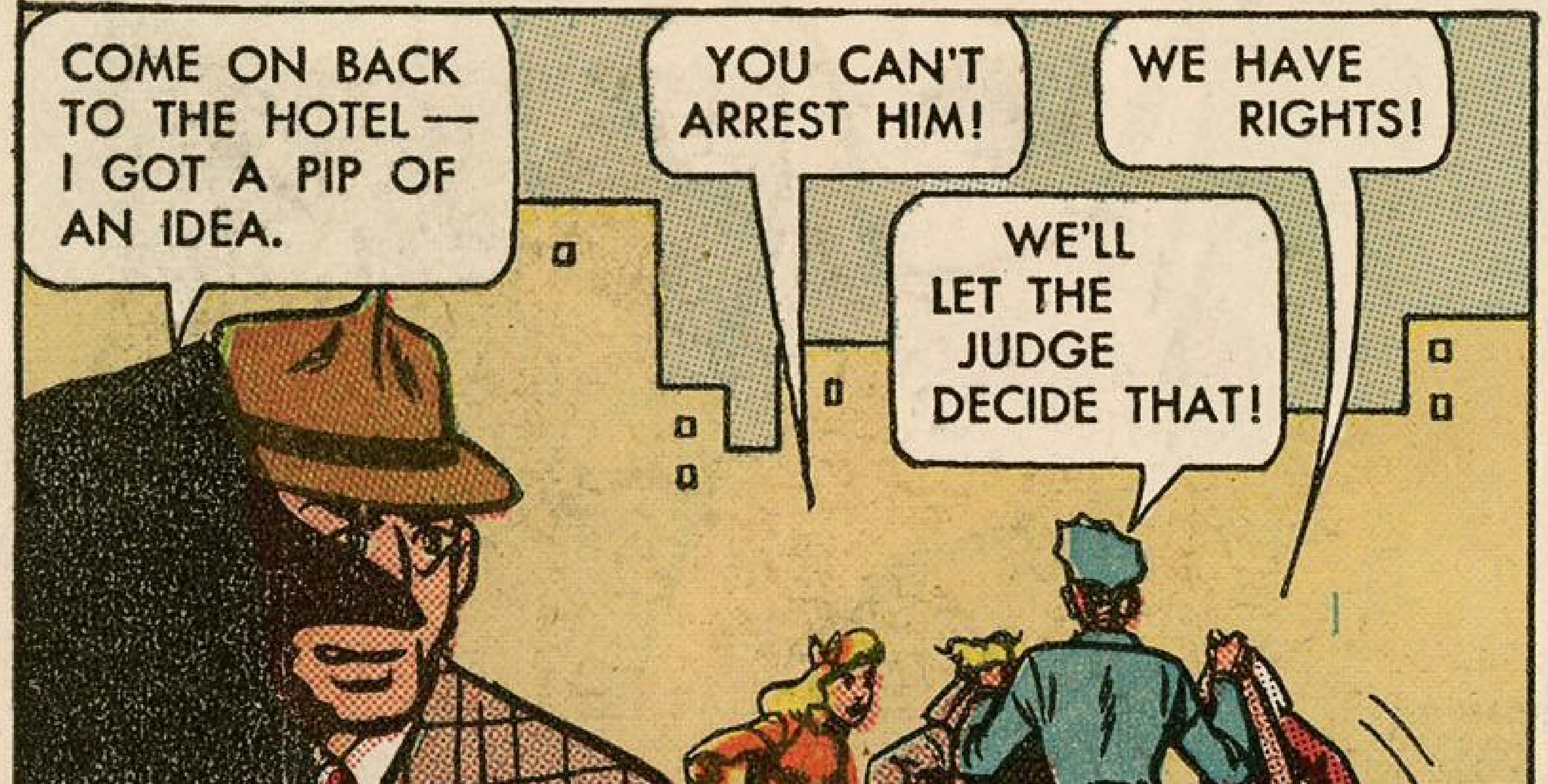

HOLY COW! THE "HEP CATS" MEAN BUSINESS! LOOKS LIKE THEY'VE DECLARED WAR!
WAR IS RIGHT! HOPE THE POLICE CAN STOP THEM BEFORE THEY GET AT EACH OTHER, OR THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF TROUBLE.
HOORAY FOR FRANK
FRANKIE FAN CLUB
BING FAN CLUB
HOORAH FOR BING

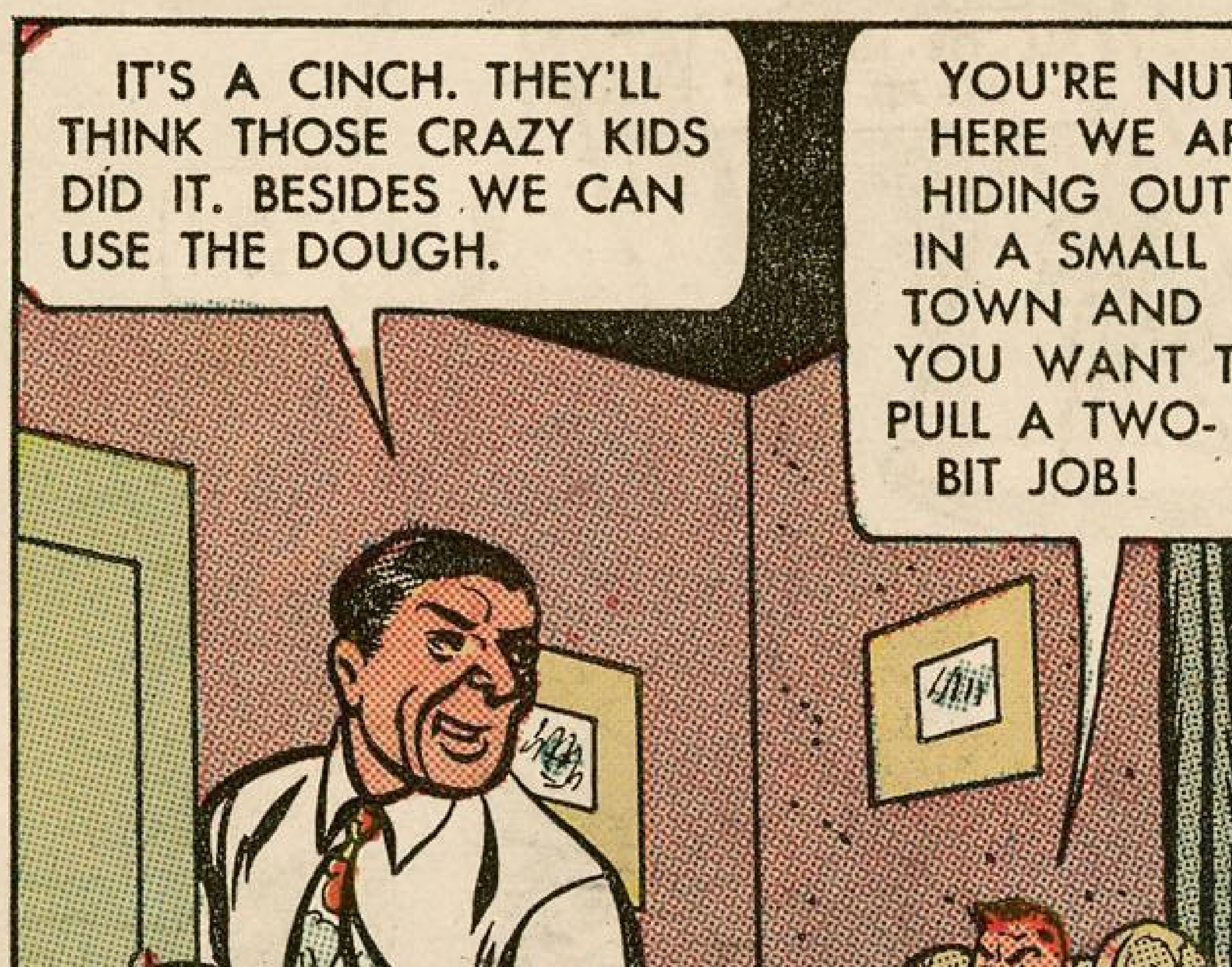
FURTHER DOWN MAIN STREET...


ONE SIDE WANTS ME TO STOP PLAYING CROSBY'S RECORDS. THE OTHER SIDE, TO STOP PLAYING FRANKIE'S. MY BUSINESS IS RUINED.
UNCLE'S SUGAR BOWL SODAS, CANDY
UNCLE'S SUGAR BOWL IS UNFAIR TO OUR FRANKIE
HE DON'T BING

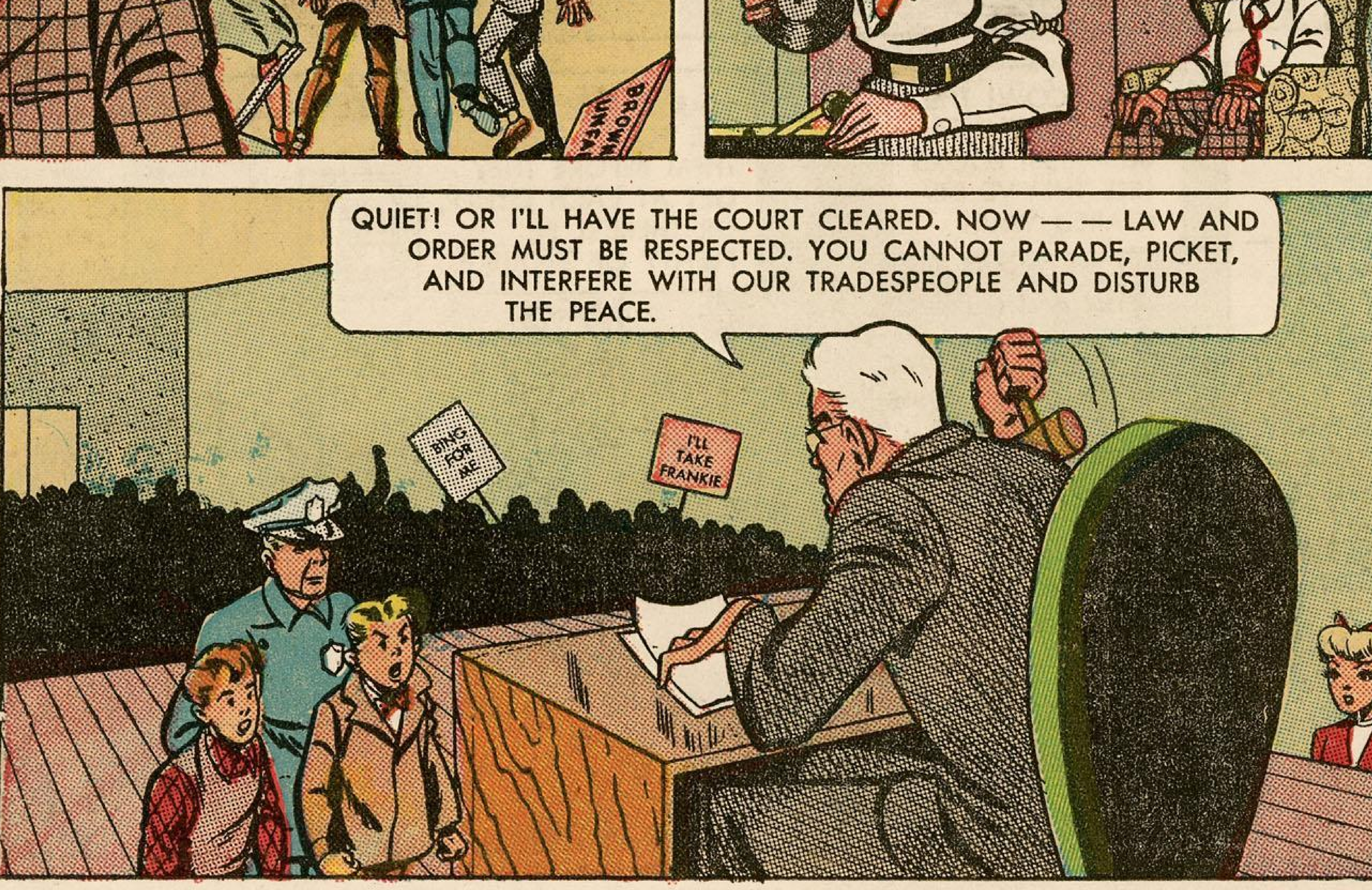

I'M A TAXPAYER! I DEMAND PROTECTION! I'M BEING RUINED — —
BROWN'S RECORD SHOP
WHAT NO BING?
BROWN'S UNFAIR TO BING

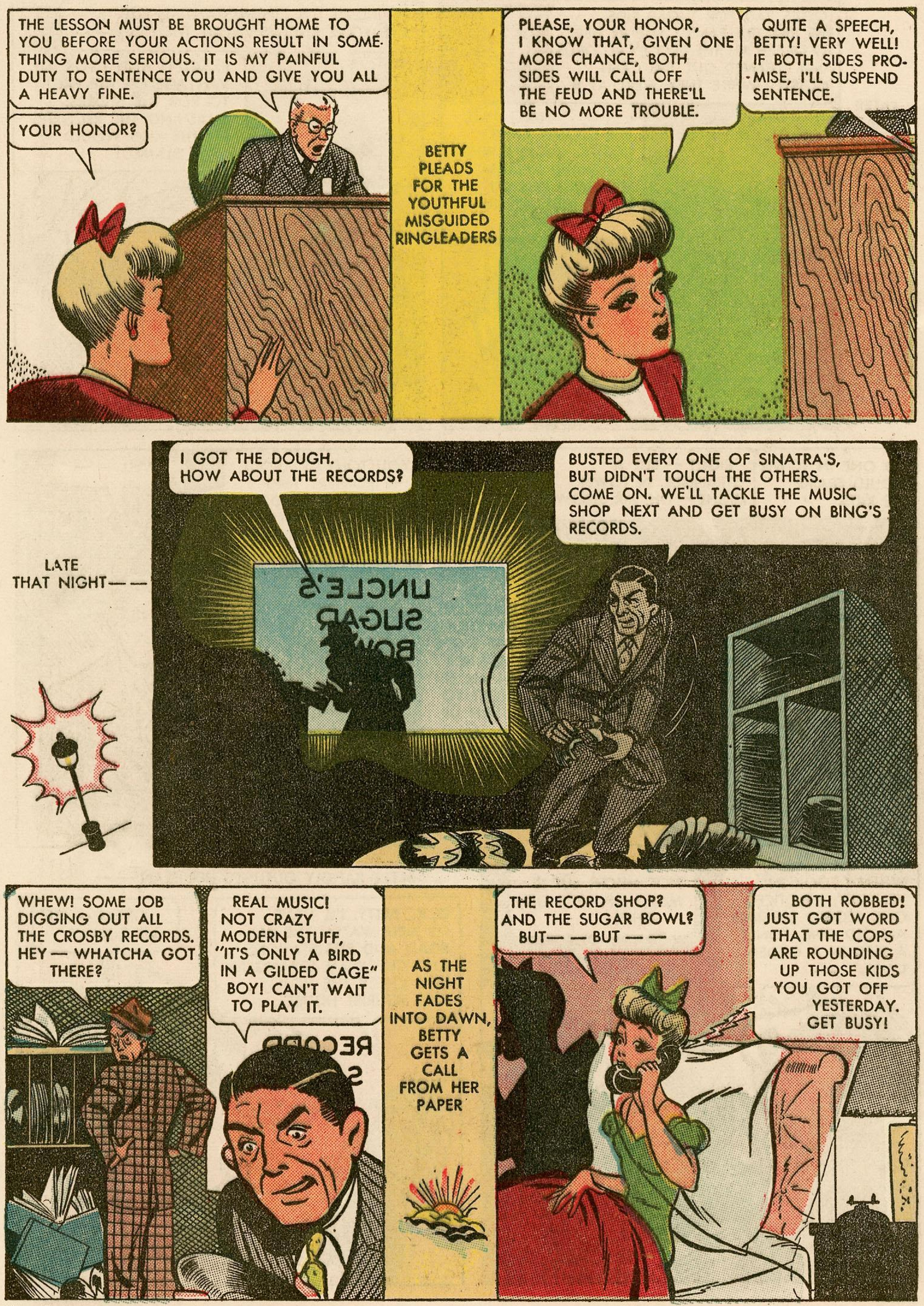
AS TWO SHIFTY-EYED STRANGERS FOLLOW THE FEUD WITH UNUSUAL INTEREST — —


COME ON BACK TO THE HOTEL — I GOT A PIP OF AN IDEA.
YOU CAN'T ARREST HIM!
WE HAVE RIGHTS!
WE'LL LET THE JUDGE DECIDE THAT!


IT'S A CINCH. THEY'LL THINK THOSE CRAZY KIDS DID IT. BESIDES WE CAN USE THE DOUGH.
YOU'RE NUTS! HERE WE ARE HIDING OUT IN A SMALL TOWN AND YOU WANT TO PULL A TWO-BIT JOB!

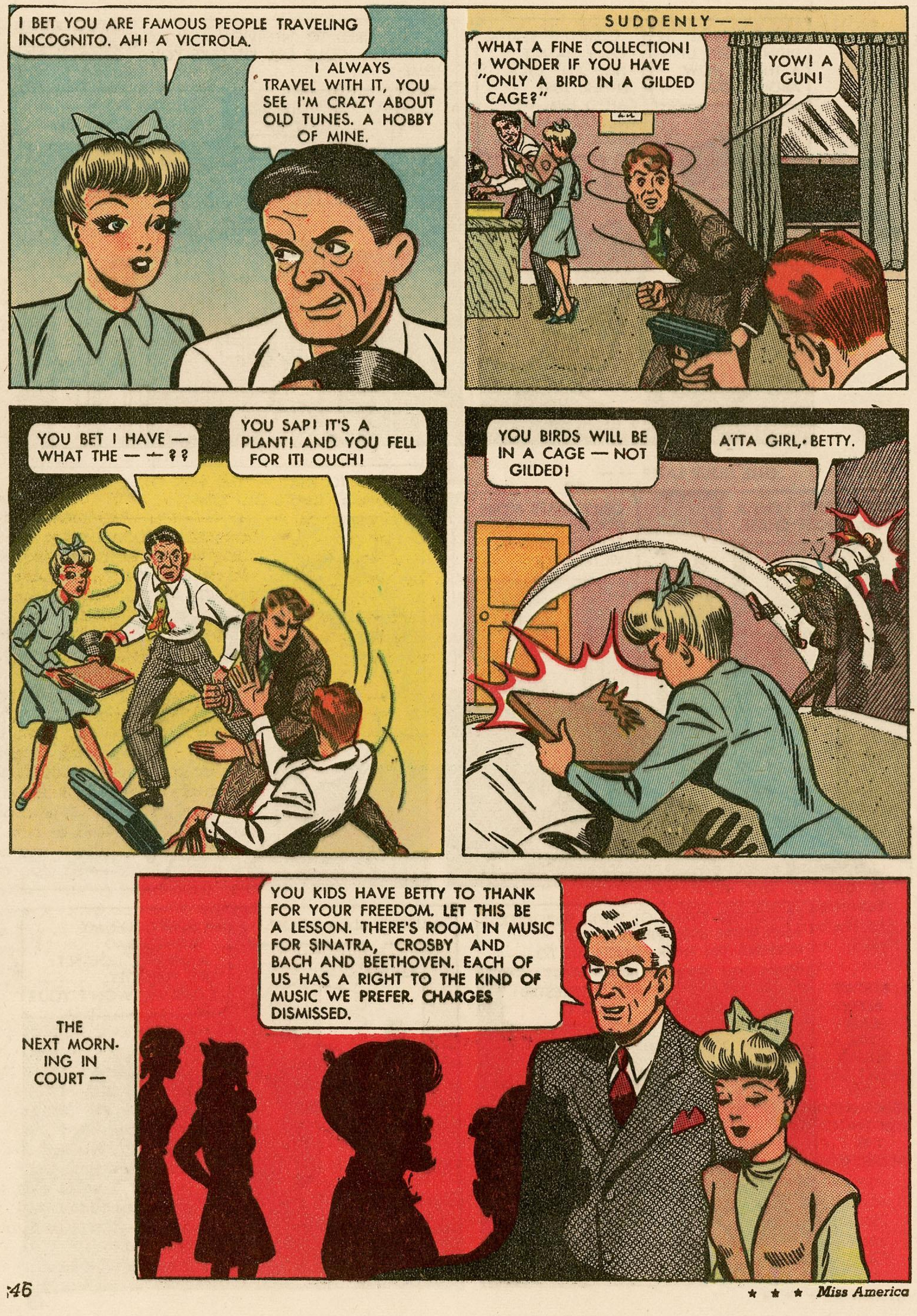
THAT SAME AFTERNOON, THE RING-LEADERS OF BOTH FEUDING FACTIONS ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE JUDGE.


QUIET! OR I'LL HAVE THE COURT CLEARED. NOW — — LAW AND ORDER MUST BE RESPECTED. YOU CANNOT PARADE, PICKET, AND INTERFERE WITH OUR TRADESPEOPLE AND DISTURB THE PEACE.
BING FOR ME
I'LL TAKE FRANKIE


THE LESSON MUST BE BROUGHT HOME TO YOU BEFORE YOUR ACTIONS RESULT IN SOMETHING MORE SERIOUS. IT IS MY PAINFUL DUTY TO SENTENCE YOU AND GIVE YOU ALL A HEAVY FINE.
YOUR HONOR?
BETTY PLEADS FOR THE YOUTHFUL MISGUIDED RINGLEADERS
PLEASE, YOUR HONOR, I KNOW THAT, GIVEN ONE MORE CHANCE, BOTH SIDES WILL CALL OFF THE FEUD AND THERE'LL BE NO MORE TROUBLE.
QUITE A SPEECH, BETTY! VERY WELL! IF BOTH SIDES PROMISE, I'LL SUSPEND SENTENCE.
LATE THAT NIGHT— — —
I GOT THE DOUGH. HOW ABOUT THE RECORDS?
UNCLE'S SUGAR BOW
BUSTED EVERY ONE OF SINATRA'S, BUT DIDN'T TOUCH THE OTHERS. COME ON. WE'LL TACKLE THE MUSIC SHOP NEXT AND GET BUSY ON BING'S RECORDS.
WHEW! SOME JOB DIGGING OUT ALL THE CROSBY RECORDS. HEY — WHATCHA GOT THERE?
REAL MUSIC! NOT CRAZY MODERN STUFF, "IT'S ONLY A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE" BOY! CAN'T WAIT TO PLAY IT.
RECORD S
AS THE NIGHT FADES INTO DAWN, BETTY GETS A CALL FROM HER PAPER
THE RECORD SHOP? AND THE SUGAR BOWL? BUT— — BUT — —
BOTH ROBBED! JUST GOT WORD THAT THE COPS ARE ROUNDING UP THOSE KIDS YOU GOT OFF YESTERDAY. GET BUSY!

LATER THAT MORNING — — WITH THE POLICE CHIEF AT THE RECORD SHOP
LOOKS BAD FOR THOSE KIDS. THE SINATRA FANS CAME IN HERE TO SMASH ALL THE CROSBY RECORDS AND CLEANED OUT THE CASH REGISTER WHILE THEY WERE AT IT.
SURE! AND THE CROSBY FANS ROBBED "UNCLE'S" WHILE SMASHING SINATRA RECORDS! CORNY! THOSE KIDS ARE INNOCENT!
I'LL ADMIT IT'S CIRCUMSTANTIAL, BUT EVERYONE KNOWS ABOUT THE FEUD — —
EXACTLY! AND TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE FACT TO ROB THE STORES, SMASHING THE RECORDS SO THE KIDS WOULD BE BLAMED!
NO ONE IN TOWN WOULD FRAME THE KIDS.
RIGHT — BUT A STRANGER IN TOWN MIGHT — OH, MR. BROWN?
BROWN'S RECORD SHOP
BETTY, CONVINCED THAT THE ACCUSED ARE INNOCENT, QUESTIONS THE STORE OWNER IN AN EFFORT TO TURN UP A CLUE — —
YOU TOLD US ABOUT THE ROBBERY AND SMASHED RECORDS — BUT IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE MISSING?
WELL — —
WHEN I TOOK INVENTORY, I NOTICED ONE RECORD MISSING. AN OLD ONE, "ONLY A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE."
NOT MUCH! BUT IT MAY HELP. LET'S GO, CHIEF!
BETTY RAPIDLY OUTLINES HER PLAN — —
O. K., BETTY. I'LL HAVE MY MEN WATCH THE RAILROAD AND BUS STATIONS AND CHECK ALL STRANGERS. YOU CHECK THE HOTEL AND TOURIST HOUSES.
GREAT — I'LL GET TOMMY.

THAT NIGHT, TOMMY AND BETTY MEET IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL...
WHEW! I'M ALL IN. DIDN'T TURN UP A THING. HOW ABOUT YOU?
COMPLETE BLANK. CHIEF HASN'T HAD ANY LUCK EITHER. JUST CALLED HIM. WELL, WE STILL HAVE TO CHECK THE HOTEL.
I'M TOO TIRED TO INTERVIEW ANY MORE STRANGERS. COME ON, I'LL TAKE YOU HOME.
YOU GO HOME — — I'M NOT GIVING UP.
TOWN HOTEL
ONE HOUR LATER — —
TOLD YOU IT WAS A WILD GOOSE CHASE.
21
ONLY THREE MORE ROOMS — — MUSIC? SOUNDS LIKE A VICTROLA!
LISTEN TO THAT — "THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE" THAT'S OLD STUFF . . .
SOME FOLKS LIKE THE OLD TUNES — — GOSH! SAY — —
22
BEFORE BETTY CAN TELL TOMMY WHAT SHE JUST REMEMBERED HER KNOCK IS ANSWERED!
ER — GOOD EVENING! WE'RE REPORTERS! AND WE'RE INTERVIEWING ALL VISITORS ON THEIR REACTIONS TO — —
NOT INTERESTED! BEAT IT.
MUSTN'T SLAM DOORS!
I'M SORRY FOR MY FRIEND'S BAD MANNERS. DOESN'T LIKE PUBLICITY. COME IN, WON'T YOU?
22


I BET YOU ARE FAMOUS PEOPLE TRAVELING INCOGNITO. AH! A VICTROLA.
I ALWAYS TRAVEL WITH IT, YOU SEE I'M CRAZY ABOUT OLD TUNES. A HOBBY OF MINE.
SUDDENLY — —
WHAT A FINE COLLECTION! I WONDER IF YOU HAVE "ONLY A BIRD IN A GILDED CAGE?"
YOW! A GUN!
YOU BET I HAVE — WHAT THE — — ??
YOU SAP! IT'S A PLANT! AND YOU FELL FOR IT! OUCH!
YOU BIRDS WILL BE IN A CAGE — NOT GILDED!
ATTA GIRL, BETTY.
THE NEXT MORNING IN COURT —
YOU KIDS HAVE BETTY TO THANK FOR YOUR FREEDOM. LET THIS BE A LESSON. THERE'S ROOM IN MUSIC FOR SINATRA, CROSBY AND BACH AND BEETHOVEN. EACH OF US HAS A RIGHT TO THE KIND OF MUSIC WE PREFER. CHARGES DISMISSED.

HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 4

and feminine charm as the winner of a $500 award. But this year the Debs' committee held a meeting prior to the selection of the winner, and they voted they'd rather have a personal date with Peter Lawford than the $500!

* * *

Ross Hunter telephoned to say he is still receiving thousands of letters from the Miss America's who read this column, approving my reference to Ross as "that drooley Ross Hunter", Remember it a few issues back? Ross is that pleased — and so pleased he up and asked me for a date. When it happens, I'll faithfully report it to you girls.

'Course I could probably get the information faster by just asking Jane Withers. I stopped in to see Jane the other night and she was in a whirl because she was going premiering with Ross. Jane was just out of her shower with her hair tied up tight in a silk hankie, and she grabbed a slick blue satin robe for some fast chit-chat while she selected a dress, for Ross was due any second. Jane has more beaux than any girl in this town, so help me. And she keeps them all from getting jealous, which is some knack! She doesn't go steady with any one but never lacks dates. I must ask her the magic method!

* * *

Speaking of Bob Walker, who is one of my most favorite favorites, since he and I went to the same school and had the same principal and the same teachers back in Ogden, Utah, not one of his classmates ever dreamed Bob would become an actor. Truth was that Bob was always in boyish scrapes, nothing serious, just kid stuff, like forgetting his afternoon classes to go swimming, and fooling around with a junky old car instead of studying, and trying out a smoke, and forgetting to come home in time for dinner. His Pop said he was sure that if Bob didn't mend his ways he'd land in the reform school. So Bob's aunt offered to send Bob to a military academy. There Bob took up dramatic art, because it seemed an easy subject. And he developed into a terrific actor!

* * *

Of course I have to give you the news on Frankie Sinatra and Van Johnson and Alan Ladd and Sonny Tufts. Well, Frankie's back from overseas and is still hepped on doing his tours of high schools to talk on "Tolerance for Teenagers". And Van still spends a lot of his time at the Bev-Hills Hotel.

The other day Van was out swimming early in the a.m. in the hotel pool. At seven exactly. Now no one ever goes in that early. Which means that Van had the pool all to himself. But whether the birds in those high palm trees sang the news or not, by seven-thirty the pool was filled up with all the teen-age femme guests at the hotel. Van had a real time for himself, and so did all the gals.

Alan Ladd's next picture is "California" opposite Betty Hutton, as soon as she returns from her hospital tour. And Sonny Tufts, who loves the sweet stuff, even as you and I, went fishing far away from malts and chocolate cake, and dropped twenty pounds. Which makes him all the more, well, all the more!

Yule Tidings!

It's news! It's new! This special gift booklet, bursting through its gala covers with "handy-dandy" ideas and suggestions for Christmas cheer! Clever, original, sparkling ideas from the overflow of "MISS AMERICA SPEAKS" . . . Wonderful gifts to be made by yourself at little or no cost! So, if you're "dreaming of a bright Christmas" for your family and pals, and a light Christmas for your pocketbook, send for your booklet "Here's How for a Merry Christmas" today! Only 10¢ . . . Mail your dime NOW to: MISS AMERICA Magazine, Dept. B-k, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

* * *

Wait until you see Jack Sands, the new leading man in Shirley Temple's screen life. Yum yum! 'Course Shirley is privately still engaged, and muchly, to her Sgt. John Agar!

* * *

There's a very cute Miss America in Arizona, who has the gratitude of Gregory Peck. And how! Gregory wears an aged leather coat for "Duel in the Sun." The wardrobe man daily watched the coat to see where it wrinkled, where it wore, where it became shiny, and then accentuated these signs of wear with rottenstone, umber and beeswax.

Well, our Miss America simply swooned every time she saw Gregory pass. And since it's the thing to wear your favorite guy's old sweater or old casual coat, as a sign of maidenly approval (meaning he's your man), our Miss America said how she wished she could have such from Gregory Peck.

Her ten-year-old brother, who loved to watch the company on location, saw the old coat. He thought he'd be doing Gregory a favor to walk off with it (so's the studio would buy him a nice new one), so he did, and presented said coat to his sister.

Well, Sis "honestly" returned the coat, which saved the prop man from heart failure and her brother from the brig. It would have taken a month to get another coat that aged! Honesty pays, for the sister had the pleasure of returning it IN PERSON to Greg!

* * *

Mona Freeman, who is getting so popular, what with her pic on all of the magazine covers, tells me that while she's under contract to Paramount, and made four pictures, none of 'em were at Paramount. She's the all time "loan-out girl."

And just as I write this the Alan Ladds telephone and invite me to their house to dinner. Wonderful day!

And that's Hollywood!

BLUEBELLE?

From page 18

wonder that nurses are said to make wonderful wives and mothers. Their achievements would not be possible if they gave way to "that awful feeling."

Chances are I don't have to explain to you what the blues are. Everything looks so hopeless and gloomy. Your heart seems heavy with sadness. You feel useless, hideous, not welcome anywhere. Your thoughts revolve ceaselessly around your troubles, and everything you touch seems to go wrong.

It isn't always easy to say why people get the blues. Of course, something may have gone wrong or irked you, but then again there are moody spells which weren't really caused by anything in particular. Sometimes our moods come in waves, high today, low tomorrow; and, I am sorry to report, medical science hasn't found out yet exactly how come.

Very often your blues are nothing but a grudge; a grudge which you are holding against the world and against yourself, without being quite aware of it. Some girls get these moods because their feelings are hurt so easily, and because they are sensitive. Such a girl then builds up a big case of resentment. Can you picture yourself sitting there, at odds with the world and so sad, and wanting people to notice how badly you feel? Maybe you even hope that seeing you sit there in your misery will spoil their gaiety a little and make them feel guilty

It is also true that people who feel really blue, like to have other despondent people around. Sometimes they simply can't stand cheery things and faces and talk.

Jimmie Davis the governor of Louisiana, who used to campaign for elections by going on singing tours through the backwoods of his state, explained to a magazine reporter why he always used to give out with sad songs. Said the Governor:

"It's a great mistake to say 'Cheer up' to a man or woman that's feelin' low. If they're feelin' low they want to hear about somebody else that's feelin' lower even than they are."

One good way out of the blues seems to be music. But it won't be the hot rhythms which will relieve you from your misery. Try something slow and soulful. If you wish, try the St. Louis Blues; but a good symphony may do just as much for you. If you listen to it often enough you'll even learn to love it.

To make you feel better there is also the knowledge that the blues will pass. They always do. You may have had such a spell before, or maybe you watched others have one, and so you know. There is always sunshine after the rain, and the darker the sky, the rosier the outlook on the day after. There is no getting away from that.

But there is one sure-fire remedy for the blues. It never seems to fail if it is applied earnestly, and it is quite simple, too. Here it is: Try to do something for somebody else. A friendly word, a nice gesture, a kindly deed, or even just a smile; in short, something helpful. And then be around to watch the gladness or gratefulness of that other person.

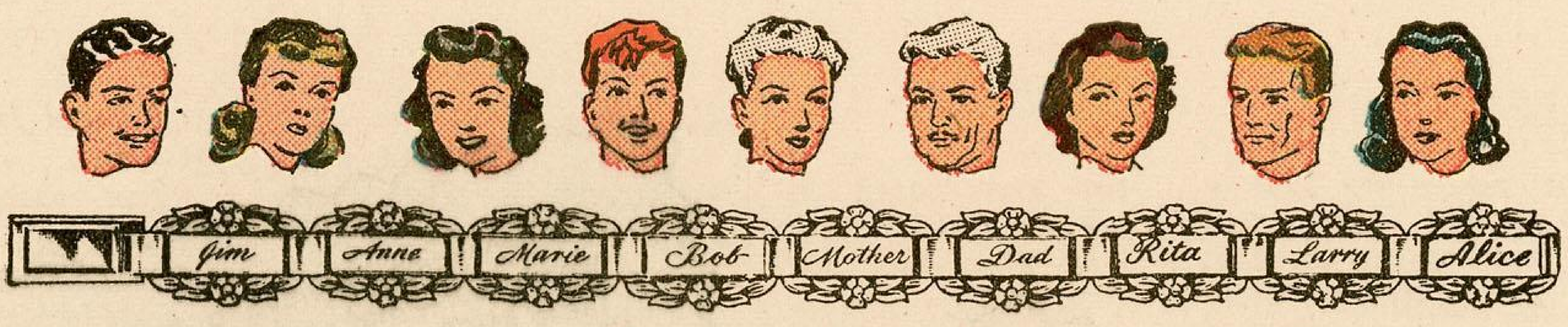
You may not feel like doing anything for anybody, including yourself, but if you really want to get out of your blues, just make that little effort. Everything we do starts with a little effort, and the rest comes easy, often practically by itself. It's like old Henry Ford said: "The first thousand dollars are the hardest."

PERSONALITEEN QUIZ

Are You Socially Adequate?

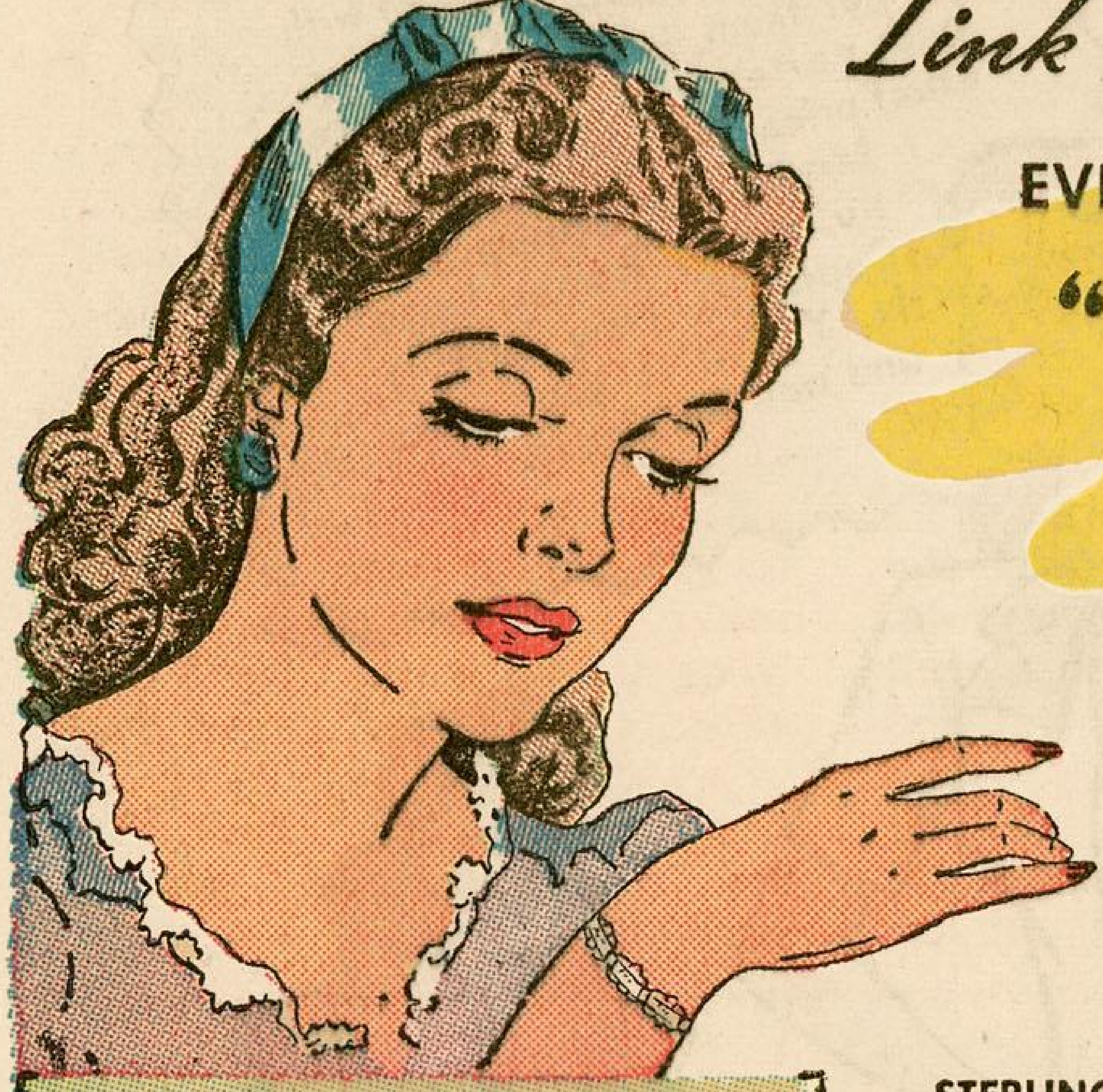
Following are twenty questions that will help measure your ability to get along with people and be liked by them. Score five points for each "Yes" and Zero for each "No." If you score 100 points you're the life of the party ... but really. From 75 to 95 marks you as good. 60 to 70 is average. Below 60 means "better take prompt action, Miss America."

1. Do you usually manage to think of the right, bright answer before the conversation is over and you are just about to go to sleep?
2. Are you more or less familiar with the subject matter of the latest good books and magazines?
3. Do you dance gracefully? (This doesn't mean, necessarily, expertly.)
4. Do you play a musical instrument or sing?
5. Are you conversant with current events?
6. Is your voice well-modulated?
7. Do you speak up when you are spoken to instead of mumbling?
8. Do you have a fairly good knowledge of the subjects ordinarily taught in school?
9. Are you a good listener?
10. Are you careful about the way you look?
11. Do you try to put people at their ease?
12. Do you leave at a reasonable hour when visiting?
13. Do you keep appointments promptly?
14. Do you avoid bragging or exaggeration?
15. Is your temper usually under control?
16. Do you return invitations extended to you?
17. Do you make it a rule to answer letters?
18. Do you try to avoid being argumentative?
19. Do you refrain from sarcasm?
20. Do you try not to giggle too often?



Link Your Friends Together...

EVERLASTING *"Forget-Me-Not"* FRIENDSHIP BRACELET



The newest and most popular friendship bracelet . . . starts on a dainty black ribbon and when finished is a lovely Sterling Silver Friendship Bracelet.

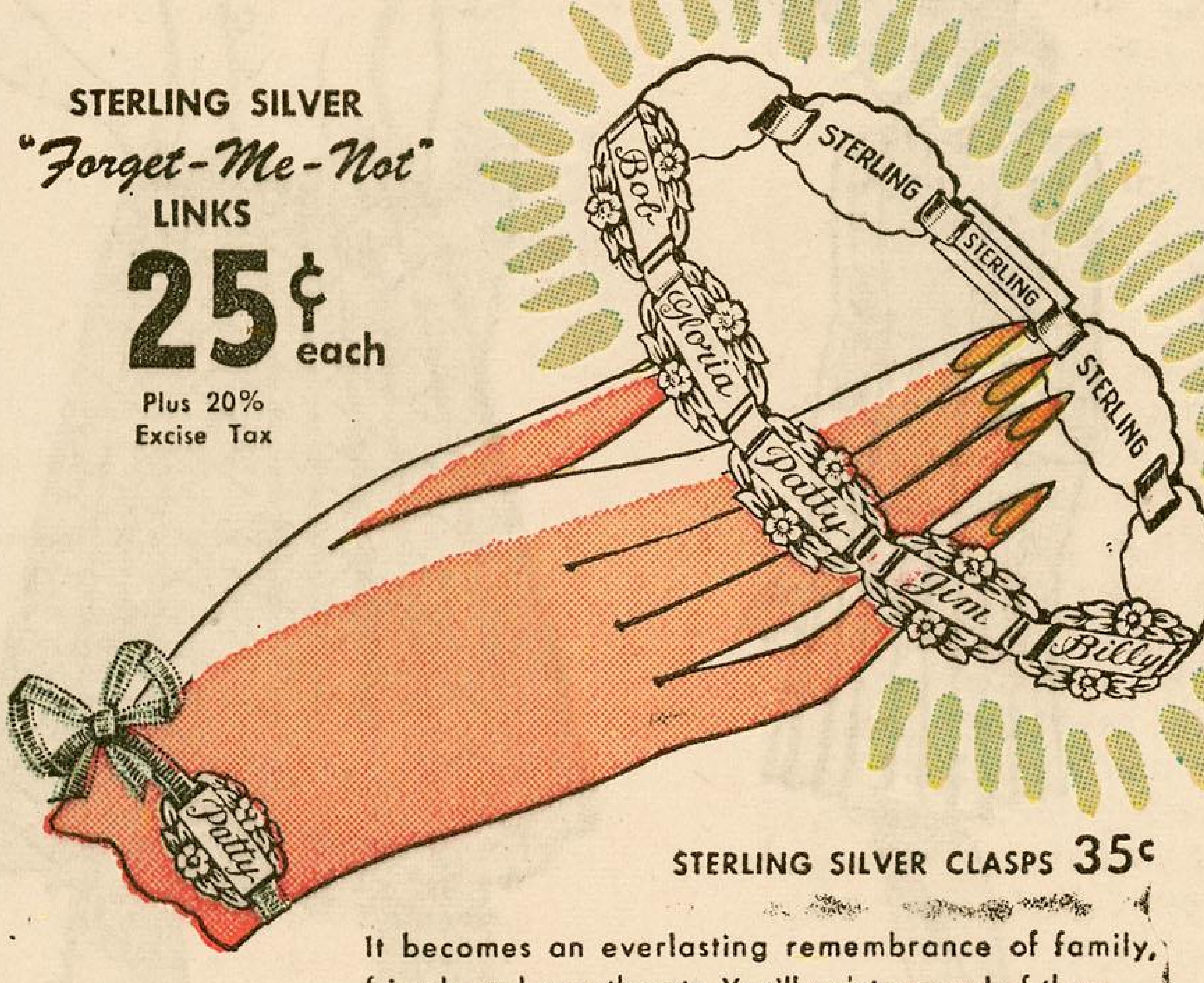
The nation's newest craze. A sentimental note in Jewelry. You start with one "Forget-me-not" link, and your friends, family and sweethearts add to it! Exchange links with your girl friends. When you have 9 "Forget-me-not" links, store will join them together with Sterling Silver connecting links, into a beautiful, solid Sterling Silver "Forget-me-not" Bracelet.

This sentimental note in Jewelry can be obtained at the following leading dept. stores:

Abraham & Straus	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Auerbach Co.	Salt Lake City, Utah
L. S. Ayres Co.	Indianapolis, Ind.
Gus Blass Co.	Little Rock, Ark.
Block & Kuhl Co.	Illinois
The Bon Marche	Seattle, Wash.
The Boston Store	Milwaukee, Wis.
Burdine's, Inc.	Miami, Fla.
Carl Company	Schenectady, N. Y.
Denver Dry Goods Co.	Denver, Colo.
Dey Bros. & Co.	Syracuse, N. Y.
The Emporium	San Francisco, Calif.
The Fair Store	Chicago, Ill.
Famous Barr Co.	St. Louis, Mo.
G. Fox & Co.	Hartford, Conn.
Gebhart Gushard Co.	Decatur, Ill.
B. Gertz, Inc.	Jamaica, N. Y.
Gold & Co.	Lincoln, Nebr.
The Golden Rule	St. Paul, Minn.
Wm. Hengerer Co.	Buffalo, N. Y.
Hess Brothers	Allentown, Pa.
The Hecht Co.	Washington, D. C.
Joseph Horne Co	Pittsburgh, Pa.
J. L. Hudson Co.	Detroit, Mich.
Hutzler Bros. Co.	Baltimore, Md.
Jordon, Marsh Co.	Boston, Mass.
Kahn Dept. Stores, Inc.	Oakland, Calif.
Kresge Dept. Store	Newark, N. J.
La Salle Koch Co.	Toledo, Ohio
F. & R. Lazarus Co.	Columbus, Ohio
Mandel Bros.	Chicago, Ill.
T. S. Martin Co.	Sioux City, Ia.
The May Company	Los Angeles, Calif.
John G. Myers Co.	Albany, N. Y.
Myers Bros.	Springfield, Ill.
Olds Wortman & King	Portland, Oregon
M. O'Neil Co.	Akron, Ohio
Pomeroy's Inc.	Pennsylvania
Powers Drug Goods Co.	Minneapolis, Minn.
Rhodes Bros.	Tacoma, Wash.
Rike Kumler Co.	Dayton, Ohio
Robertson Bros.	South Bend, Ind.
Leo S. Schear Co.	Evansville, Ind.
John Shillito Co.	Cincinnati, Ohio
Spokane Dry Goods Co.	Spokane, Wash.
Stewart Dry Goods Co.	Louisville, Ky.
Strauss Hirshberg Co.	Youngstown, Ohio
Wm. Taylor Son & Co.	Cleveland, Ohio
Thalhimer Bros.	Richmond, Va.
Wolf & Dessauer Co.	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Younker Bros.	Des Moines, Ia.

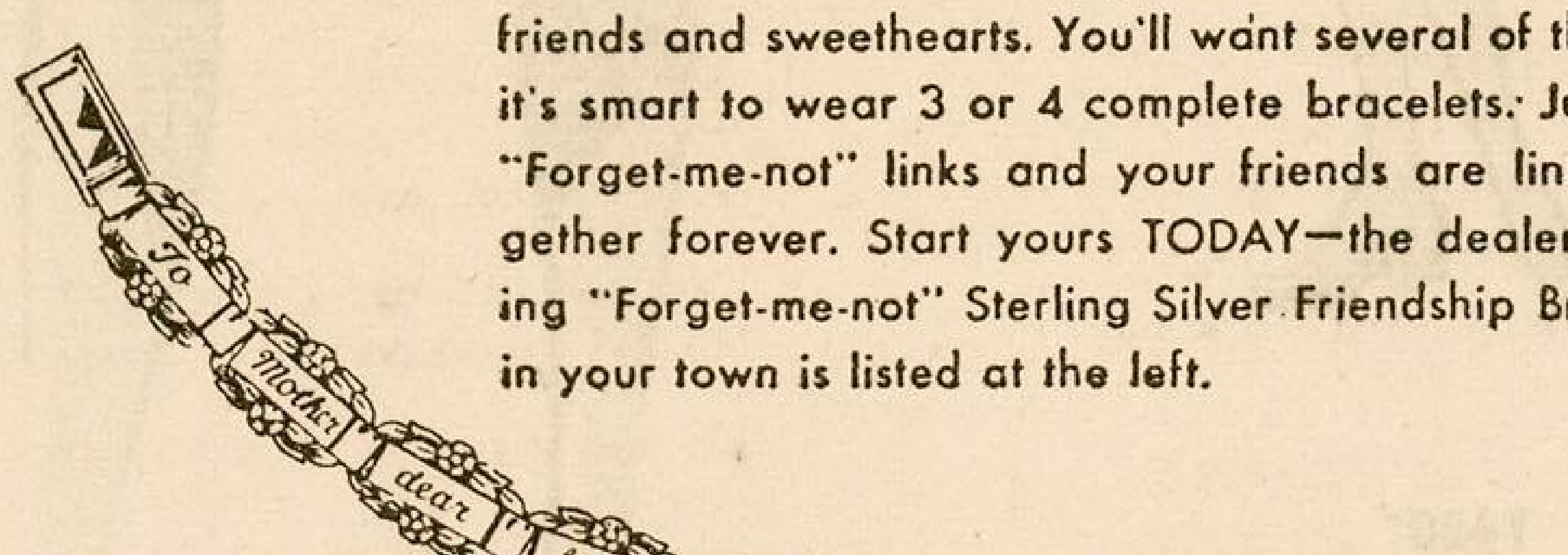
and many other dept. stores together with many leading jewelers from coast to coast.

STERLING SILVER
"Forget-Me-Not"
LINKS
25¢ each
Plus 20%
Excise Tax



STERLING SILVER CLASPS 35¢

It becomes an everlasting remembrance of family, friends and sweethearts. You'll want several of them . . . it's smart to wear 3 or 4 complete bracelets. Just add "Forget-me-not" links and your friends are linked together forever. Start yours TODAY—the dealer carrying "Forget-me-not" Sterling Silver Friendship Bracelets in your town is listed at the left.



Special

"Message" bracelet . . . same as "Forget-me-not" name bracelet, but you choose the message . . . 9 words . . . $2.60 complete plus tax.

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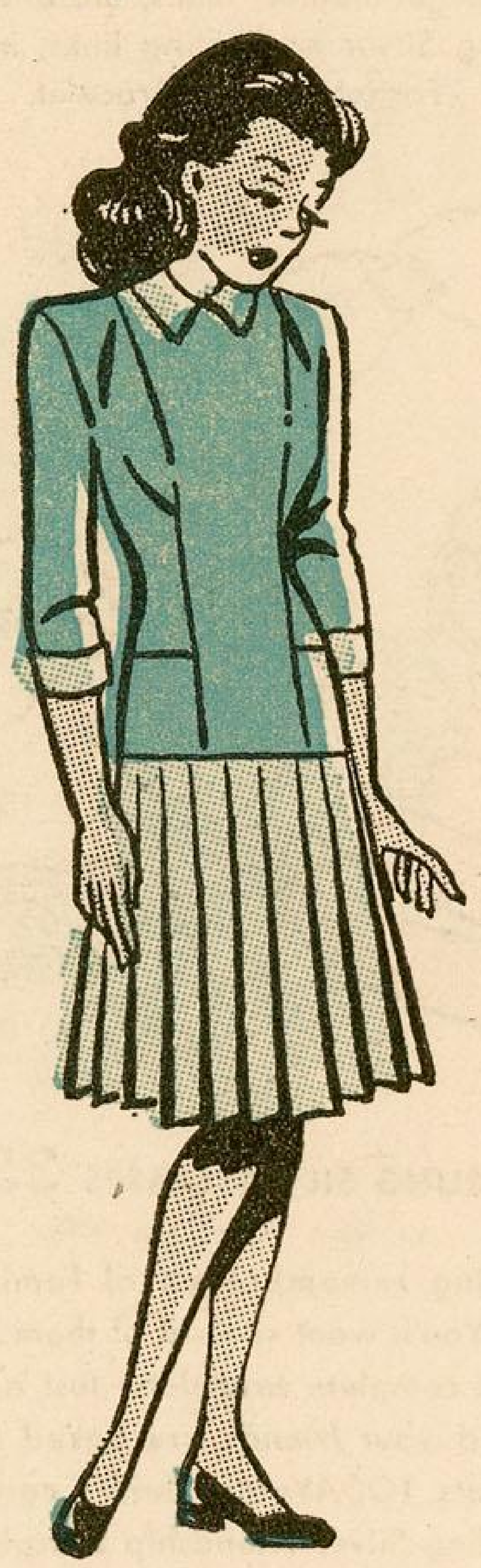
STREAMLINE SEAMLINES

It's sew nice to have a smart wardrobe — and sew simple with these MISS AMERICA patterns. To get them, just send your size and pattern number with the exact price to **MISS AMERICA Magazine,** Empire State Building, Room 1407, Dept. PD, New York, 1, N. Y. PRINT your name and address please.



1420
SIZES 10-16
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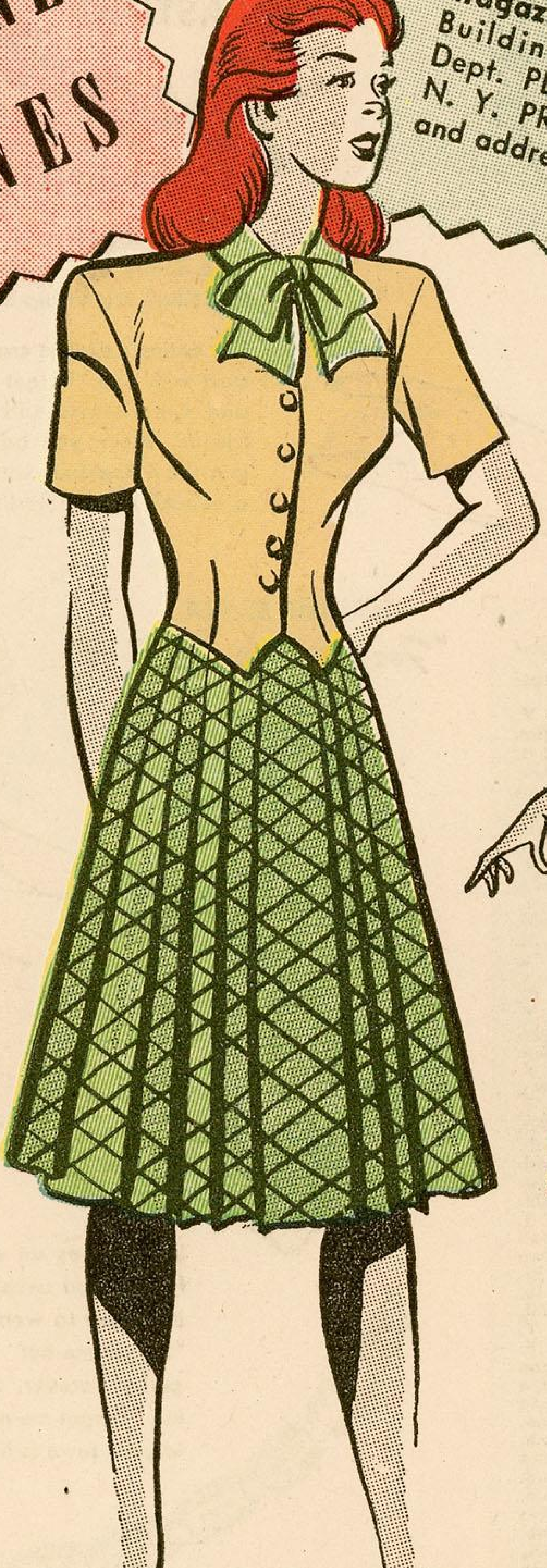

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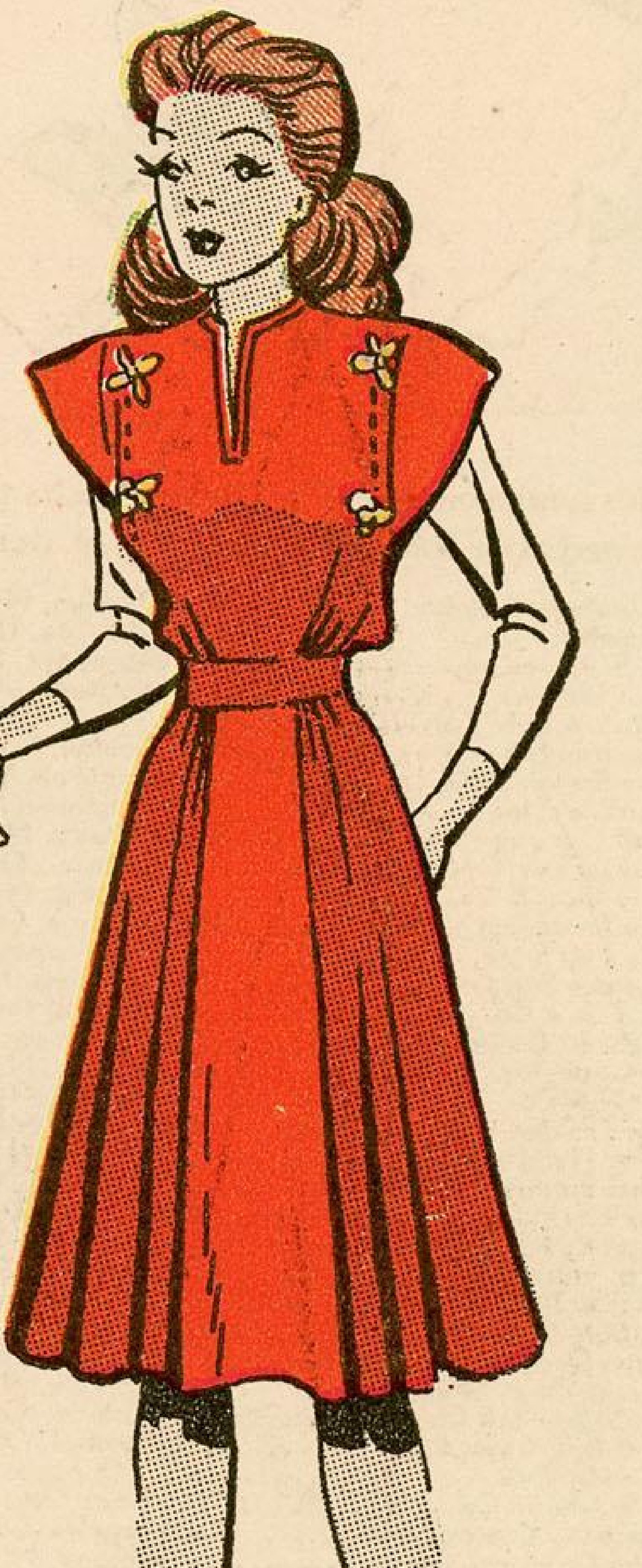


1414
SIZES 11-16
15c

What does SINATRA think

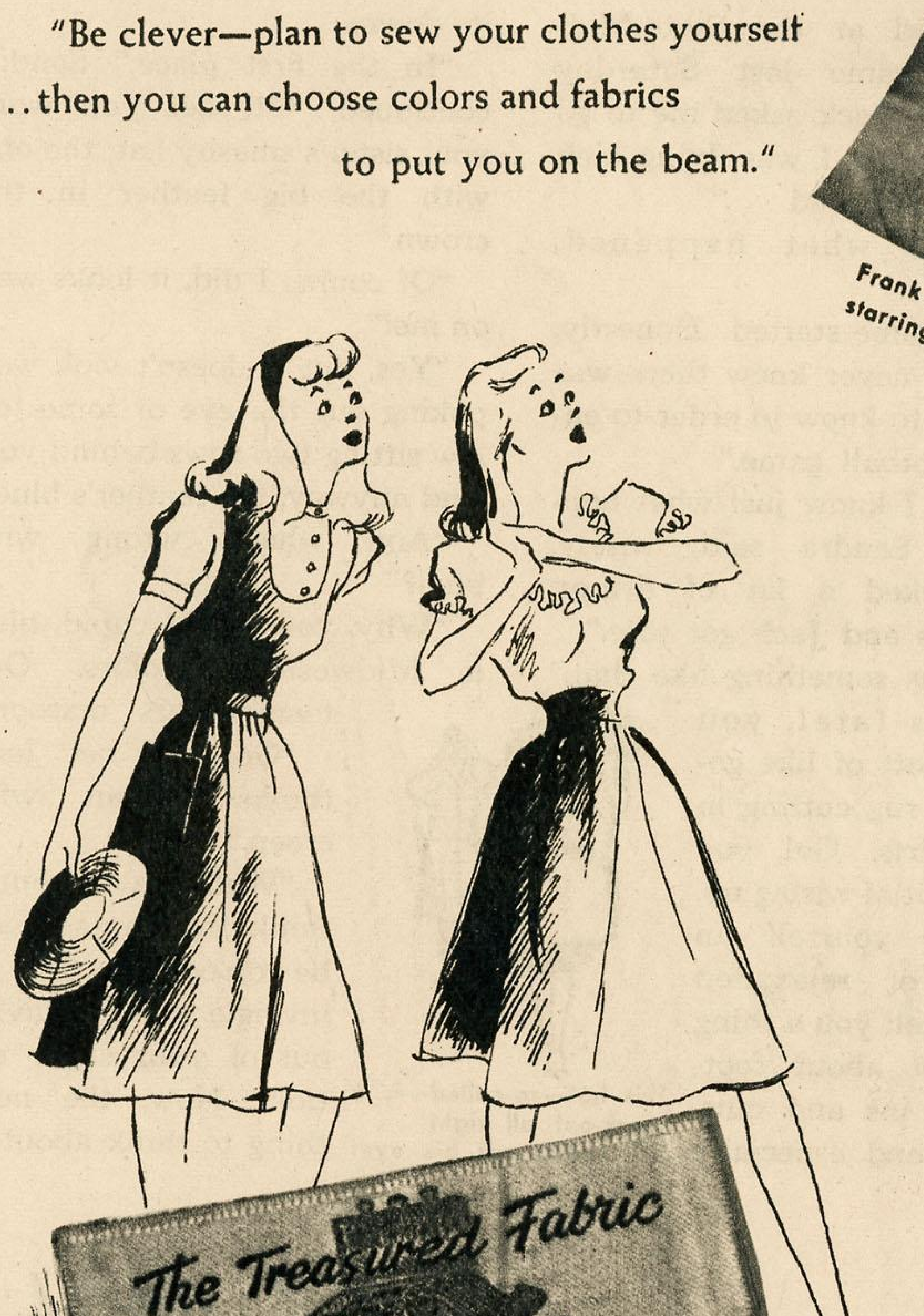
you should wear? He has plenty to say...

and COHAMA

makers of fine woolen fabrics, say:

"Be clever—plan to sew your clothes yourself ...then you can choose colors and fabrics to put you on the beam."

Frank Sinatra, Idol of teen-age girls, starring in MGM's "Anchors Aweigh"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For the solid stuff direct from "The Voice" himself, Frank Sinatra ... AND from boys your own age ... with plenty of show-how from Cohama's own stylists, get the booklet that tells you how.

Write for "DRESS YOUR AGE" to

COHAMA FABRICS
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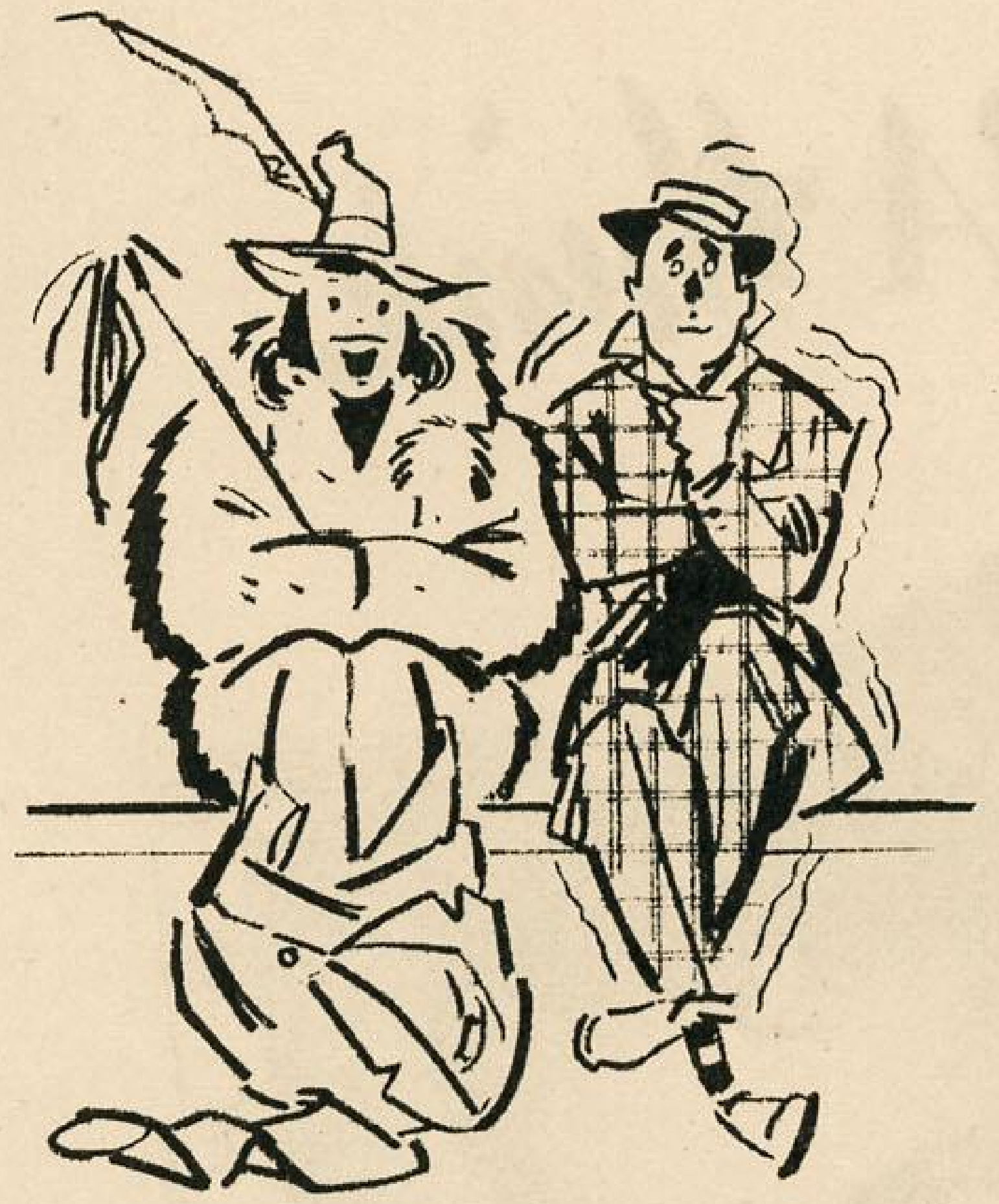
Football Fancies...

You're not real date-bait until you brush up on your touchdowns and tackles . . .

by Mikki



Jane is so wrapped up in herself that she completely forgets to share the blanket with her beau . . . Shivers!

JANE looked lower than a bargain basement, sitting across the table from Sandra.

"Sandra," she suddenly asked, "what's a down?"

"Why you goon," Sandra answered without looking up from her coke, "that's the stuff they fill pillows with."

"That's what I thought." Jane still looked puzzled. "But what on earth has it got to do with football?"

"Oh, that kind of down." Sandra looked up at her friend and, noticing her woebegone expression asked, "Why the beat look? Some droop steal your big moment?"

"Almost."

"Well, shoot your troubles, bubbles, and let's see if we can straighten this thing out."

Jane took a deep breath. "It all started at the State-Midwestern game last Saturday afternoon. Jack asked me to go with him and I was flying high until it happened . . ."

"Until what happened, Jane ?"

"The game started. Honestly, Sandy, I never knew there was so much to know in order to enjoy a football game."

"I bet I know just what happened," Sandra said, wisely. "You asked a lot of drippy questions and Jack got sore."

"It was something like that."

"That's fatal, you know. Sort of like going to a rug cutting in tight skirts. Gal, you need a bit of wising up, so grab yourself an armful of relaxation while I tell you a thing or three about football, its ins and outs, its ups and especially its *downs*.

This hat—so-called—is a knock-out all right . . . It'll knock out his eye!

"In the first place," Sandra continued, "I'll bet you wore your sister's smashy hat; the one with the big feather in the crown."

"Of course I did, it looks well on me!"

"Yes, but it doesn't look well poking out the eye of some fellow sitting two rows behind you. And anyway, the feather's blue."

"And what's wrong with blue?"

"Why, you stupid cupid, blue is Midwestern's colors. Our team wears maroon."

"Gee, I'll bet Jack thinks I'm an awful creep."

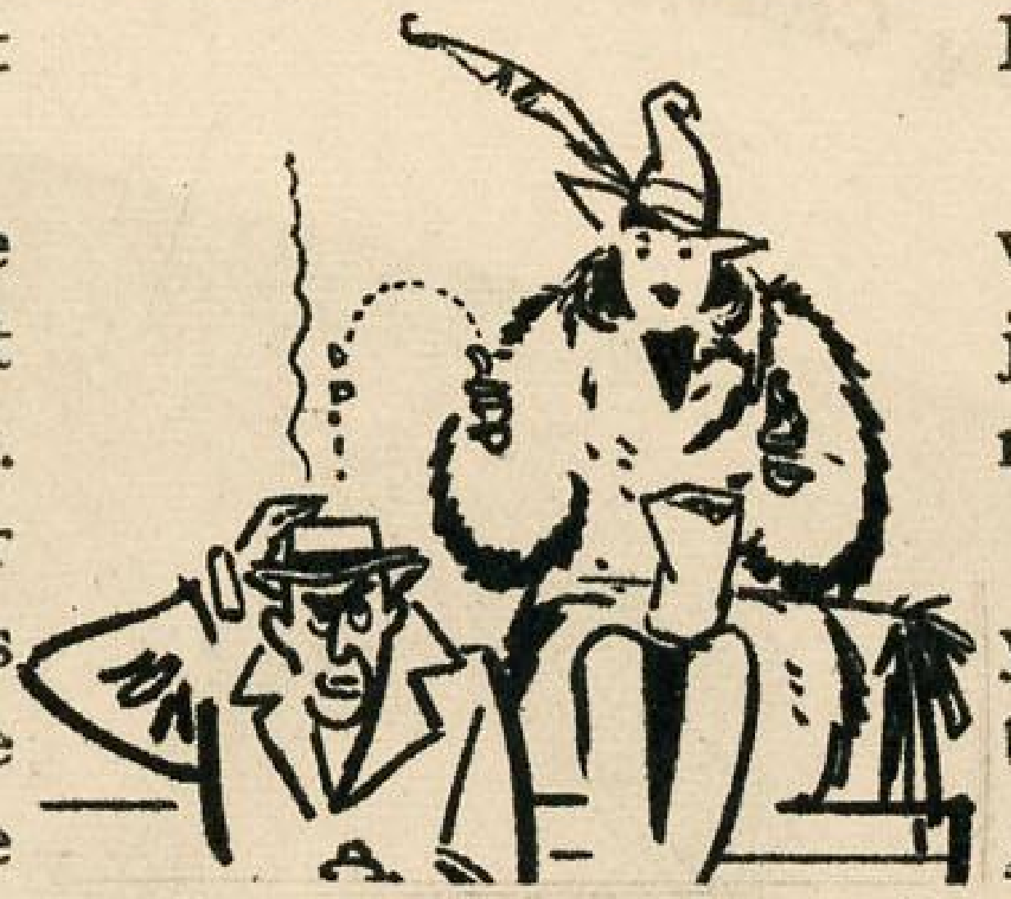
"Well, maybe, but I think the damage can be corrected in time to inveigle another invite out of your sugar ration. Now, the next thing to think about is the football make-up.

"I've been thinking of making up ever since the break-up last Saturday."

"I mean the goo that goes on your face. The dazzle dust. Forget about it. There's nothing like a clean, fresh, peaches and cream complexion that comes from sitting in an open grandstand. Make-up is for ickeys at football games. We kids are lucky: we can get all the make-up we need right out of Mother Nature's compact."

Jane looked wiser. "No make-up, no feathers, what else?"

"No mouse hole shoes. And don't bother gilding the lily. Good whistle bait for football games is smooth, comfortable clothes. But make sure that under all the comfy clothes is a bit of femininity. When the gang heads for a shindig after the game, your heart-throb likes to feel that his date is also a puff of fluff."



Will someone please tell Jane that a man's lid is not a receptacle for peanuts.

"Golly," said Jane reflectively, "I never did so many wrong things in just two hours in all my life."

"Oh, there's more. Watch out for blanket smooching."

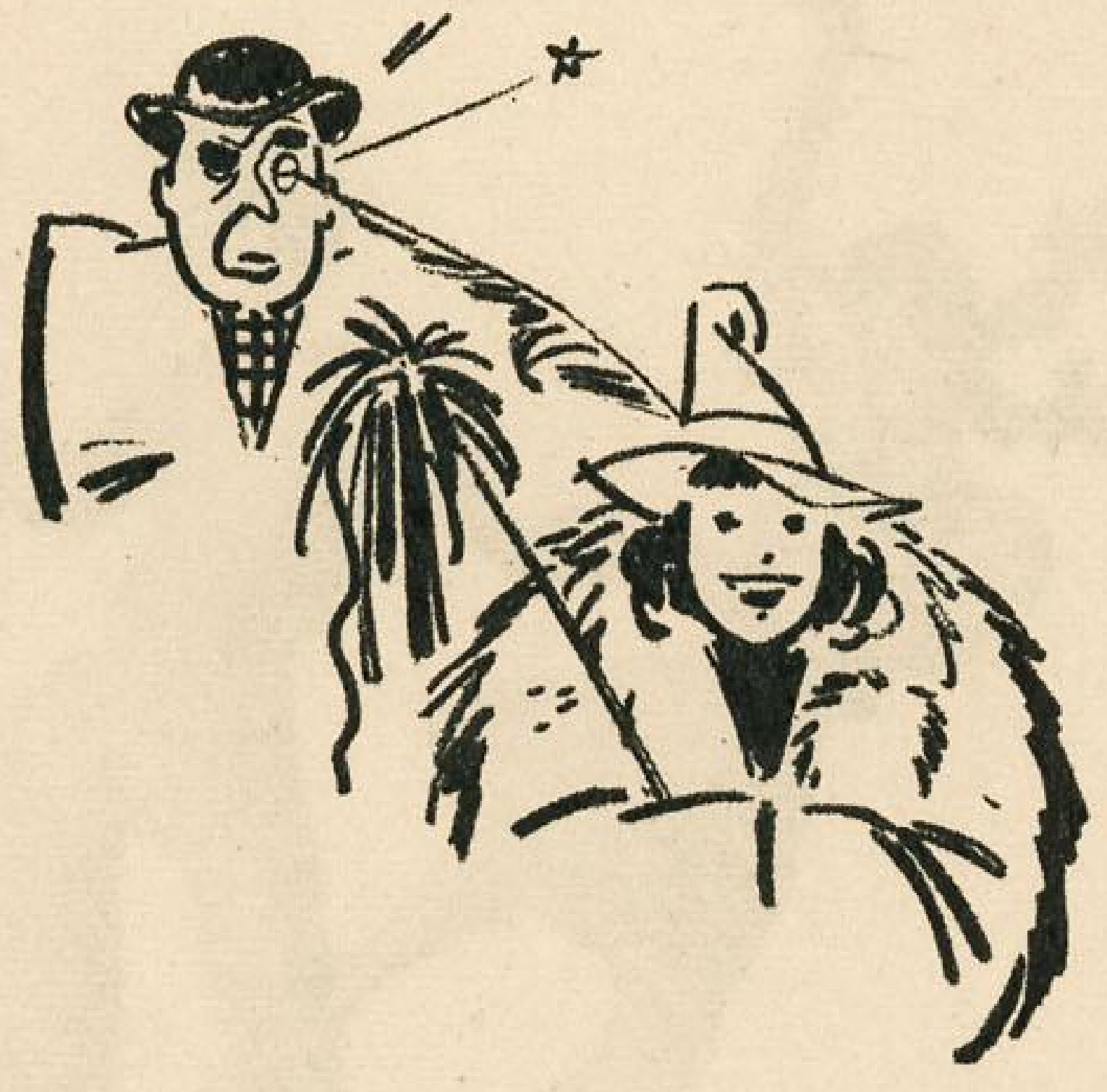
"What's that?"

"What a sweet stuff doesn't do at a football game. Hashin' . . . Save it for the parlor date."

"Why, Sandy, you don't think I would . . ."

"Didn't say you would, did I? I'm just covering all necessary territory."

"Now supposing you tell me a few things about the game itself."



A man and his eye are soon parted when he has the bitter misfortune to sit behind a lethal feather. It's a booby trap!

"Well, the team is made up of eleven players. Four of them are the backfield and the rest is the line."

"Who's the cute fellow who stands on his head sort of and rolls the ball through his legs?"

"That's the center, silly, and he isn't standing on his head. The boys who crouch on either side of him make up the line, and the four boys in back of him are the backfield. Only the backfield and ends handle the ball."

"I know what happens now. The center rolls the ball to the throwback. The throwback gives it to another man who runs through a mousetrap, steps over a blockhead and scores a touchback. That gives us three points. And the whole play is called a triple return."

(*Continued on page 60*)

Some like it sweet, some like it hot; just about everybody likes today's music. And Pat Parks knows all the who's and what's about your favorite bands. singers, composers, recordings. . .

Jam Session♪♪

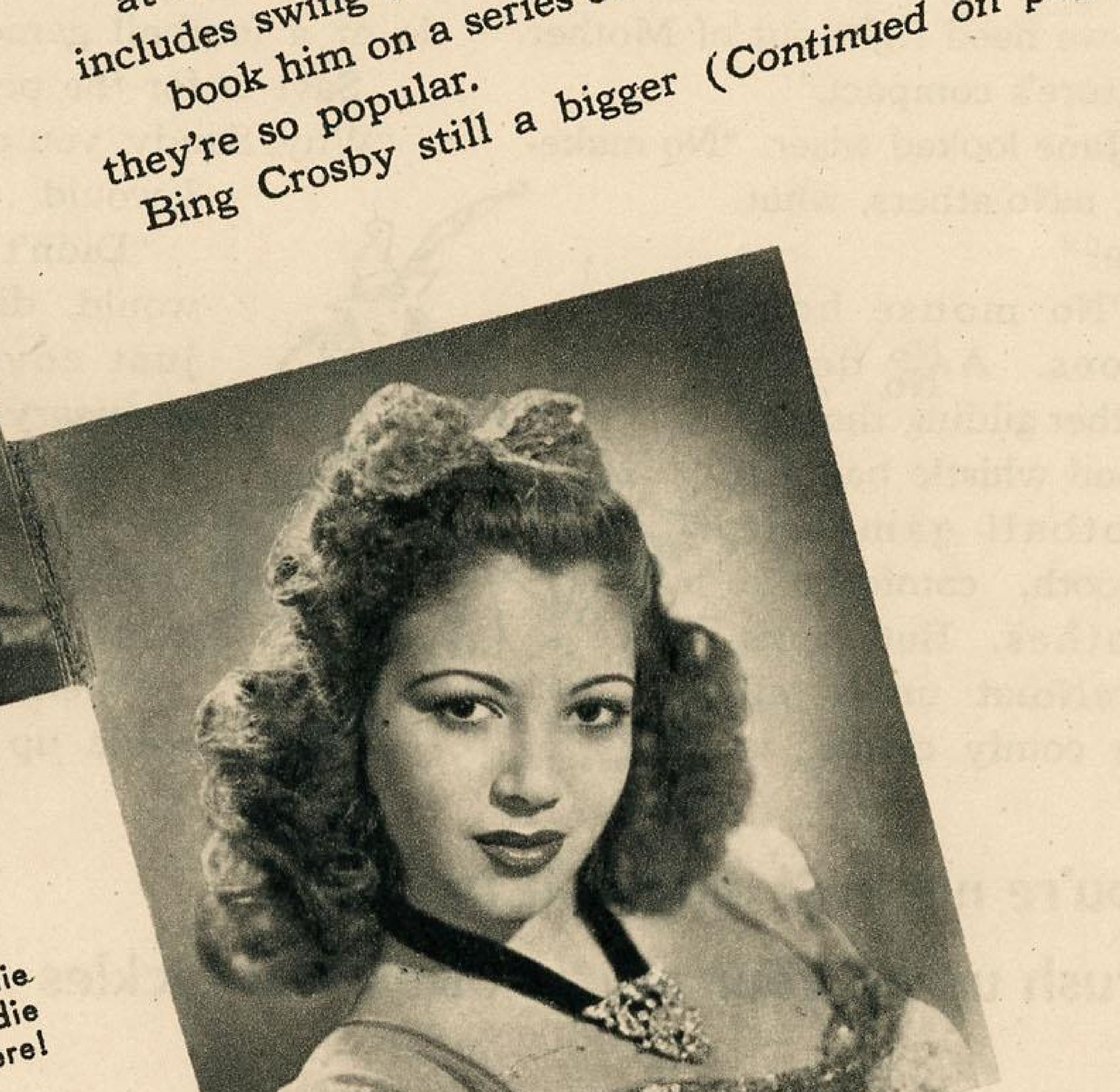
by Pat Parks

IT isn't true that we've been nuzzling through the band world bank books, but we have discovered a few interesting financial scribbles for you to ponder over. Lionel Hampton's band is the highest paid Negro band in the business today, bar none. And here we'd always thought Duke or Cab would top it.

Harry James could double his income if he would play theaters . . . but he won't. The James aversion to theaters is one of the puzzles of the industry. It seems to be a personal grudge of some sort. Not that he's mad at them. He just doesn't like theaters. And that includes swing concerts, too. Wouldn't let his agency book him on a series of 'concerts' in the East where they're so popular.

Bing Crosby still a bigger (*Continued on page 67*)

Handsome Harry James has "stage-fright" or sumpin' concerning personal theater appearances. Well, shucks, Harry!



Monica Lewis, formerly with Johnnie Johnston, will now be heard with Eddie Cantor. Her fans wish television was here!

FAT GIRL

From page 15

glands which sometimes insist on having their own way, until they are put in their place by the proper kind of treatment.

Then there is the type of girl who is built stocky and with heavy bones. Some of these poor foolish junior squaws never realize that there is really nothing wrong with their figure. But the irony of fate, or the foibles of the human mind, often make these girls pick an extra slim-type for their idols, something along the slender lines of Lauren Bacall, for instance. And you'll always find them peering with envious eyes at the leanest and lankiest girl in their crowd.

And then there is the mental cause of overweight. This may sound funny to you, but it isn't. Take a look at what happened to Lilith.

Lilith was a pleasantly plump girl, by no means bad looking; but she has always been very sensitive about her figure and had kept on a sensible diet. Then, within one fateful week, her ego received two smarting blows. Her boy friend took a fancy to another girl, and at the same time she did not make a sorority on which she had her heart set. She thought the reason for her misfortune was that she was too fat and unsightly already. She suddenly gave up dieting and began to drown her sorrow in food, like some people drown theirs in liquor. What difference did it make now how much she gained, or how she looked, she thought. Now she might just as well enjoy all the things she had done without for so long—candy, ice cream, extra snacks. She ate enormously and became fat. But if you would have told her that her overweight was caused by her state of mind, she would have laughed at you.

Sometimes the mental cause of overweight isn't as obvious as Lilith's case. There are girls who eat and nibble between meals simply because they are bored. Others are lonely and miserable; they stuff, because eating is the only relief they can think of. Take the case of Alice.

Alice had been coddled and pampered ever since she was a young child. When she wanted something, it was given to her. When she had difficulties, they were solved for her. As the daughter of rich parents people were always willing to put up with her whims. During her first school years she had received private tutoring, but later she was sent to attend high school. Then suddenly she began to gain weight. Later, at sixteen, and only five-feet-five inches tall, she weighed almost 180 pounds.

"She is so fat," her mother complained, "because she's eating so much all the time." It sounded perfectly simple, but it wasn't correct.

The doctor to whom Alice was finally taken, explained that too much eating is not the only cause of overweight. It's just a step on the road. Before the eating comes the appetite that drives us to eat. So Alice's whole trouble reduced itself to the question: why did she feel like eating so much?

The doctor probed and probed, and at last he had the answer.

Alice couldn't get along with the other girls in her class. She still thought that everyone owed her consideration, and that her whims should be the supreme law. She was unprepared to meet the other girls halfway; she was unprepared for life outside that golden cage which her home had been. The other girls resented her attitude. They began to heckle Alice, and later to shun her.

But Alice, in spite of all her faults, was a very sensitive girl, and she was unhappy over this state of affairs. And every time she felt slighted or ridiculed, she went out and stuffed—a sandwich, a malted milk, anything. Not that she was really hungry, but there was a vague gnawing tension in her all the time which felt like hunger. That's why Alice got so fat.

There is an old legend. It says that fat people are always complacent and cheerful. But it's just a legend. Today, when doctors see a case of overweight, they look for unhappiness and troubles first.

GOLLY WOGS
SOFT 'N SWANKY
Keen for Teens

No. 4857

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North Miami, Florida

Miss America Speaks...

Welcome, again, to your *surprise* department, girls—for it really is surprising how wonderfully clever are the ideas you send in each month. MISS AMERICA Magazine sends you $1 for each letter published . . .

Joyce Miller
Newport News, Virginia

Mary Smith
Baltimore, Maryland

Ronna Cohen
Reno, Nevada

Anita Quintiliani
Quincy, Mass.

Marilyn Ninnis
Detroit, Mich.

Connie Matlavage
Shenandoah, Penna.

HERE'S a letter from Marlene Robinson, Catonsville, Maryland, that you will all enjoy reading:

"Mother and grandmother surely did miss something when they didn't have a MISS AMERICA Magazine to comfort them in their day! . . . And, I'm glad I didn't live in Cleopatra's day, either. I would surely have been a drip—really on the downbeat. I don't know how Cleopatra did without a MISS AMERICA Magazine."

Thank you, Marlene, for these words of praise indeed. Now, that the football season is here, Betsy Cool, Boston, Mass., sends in a bracelet suggestion that will prove your loyalty to your team:

"Get some old felt in your team's colors and cut out tiny wedge-shaped banners. Then get some tiny footballs from those lapel pins. String the banners and footballs alternately on strong yarn and tie it around your wrist. You're all set."

A clever idea comes from Marilyn Timm, of Hastings, Nebraska, for all those who send letters and packages long distances to their servicemen:

"After addressing the letter or package, coat the address lightly with colorless nail polish to keep it from rubbing off or becoming blurred." This will certainly insure quick and safe delivery and the postman will be grateful to you, too.

A honey of a suggestion comes from Lee Licora, Bristol, New Hampshire:

"If you are afraid of rainy days, your worries are over! Take two sheets of waxed paper, place your bandana between them, making sure the waxed side of the paper is against the cloth. Press with a fairly hot iron and, presto! your bandana is weatherproof."

Valeta Spencer, Red (*Continued on page* 57)

Oak, Texas, tells you how to do a good cleaning job on your saddle shoes:

"Cover the dark leather part with clear nail polish. Then after you clean the white part your shoes will look clean and tailored and the colors will not mix."

Another helpful idea comes from Rita Goldstein, Philadelphia, Pa.:

"If you don't have an iron handy and you have a very wrinkled hair ribbon, just sprinkle a few drops of water on it and rub it over a lighted electric bulb. It's easy and it really works!"

And still another useful tip comes from Lois Battram, Castor, Alberta, Canada:

"If your navy blue skirt looks dull, the next time you wash it put about 1 tablespoonful of vinegar in the water and it comes out looking like new."

My goodness! This month our wardrobe is certainly going to be put in good condition for here are two more fine suggestions. The first is from Anne Barlow, Exeter, New Hampshire:

"To keep your fuzzy white mittens clean and also keep the moths away from them, rub them in two tablespoons of soda or cornmeal for ten minutes. They come out very white always."

The next one is from Beverly Bruska, Winona, Minn., who writes:

"I have a helpful hint for you girls who have trouble with kid gloves. Just rub bread crumbs on them each wearing and see how fresh and lovely they stay always!"

Donna Kitchen, of Ontario, Canada, gives us another little-wonder tip:

"Nail polish remover takes away the marks of adhesive tape quickly." I tried this myself just after reading Donna's letter and it worked marvelously. Thank you, Donna.

A wonderful suggestion has come in from Janet Howe, Glencoe, Minn.:

"It's a problem keeping brown sugar soft and moist. Put the carton of sugar in your bread box and leave it there. Eventually it will become soft and moist again." I only wish I had known this before for with my last precious package of brown sugar I had to resort to an ice pick!

Here are two fine suggestions that will keep your beanies from blowing away in the wind: Mary Louise Wick, Morganstown, West Virginia, sends in the first:

"Sew little loops of ribbon on the inside edge of your beanies and put your bobby-pins through these loops."

The second is from Mary Ellen Engstler, Caledonia, Minn.:

"Sew a small comb inside the front of your beanie. This will keep it on securely and save the bother of hat pins."

Marlene Perkins, Eaglepoint, Oregon, has a nifty tip for you girls who like to paint:

"For the tiny brushes that are hard to get, take the brushes from the empty nail polish bottles, wash them thoroughly in polish remover and, presto! you have some nice, new paint brushes!"

And here's a slick trick for your dressing table from Anita Quintiliani, Quincy, Mass.:

"Put patch pockets on your dressing table skirt, to hold

Pastel Woolly!

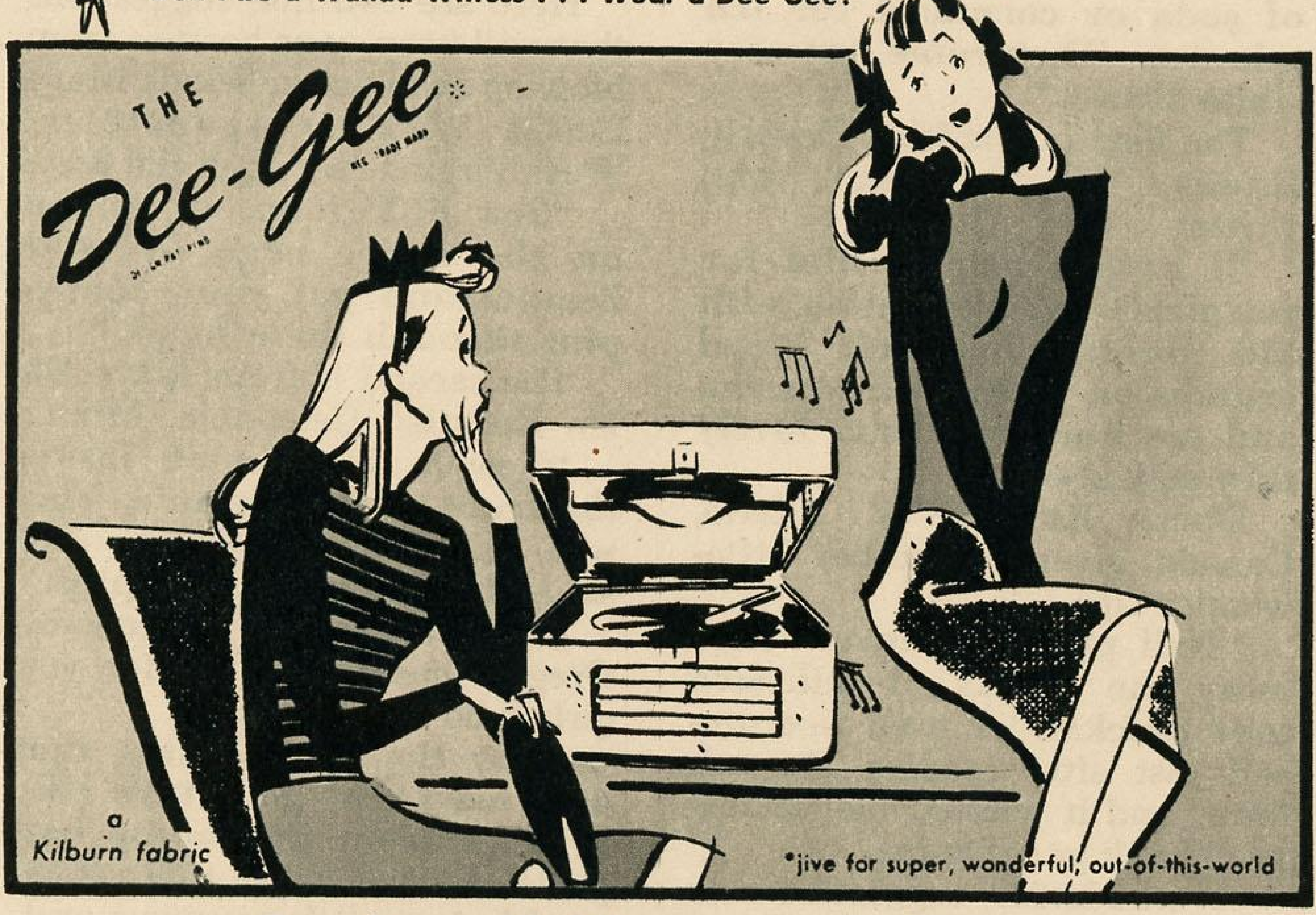
find exact matches . . . or exciting mixers for your pastel sweaters, from these all wool, sweater-yarn squares by Kimball. A brand new idea in match 'em or mix 'ems . . . and a mighty pretty one. At all good stores, about $2.

Send for our glamorous booklet MAO "Head Square into High Fashion."

Scarfs by kimball 9 EAST 38th STREET, NEW YORK 16

This is a picture of Wanda Witless --
She dresses in clothes that are fussy and fitless.
O, why doesn't somebody tell her the news:
The DEE GEE's the shirt that the smart-setters choose!

Don't be a Wanda Witless . . . Wear a Dee Gee!


THE Dee-Gee*
a Kilburn fabric
*jive for super, wonderful, out-of-this-world

Every lass and laddie can wear this fabulous knit cotton shirt. Magic with slacks, skirts, shorts. Luxable stripe and solid combinations. Small, medium, large. About $1.85 at all good stores.

for name of store nearest you, write

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bobby pins, lipstick, tissues and such little things. Cut out chintz flowers and appliqué them on—big sprawling roses, bunches of violets, giant geraniums, etc. You won't have to search through your dresser drawers for these small things any more."

If you want more drawer space for your sweaters, Mary Judge, Spring Lake, New Jersey, tells you how to get it:

"Get a small black trunk from the attic. You can put your sweaters in the compartments without having to fold them. If the trunk is old and shabby, cut out pictures of gardens, trees and flowers from magazines and paste them on."

Here's a recipe for molasses candy, sent in by Connie Matlavage, Shenandoah, Penna.:

"1 cup of sugar; $\frac{1}{3}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of molasses; $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of butter or margarine; $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of water; 1 tablespoon of vinegar, a pinch of salt. Mix the sugar and molasses and water and boil until it gets brittle when you drop a little in water. Add the butter and vinegar and finally the pinch of salt. A little vanilla may be added, too, if you wish. Your molasses candy is ready."

Candy makes us think of parties and Ardelle Franks, Earle, Ark., sends in this party suggestion:

"For a change, when you're giving a party, get out all your old games, cards, etc., and let your guests pick out the one they wish to play with some other guest. This will give a variety of entertainment and everybody will have an enjoyable time."

Marilyn Ninnis, Detroit, Mich., has a special message for you:

"MISS AMERICA, I would like to ask a favor. Will you please take just a tiny piece of MISS AMERICA SPEAKS and thank all the girls whose ideas were published for me."

Keep the ideas coming, girls, for I know everybody feels just like Marilyn about them. And don't forget the snapshots! They pretty-up the page.

THREE CHEERS FOR EILEEN

From page 24

or sneaking to a fashion show in one of the big hotels.

"Don't they ever throw you out of those places?" one of the girls wanted to know.

"Of course not," Eileen retorted, "I know how to dress, stockings and make-up and all. I look like a lady."

"Aren't you afraid they'll expel you from school?" Mary asked eagerly.

"Not afraid in the least," Eileen replied, giving a contemptuous shrug.

"But your folks—what's your family going to say?"

Eileen looked up quickly, but then she caught herself. "School means nothing to me," she said. "I just go to school to satisfy my mother. Who wants to sit in a stuffy school room anyway, when there's so much fun to be had outside? But my mother is sort of ambitious for me. She thinks I should have a higher education, because that's the way it's always been in our family."

Mary and two of the girls walked away from the group around Eileen.

"She's the real hard-boiled type," remarked Lilly, a tall girl with a red bow in her hair. "I wonder what's going to become of her."

The girls conjectured for a little while longer, but they reached no agreement on Eileen. The general opinion seemed to be that she was a tough egg who didn't care about school or what anybody said about her, and that she'd probably never amount to much anyway.

Later that day Eileen was summoned to appear in Mrs. Roggens', the principal's, office. Mrs. Roggens had grey hair and kindly eyes behind horn-rimmed glasses which now were glancing in slight amazement at the girl standing before her. The girl seemed so nice, and yet she was so rebellious about everything that had to do with school.

"Well, Eileen," she finally said, "if you don't care about school, why don't you just drop out?"

Eileen just shrugged silently.

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Mrs. Roggens hated to resort to the sterner measures at her disposal. She had a firm belief that people always did make out all right in the end, if you only gave them enough of a chance without getting impatient.

As she pondered, Eileen looked up. "Is that all for now?" she asked.

"That's all," said Mrs. Roggens sadly. Eileen walked out.

On her way home Eileen felt very sad. It wasn't easy to appear hard-boiled when you really didn't feel that way at all. And it wasn't easy to play the tough egg in front of such a nice person as Mrs. Roggens, the principal.

Eileen thought back to the time when her father died, four years ago. He had left Mom somehow. Frank, the oldest, had helped Mother during the day, and gone to engineering school at night.

But Frank had been overseas now for almost a year, in the Navy.

She remembered the day when Frank had received his induction notice. He had called his sister aside, even before he had told Mom.

"What now, sis?" he had asked. "Someone's got to help with the house. Mom can't do it all by herself; the marketing and cooking and cleaning the rooms and all the other things."

"Well, I guess I'm the oldest now. I'll take your place."

It had been a hard decision. Eileen really loved books and learning. The dry facts of history had meaning to her; and languages were something she never could get enough of. Yes, she's really liked going to school.

Later, during a family conference, her kid brother Jimmie had also volunteered for the job.

"I'm the man in the family now," he'd announced in the squeaking voice which betrayed the eagerness of his 14 years. "Lots of kids my age work. High school won't run away, you know."

But that was out of the question. They all knew how badly Jimmie wanted to go through high school and later on to college. His greatest wish was to become a doctor. No, Jimime was out. And they couldn't hire any help either. At the wages that were being asked now, Mom just couldn't afford it.

It was finally decided that Eileen would get up a few hours earlier every day to tend the boiler, get breakfast ready and do some of the rooms. If she had time she would also do part of the shopping. Then she'd go to school.

It sounded like a good plan.

But after a few weeks it became clear that things weren't working out too well. Eileen soon found that she was too tired when she trudged to school after the chores in the house had been done. In the beginning her boundless energy made up for the effort of four hours hard work early in the morning, but eventually Nature demanded her right.

Eileen would doze off, even during the first periods. She could hardly keep her eyes open, even during Spanish and history periods, her favorites. She found it hard to concentrate on her books. The figures and letters on the blackboard would begin to dance before her eyes; they performed a weird little dance, until they were one big white blur and she could not see anything.

The teachers, of course, soon noticed it, and so did the other girls. They began to giggle behind her back, and pieces of whispered conversation floated around the classroom so thickly that Eileen couldn't help overhearing some of them. The girls were beginning to consider her dumb, unable to keep up with the work done in class.

That was more than Eileen could take. She didn't dare to tell the girls the truth. Most of them didn't have to work, she thought, and they probably wouldn't understand. Maybe they wouldn't even believe her.

And that's how things really were with Eileen.

It was early dawn, a few days after she had been called into the principal's office. Eileen yawned as she was getting up to her morning chores in the boarding house.

As she was getting dressed she heard something rustle outside her door. Before she could go to see, the door opened, and a cheery “Good morning, Eileen,” came from a dozen throats. Eileen rubbed her eyes. Was she still dreaming?

But she wasn't. There were a dozen girls crowding into her room—girls from her class.

Mary stepped forward from among them. “We've come to give you a hand with the work, Eileen,” she said. “With some help you'll get it done in no time, and then you can sleep a little longer.”

“But who . . . who told you,” Eileen stammered.

“Well, if you must know, Mrs. Roggens put us hep to it. You know how she is. She just couldn't believe you were so hard-boiled as you acted. So she did some investigating.”

“And we didn't really think you were dumb,” Lilly, with her eternal red bow, chimed in. “So some of us got together and just talked things over. And—well, and here we are.”

Tears were streaming down Eileen's cheeks now, and she wasn't even ashamed of them.

“We're going to take turns,” Lilly continued. “Two of us every morning. “We've made up a schedule.”

“Oh you wonderful, wonderful pals,” Eileen cried out.

“Pssst,” interrupted Mary, practical as always. “You'll wake the boarders.” And then with a flourish of mop and pail they went to work.

FOOTBALL FANCIES

From page 53

Sandra smiled. “Well, you're almost right, Janey, except the center doesn't throw the ball, he passes it. The player who catches it is not a throwback but a halfback. He doesn't run through a mousetrap; that's a kind of defensive play. He doesn't jump over a blockhead, he jumps over a blocker who's trying to knock him down. He doesn't make a touchback, but a touchdown. And we don't get three points, we get six points. The play is not called a triple return, it's a double reverse. Outside of that you had everything clear as a snowstorm. Incidentally, a field goal is three points and a score after a touchdown counts one point.”

“Whew,” said Jane.

Sandra looked up suddenly and cried, “Say, isn't that Jack standing by the juke box? Why don't you work on him right now for next week's game with Northwestern?”

“Oh, golly, do you think I can swing it?” Jane asked excitedly.

Sandra looked confident. “Of course you can, stupe. As far as football is concerned you're getting to be a hep little chicken right now.”

Jane got up slowly and started for the juke box. Half way there she stopped and turned back.

“Go on, go on,” her friend motioned impatiently.

Jane looked pleadingly, “But, Sandy, you forgot one thing.”

“And what's that?”

“Last week Jack kept saying ‘watch out for the pass, watch out for the pass.’ Well, I waited and waited and he didn't even put his arm around me.”

“Why, you goon, a pass is a

THE YOUNG CROWD
CHEERS THE MATADOR SUIT

Shades of a bullfight — but you'll win hurrahs from your crowd when you wear this jaunty suit! The all-wool jacket is dare-red and cut with the dash of a Matador's suit. Jacket lapels and box-pleated skirt are tiny black and white all-wool houndstooth check. Sizes 10 to 16 and priced like a prize at about only $15.00

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football play that is thrown instead of carried."

"Oh," was Jane's only response.

Sandra watched Jane turn on the charm. She really was a cute chick. Jack and she stood around the juke box for a few minutes beating their gums; then the two of them started to walk out the door arm in arm. As they passed Sandra's table Jane called to her, "Be seein' you. Jack and I are going to take in a practice session. He tells me the new quarterback is a triple threat hunk of man. Dig you later, kid."

Jack looked awfully proud.

Miss America Pen Pals

Here it is at last! Your Pen Pal section! Now, you will be able to know each other better, to build firm and lasting friendships and to learn all about girls in other parts of this wonderful country—and in other countries, to. Here are girls who would like a Pen pal . . .

California—**Darlene Trantham,** Box 169, R.R. 2, Dos Palos. Age 13
Indiana—**Mary Herrick,** 512 S. St. Joseph St., South Bend. Age 14
Indiana—**Jennine Thomas,** R.R. 5, Warsaw. Age 14
Kansas—**Cynthia Stephenson,** 250 Clark St., Augusta. Age 15
Massachusetts—**Pinky Shapiro,** 42 Harwood St., Dorchester 24. Age 15
Massachusetts—**Anne Johnston,** 52 Stanton St., Dorchester 24. Age 14
Massachusetts—**Catherine Reardon,** 180 Exchange St., Lawrence. Age 13
Michigan—**Joanne Saxton,** Custer. Age 14
Michigan—**Julia Keyes,** 1758 Coit Ave., N.E., Grand Rapids 5. Age 13
New York—**Therese Katusak,** 181 Oak St., Binghamton. Age 15.
Ohio—**Jenny Lou Carlton,** 1124 Third St., Marietta. Age 15
Oregon—**Elizabeth Hamilton,** 2826 Cherry Ave., Salem. Age 14
Pennsylvania—**Helen Carroll,** 633 E. Mah Ave., Girardville. Age 15
Pennsylvania—**Kathy Snyder,** P. O. Box 74, Hanover. Age 15
Rhode Island—**Patricia Oates,** 40 Sterry St., Pawtucket. Age 13
Texas—**Sharlene Goff,** 202 South Shore Dr., Dallas 16. Age 15
Texas—**Martha Patterson,** 1919 W. Vickery, Ft. Worth. Age 14
Virginia—**Le Neve Hodges,** South Hill. Age 14
Wisconsin—**Violet Duerr,** Athens. Age 15
Wisconsin—**Kathleen Berg,** Campbellsport. Age 15
Canada—**Jane Garfath,** 31 Blantyre Ave., Toronto 13, Ont. Age 16
Canada—**Gloria Esposti,** 183 James St., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. Age, 16
England—**Dorothy Jackson,** 184 Eastcotes, Till Hill Lane, Coventry. Age 16

I know you are all going to love this section. Now, all you Pen Pals, please be sure to write your ages in your letters.

Are you in the know?

Do this often, if you're addicted to—

☐ *Tantrums*
☐ *Booking blues*
☐ *Hickey trouble*

You can drown *all three* sorrows (above)—in your daily tub! For a warm bath relaxes; improves the disposition. And a clean, scrubbed skin discourages hickeys . . . boosts your date bookings. Don't neglect bathing on problem days when it's more important than ever. To help you stay sweet and dainty, *Kotex now contains a deodorant.* A deodorant that can't shake out because it is processed right into each Kotex napkin—locked in, not merely dusted on. It's a new Kotex "extra"!

To use silver correctly, would you—

☐ *Start from the outside*
☐ *Start from the inside*
☐ *Catch as catch can*

Fumble for the right fork or spoon? Not if you follow this simple rule: Start from the outside, work in toward your plate. You're fluster-proof when you can skip social errors. And you'll make no mistake on "trying days", when you choose the poise-preserving sanitary napkin . . . Kotex. Truth is, Kotex gives you confidence through *comfort.* Because Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing* . . . so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch. There's no roping, no wadding up, with Kotex.

If he stood you up last night—

☐ *Should you blow your top*
☐ *Be a tearful earful*
☐ *Bide your time*

Tears or temper won't teach him. Bide your time 'til he calls again, then give out with the brush-off. Keeping calm wins many a victory . . . over "calendar" jitters, too. With Kotex, see how serenely you can sail through difficult days! For you're sure the *flat tapered ends* of Kotex don't show. Unlike thick, blunt napkins, those patented flat pressed ends don't cause revealing outlines...and you'll feel secure with the *extra* protection of Kotex' special *safety center!*

A DEODORANT
in every Kotex napkin
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Containing a Deodorant
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More women choose KOTEX*
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*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CHATTER BOX

by Merita Helmis

What's on the uptake, Cupcake? Know what's brewin' and stewin' all 'round the country? Well, here's Merita with the latest info . . . so gather 'round, and lend an ear!

ALONG with the first frosts and the heady aroma of woodfires in the evening, and in keeping with the fine fellowship of this month, I am the bearer of a simply colossal compliment for every one of you. It comes from attractive Grace Norman, an exceedingly talented designer who devotes her career to creating dresses exclusively for the girls of this nation.

Here in her own words, is Miss Norman's bouquet: "The teen-agers of today are more fashion wise than ever before. They have been a great inspiration to me and I am very grateful for their wholehearted interest in fashions and for their generous enthusiasm."

(*Continued on page* 63)

After the show was over . . . Teeners crowding the coke bar, after MISS AMERICA's "Highlighting Your Charm" which played to a packed house of over 1500 high school girls in New York.

Just a twist of the wrist . . . Teen-age model Peggy Fields is being shown here how to apply her lipstick properly, something every girl should know. And don't you love those Navy "whites" of Peggy's?

Orchids to you! Sweet-and-shy guy Bill Terry beams approval as lovely songstress Eileen Barton shows him the corsage she received when both made personal appearances during the thronged show.

And as a footnote to Miss Norman's gracious words, I might add that she has been instrumental in launching several girls on exciting careers of their own in the designing field.

* * *

Well, now that you're all aglow with that pretty compliment, I am going to take a chance on slipping in a gentle scolding. I'm going to get off a teeny little gripe about—griping! Griping, as your GI must have informed you by now, is a good old army custom. On the army it looks good, but not on you, kiddies. Oh, I know it's often tough going. Tempers are short, waiting lines long! We can't find what we want in the stores; we can't eat what we want at dinner. In short, we can't lead the carefree lives we have enjoyed for so long.

But this month of traditional Thanksgiving, let us forget our irritations and minor griefs and in the spirit of our valiant forebears, let us give thanks for our major blessings—for life, liberty and impending victory!

* * *

Okay, now, that's the end of today's serious session. On to lighter things—to a lovelier you, for instance. With the autumn party season in full swing and frequent festivities for returning servicemen, you're no doubt climbing into your best bib and tucker for big doings every single Saturday night. You're putting in lots of time at the dressing table—where the light is better—to do a slick job on your face and hair. Your new dress is a killer-diller and from head to toe you are definitely date-bait.

Then don't tell me you spoil it all by your grab-bag tactics. For believe it or not, the way many a gal clutches her purse is enough to give us on-lookers chills and fever. Here then are a few low-downs on bag toting do's and don't's:

If it's an envelope, don't shove it up under your armpit and thrust your whole shoulder out of joint. Do carry it gracefully at waist level.

If it has a handle, don't use a strangle-hold. Dangle it casually from your wrist.

If you're petite, don't wear a pocketbook big enough to climb into. And if you're a beanpole, avoid the silly effect of carrying a bit of midget morocco. Remember, the final tip-off on good grooming is in the bag!

* * *

Hi-schoolers, east side, west side and all around the town of New York, still buzzin' about the recent MISS AMERICA "Highlighting Your Charm" show held at the City Center Casino. It was strictly a "vee-voe" affair—the last word in fashions, for hair and make-up, right from waking time through dating time, with demonstrations of the "correct thing" done on actual models! Your vivacious, tiny-mite Fashion Editor Pauling O'Sullivan mc'd the show, and . . . and . . . AND special guest stars were, Eileen Barton, Frankie's own Swoon Songstress, and actor Bill Terry!

* * *

Hey, don't look now, but there's a man reading this column. How he got his hot little hands on it, is a mystery to us. But not only has he read it—he's written for our advice. Pete W. of Phoenix, Ariz., wants to know why his girl Marge won't continue wearing an Alice-in-Wonderland black velvet band around her blonde hair. Seems Pete thinks Marge is out of the world with a black velvet band. But Marge believes velvet bands were groovy last year, but definitely cobby this season. So Marge has discarded her entire velvet ribbon collection.

Well, we've just been itching for this chance and to Marge we award our biggest D for Dopiness. If your best beau likes cold boiled lobsters entwined in your tresses, why that's your cue to buy up all the c. b. lobsters in sight—whether they're being worn this month or not. What is all this beauty business anyway, but to please the capricious male, bless him? So make with the ribbons, Marge, and quick. And that goes for all you other Marges, too!

* * *

Notes of a gadder-about-town. Ran into Dick Brown at a radio audition the other day. Now there's a singer with vocal chords, plus looks, plus personality. He told me that he has a very high opinion of his teen-timer audience.

Stor-Aid's newest feminine camouflage!

sani-case* HYGIENIC PLASTIC CASE

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A trick that clicks with chicks! SANI-CASE conceals feminine needs for those trying days . . . holds sanitary napkin or a supply of tampons (tissues too) . . . keeps them clean . . . fits inconspicuously into your purse or school desk drawer . . . looks like a nifty plastic compact! At notion and toiletry counters of department and drug stores.

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Please send me.................SANI-CASE at 50c each plus 10c to cover postage and packing for one or more.

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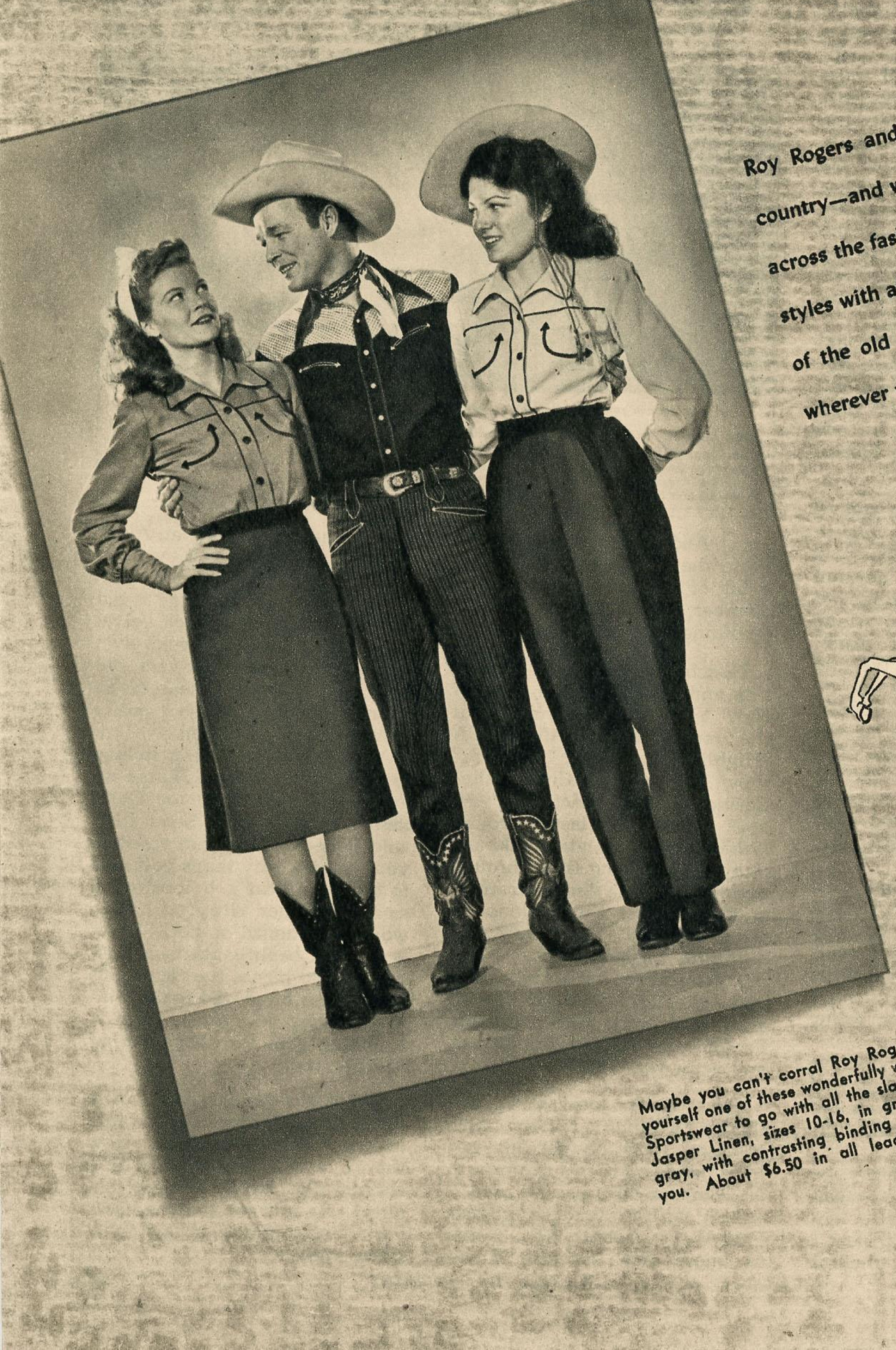
RIGHT OFF THE RANGE

Roy Rogers and His Rodeo tour the country—and western stars shoot across the fashion sky . . . sagebrush styles with all the casual dash of the old west to bring drama wherever you are . . .



Maybe you can't corral Roy Rogers but you can rope yourself one of these wonderfully western shirts by Geiger Sportswear to go with all the slacks and skirts you own. Jasper Linen, sizes 10-16, in green, blue, natural and gray, with contrasting binding to gratify the dude in you. About $6.50 in all leading department stores.

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From page 19

but nothing helps. My face has become scarred, and I know I look like a freak. If you know anything about internally caused pimples, please help me, for sometimes I do not want to live.

E. A.

Dear E. A.: I was most deeply touched by your letter because I think too often the consoling phrase, "You will outgrow your bad complexion," is small comfort while you are going through it. First of all, be sure your face is washed *thoroughly* morning and evening. Any of the medicated salves or lotions are soothing to put on overnight, but shun all types of richly, oily creams, as bacteria seem to flourish in grease. Next, make sure your diet is balanced well; eat a lot of fresh fruits and vegetables. Cut off your list any candies, sweets or greasy, fried foods. Keep your hair very clean and well groomed, and use a lipstick carefully and cleverly. You are too young to use a bright shade, but a softer one, carefully applied, will help detract attention from your complexion. Since you live in a small town, there may not be any really fine skin specialist there. I would suggest, therefore, that you write to the American Medical Association and ask them for the name of a reputable dermatologist nearest your city. Then write to that specialist and outline your case to him. There are many things he can do which will rid you of your skin problem, such as giving you a series of X-ray treatments, or the five-day penicillin treatment. As to expense, in the long run, treatments will not cost as much as a constant parade of new lotions and salves. Please don't be discouraged, E. A. A good skin specialist can do a lot to help you, I know.

My problem is my parents. I am fifteen years old and am treated like a baby out of nursery school. I can't even go to a show with a girl friend without my brother or one of the family. When we go on picnics with other families, the other kids have fun, but I am supposed to be quiet and not speak unless spoken to. What can I do to have fun like the others do?

LUCILLE.

Dear Lucille: I see by your letter that you live in a very small town. I happen to know that section of the country pretty well, and I have a feeling that your parents probably know the parents of your girl friends and their backgrounds better than they know the girls themselves. If I were you, I would invite the three girls you know over to your house after school, or over at night to do your studying together. I believe when your mother and father know your friends better, they will feel more safe and comfortable about letting you go out to movies with these girls. Your parents are being cautious, but I feel they are also fair. If they become friendly with your friends and discover how nice they are, they will see their mistake. When the problem of boy friends comes up, handle it in the same way. Invite mixed groups over to your house; let your folks get acquainted with them. When they find out they have nothing to fear, they will be less strict.

I have two questions. First, is liking movie books a crime; and, second, is fifteen and a half too young to go to work? I want to earn money to visit my sister.

ANN.

Dear Ann: It isn't just because I am in motion pictures that I think liking movie books is not a crime; it's because movies have done a lot of good things for youth. Movies have presented history ("Gone With the Wind," "Wilson," etc.); they have presented biography (Edison, Bell, Gershwin); they have brought the war to our front door. In movies, the policeman is always right, the criminal always wrong. In movie books, these things are pointed out, too. Furthermore, the Hays Office makes very certain no objectionable material finds its way into the movie books. Reading about stars who struggled and won out is the Cinderella story over and over again, and should be an inspiration to young readers. Stars

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who have overcome problems of shyness, overweight, posture, and so on, are examples of young people who suffer the same problems. As to your second question: no, I do not think fifteen and a half is too young to start working, particularly if you intend to work just during the summer months *and are not quitting school*. As long as the job is in clean, pleasant surroundings and as long as working does not hurt your health, I think this experience of learning the value of money can be very helpful to you.

I am fifteen years old and very much interested in flying. I would like to be a Pan-American Airline stewardess. My friends say I have to be a nurse in order to be a stewardess. I would like to know where to write to get information on this so I can plan my high school studies.

HELENA, Maine.

Dear Helena: Planning to be a stewardess this far ahead certainly shows thought, intelligence and foresight. With these three things to start with, you should make a good one! I called the Los Angeles office of Pan-American Airlines and I was told you can get the information you desire by writing to the Personnel Manager, Pan-American World Airways, 135 East 42nd Street, New York City 17, New York. The Pan-American Airways go from the United States to the Latin countries. On the Los Angeles to Mexico City run, only Mexican citizens are employed as stewardesses. From the East Coast to Portugal run, Spanish is required, so it would help if you took Spanish in high school. You don't have to be a nurse, but these qualifications are necessary: maximum weight, 125 pounds; maximum height, five feet, five inches; age, 19 to 25; education, high school or equivalent. You must have a pleasing personality and an attractive appearance.

Let's face it. I am not chubby, I am FAT. I am also in the in-between age of thirteen and a half. My first problem is Privacy! I share a bedroom with my brother and it is awfully hard to do reducing exercises and experiment with different methods of having a nice skin with an eleven-year-old brother laughing at me. I would also like to have a girl friend all my own, but all the girls I know like someone else better than me. What can I do to solve all these problems—privacy, fat, and a girl friend? BETTY.

Dear Betty: Your letter, only part of which is printed here, shows me that you have a wonderful sense of humor. This means that everyone you talk to will feel they are very clever and entertaining since you laugh so readily. Now—to your problem! First, privacy. I would suggest dividing your room by erecting a curtained partition. Sew sheets together and appliqúe designs on them. You can draw the curtain back in the daytime and pull it across the room when you want privacy. I do not think you overeat, though you might watch fattening foods, such as oil, sugar and starch. I suggest to your parents that you see a doctor. You might discover your "fatness" is glandular, or a case of water retention. I'd advise going to a good doctor before you develop an inferiority complex from being overweight. In regard to getting a "special" girl friend, this may help. Be intensely sympathetic, a very good listener. Consider your friends' problems seriously and with flattering attention. A sympathetic, understanding manner will go a long way toward making you the most popular girl in school. And so will a happy disposition. Remember that Ruth Tobey, in the movies, is on the chubby side, but she is so gay, lighthearted and full of fun that she is one of movieland's most popular youngsters. One last tip: the way to popularity is to think of the OTHER fellow!

I'll say goodbye now, but in case you're having some friends over, how about this party treat:

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Cut fresh bread in very thin crosswise slices and trim off the crusts. Spread with cheese, deviled ham, or minced olives and roll up like a jelly roll. Secure with a toothpick and toast in the oven. Serve with hot chocolate as a beverage, and—*have fun!*

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JAM SESSION

From page 54

financial draw than Sinatra . . . Meyer Davis, New York's society bandleader, probably makes more money than any bandleader in the business including James. And you've probably never heard of him!

Major recording companies claim to be losing money these days while the small companies are making dough hand over fist. Reason is that large companies are held to their fifty cent and seventy-five cent prices for pop records by OPA restrictions. Small companies are charging up to $1.50 for the same size records with worse quality.

Money, money, money . . . the best things in life are free, anyhow!

He's in . . . he's out. It's Slam Stewart we're talking about. He has quit and rejoined the Benny Goodman sextet so many times recently that we've equipped him with a portable telephone to give us the latest news right up to the moment. He's in again as we write this, but he'll probably be out by tomorrow!

Monica Lewis being primed to step into the Eddie Cantor vocal slot. She's a cutie . . . Johnnie Johnston, in a slump because of his bad throat, feels that he's on the way back. That Perry Como replacement didn't hurt.

Dinning Sisters in for a Capitol record build-up. Response to their album has been sensational, according to Johnny Mercer . . . Billy Butterfield, the butterball trumpeter, will form a band when the army gets through juggling him. It will be a honey because Billy's the greatest.

Frank Sinatra's homecoming was a sneak. Because of the New York newspaper strike many fans didn't know he was in N. Y. until after he left. It's true, they loved him over there!

Thanks to Marion Hutton for stepping into Perry Como's shoes when Perry had to leave his network program because of the sudden death of his father. A strong family tie exists in the Como clan and it would have broken Perry's heart not to have left the minute he received the tragic news.

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New bands which bear watching . . . Shorty Sherock, Randy Brooks (although his arrangements are too dramatic), Art Mooney, George Paxton, Mel Henke, and Boyd Raeburn. You've heard of some and you'll hear more of them all.

Horace Heidt emceeing the floorshows at his California nightery, preparatory to starting a band again in a few months . . . Bandleader Joe Marsala knocked on death's door after a serious N. Y. operation. The door didn't open and he's back up and around . . . but taking things easily. He's hubby of swing harpist Adele Girard.

"Down Beat," music trade mag, is going overseas in a pocket-sized edition with a larger circulation overseas than it has in this country . . . Jan Savitt's ork treading back in the big time, especially after an engagement at the Palladium, Los Angeles.

Jazz pianist Jess Stacy bandleading. He has cut wax for Victor already . . . David Rose, writer of "Holiday for Strings" is no longer khaki clad . . . Andy Russell and the Pied Pipers wowing on theaters.

Tony Pastor piling in the cash for Victor. His "Five Salted Peanuts" is selling like hotcakes, a neat trick. Pastor is putting much of his profit into aviation. He's a helicopter enthusiast. Even has a landing field at his Connecticut home.

Frankie Carle will make his screen debut with his own band in "Riverboat Rhythm" . . . Peggy Lee, co-writer with her husband of "What More Can a Woman Do?", is turning down radio and film offers in order to live a normal life. She's a swell gal and a fine singer.

What's behind the Artie Shaw silence? When it breaks it'll be something, according to close friends . . . "The Music America Loves Best" is following the Dorsey orchestra like Mary's lamb because they're so goofy over Tommy's emcee prowess on their program.

Hear that Vaughn Monroe was offered a top network program from the East but couldn't cancel engagements to handle it. His discs are the hottest to handle in certain parts of the country. Monroe fans are legion.

Woody Herman's crew booked up for over a year in advance . . . Sat in on a Jo Stafford record session the other day with Johnny Mercer holding sway. Jo and Johnny are the most devoted boss and performer, you ever saw. Don't get me wrong. It's not a romance. Just sincere appreciation and respect.

Record raves and rantings: Great piece of work is the Columbia platter by Gene Krupa with Dave Lambert and Buddy Stewart scat singing "What's This?" Entire record is made up of nonsense scat singing to a catchy rhythm with a fine beat. You'll go for this one. You may even like "That Drummer's Band" on the other side. It's too noisy for me, though.

"Otto, Make That Riff Staccato" is cute by Duke Ellington in a commercial vein. Ray Nance actually sings this well with little of his annoying mugging. Joya Sherrill does an even better vocal job on the cagey plattermate, "Everything But You."

The Benny Goodman sextet comes along with "Slipped Disc" and "Ooomph Fah Fah," a competent pair of sides. Teddy Wilson does a fine piece of work on "Slipped Disc" and much of the platter is given over to him.

Everyone is recording "Gotta Be This or That" now that Beegee disc is such a hit. None of them can come up to the second side of the Goodman platter, but those by Sammy Kaye and Glen Gray come pretty close. Joe Marsala's is also okay.

Kay Kyser deserves to have a rose pinned on him for the swell coupling of "Bell Bottom Trousers" and "Can't You Read Between the Lines" which he plattered for Columbia. "Bell Bottom . . ." is treated in a humorous vein with fine swing passages thrown in for good measure. Dolly Mitchell, ex-Kenton thrush, sings "Can't You Read . . ." and does a superb job.

Louis Prima records are slipping so far as material and musicianship are concerned. The singing of Lilyann Carol gets better all the time, though. Her "Sentimental Journey" and "There, I've Said It Again" is a swell vocal coupling. There is also a nice stretch of horn on one side, but the rest is pretty poor.

INVITATION TO A DANCE

From page 10

mistake. He couldn't have asked *her*—couldn't have! They'd met and sparred wordily in debate contests, danced together at mixers but—she'd had no idea he'd ever ask her to the big dance!

She got away from the crowd finally—from the ohing and ahing, the embraces and congratulations, the envy and admiration—away to the soothing green of the shade-dappled campus. On a secluded bench by the old bell tower, she tried to get her swirling thoughts in hand.

There was Dave. Real disappointment squeezed at her heart. She'd been so sure he'd liked her, the way he'd smiled at her, that slow understanding way, the talk they'd had one night after operetta rehearsal when he'd confided his dreams of becoming a great archaeologist. Somehow, they'd clicked from the first, or so she'd thought, been right for each other. But—he hadn't asked her, after all.

Instead — Bill Evans had. Someone she'd never expected. Bill—why, Bill could have taken *anybody!* Elaine Payson, the belle of Rosemont, had been so sure of snagging Bill that she'd planned to turn down an invitation from Bud Barclay, who wasn't bad at all. And Pamela Welford — poor Pam! She had such a terrific crush on Bill—wait'll she heard!

Thinking of Pamella Welford—there she was! Pam with her quiet English clothes, the shy dreams in her pussywillow gray eyes.

Jill's throat tightened in sympathy. There hadn't been any invitation on the noteboard for Pam.

It wasn't really unexpected, of course. Pam hadn't been at Rosemont the full year, hadn't been to many of the mixers with Sheridan. Besides, she was terribly shy with American boys, hadn't caught on to the slangy, smart give-and-take of conversation, the kind of jokes. All her warm natural charm froze when she was around them, and she became stiff and colorless as an icicle.

Only to Jill had she confided one reckless night her admiration for Bill Evans, top man at Sheridan.

"He's so — so everything!" she'd said with awkward British sincerity. "Sort of like King Arthur and Galahad, you know."

Jill had grinned. "Super," she said. "That's how we say it here in the U.S.A." But she understood, because of Dave.

"Pam—"

"Oh, Jill, I think it's wonderful!" said Pam softly, though somewhat huskily.

Jill looked at her. "You mean—"

"About Bill. You'll have a—a super time. You're both so good-looking and popular, and everything." She drew a deep breath.

"B-but it was so-so unexpected," Jill gulped. "I mean—jeepers, I just never expected Bill would ask me! Why, I was sure Elaine—"

"Elaine," said Pamela with a slight smile, "is raging. She swears she'll get Bill back at the dance."

"Well," Jill said indifferently, "maybe she will." You never knew about boys, and the eternal struggle to keep them in tow hardly seemed worth it, sometimes.

"Don't say that!" said Pam passionately. "You mustn't let her!"

Jill sat and looked in genuine astonishment at Pamela, saw the crusading shine in the other girl's gray eyes, the rosiness in her smooth cheeks and curving lips, the sun gilding her naturally wavy light brown hair. Why—Pam's beautiful, she thought. Really beautiful in an uncommon way, from the inside.

Jill stood up impulsively, linked her arm through Pamela's. "Don't you worry, Pam honey," she said. "Elaine won't have a look-in with Bill. I promise you!"

THERE WAS a knock on the door of Jill Raleigh's room. She sank deeper in a welter of blankets and pillows.

"Come!" she called wearily.

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Pamela Welford came in quietly, shutting the door gently behind her. Tiptoeing over to the bed, she gazed down at Jill woefully.

"Jill," she quavered despairingly, "aren't you any better at all?"

Jill shook her dark head as if she found it hard even to make that slight effort. Her face was alarmingly white, and there were blue shadows under her eyes.

"Oh, Jill, you look terrible!" cried Pam. "Let me call the nurse."

"Well—It's just that I get sort of—of dizzy," said Jill quickly. "I mean, in bed I feel all right, definitely. I tell you, this sort of—of spell runs in our family. We Raleighs are subject to them—afterwards we feel better than ever."

"Afterwards—*when?*" moaned Pam.

"Maybe day after tomorrow —maybe even tomorrow," Jill reassured her.

Pamela was far from being reassured. "But you're supposed to go to the dance with Bill tonight—the big dance! You can't stand him up at the last minute like this—you can't. Think of Elaine—"

Jill's large aqua eyes fixed themselves pleadingly upon Pamela. "I am thinking of her. Pam, you've just got to—"

"Jill, I can't. I couldn't. I'd just simply expire of—of humiliation!"

"Why would you?" demanded Jill. "If you cared anything about me, you'd—" She moaned and turned her face to the wall.

"Jill, you know I adore you but—but what would Bill think?"

"He'd think you were very accommodating," said Jill. She pressed a hand to her forehead. "I feel awful. I feel feverish. I feel—"

"Jill, I'd better call the nurse!"

"Pam," said Jill, flopping over exasperatedly, "I don't need a nurse. What I need is to have my mind set at ease about tonight. All you have to do is tell me you'll help me out, come to my rescue like—like a lady Galahad and take Bill off my hands. That's all! My goodness, I should think you'd be willing to do a simple little favor like that!"

"All r-right," she said. "For you, Jill. But I wouldn't do it for anyone else—not for a million pounds—I mean dollars!"

From her bed of pain, Jill began to make things move. She ordered Pam to the closet where, in all its radiant perfection, hung her new red formal.

"Put it on. Let's see how it fits," she said. "You're just my size, so it ought to be all right, thank goodness."

It was more than just all right. It was perfect on Pam. In the swirling flame of it, she came alive. Even Jill was awed by the transformation. She felt all the sweet triumph of a successful fairy godmother. In that dress, the success of Pamela Welford's evening was assured.

DOWNSTAIRS THE doorbell had ceased its almost incessant ringing. The dormitory was emptied now of girlish voices, deeper male tones, gay mingled laughter.

Alone in bed, Jill Raleigh threw off the covers restlessly, felt with bare toes for her mules, dragged on a bathrobe. Hanging out the window, she saw the last of the couples hurrying toward Sheridan.

Funny not to be going to the big dance. Funny—and not fun. She felt bereft, deserted, wondered suddenly what had possessed her.

Remembering, Jill couldn't go on feeling sorry for herself. After all, tomorrow the big dance would be just a memory —and there'd be others.

Would there? With whom? The thought of Dave Colfax swept her gloomily, and she flung away from the window impatiently.

Hastily, she dressed, scrubbing the white powder from her face, the blue eyeshadow from around her eyes. Her face bloomed with health once more.

Wandering alone over the deserted lawns was depressing. Jill's restless feet urged her off the campus, down the street almost against her will toward Sheridan, eight residential blocks away. Jill, in her saddle shoes

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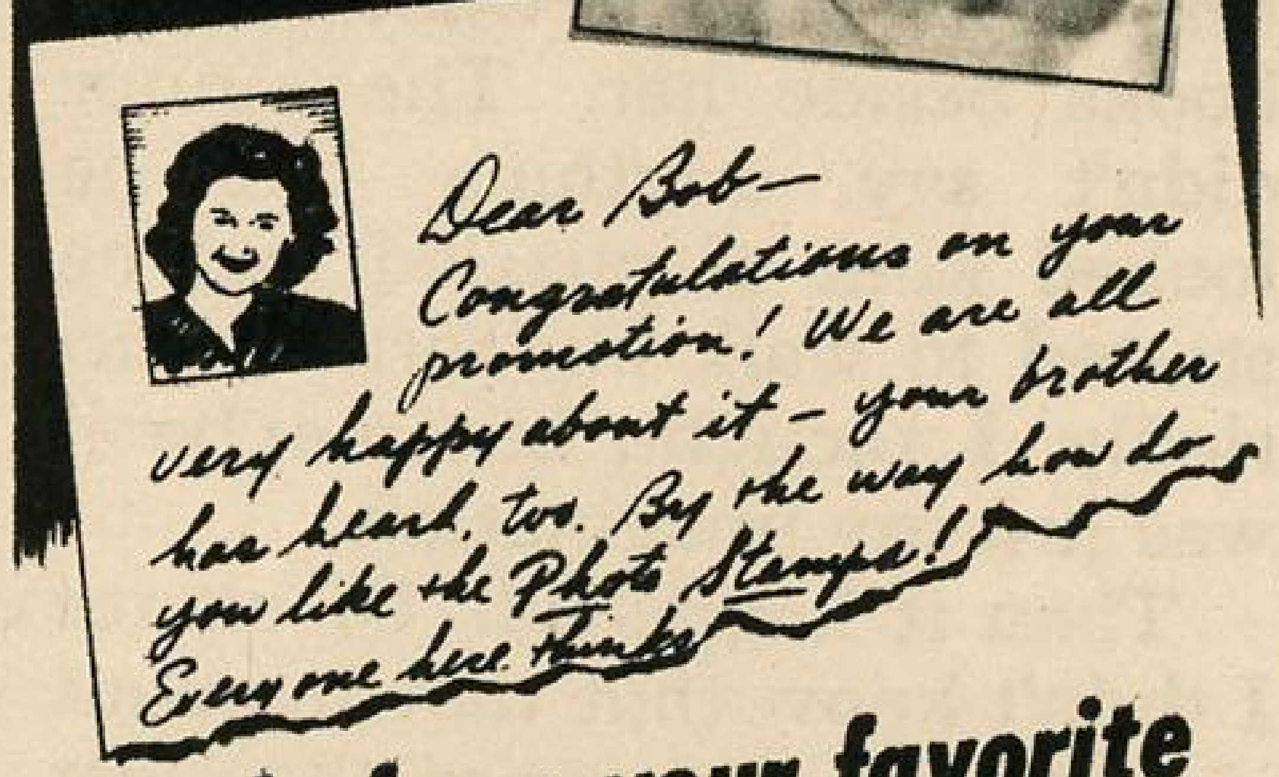

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and bobby socks, plaid skirt and blazer, following in the wake of long flowing skirts and silver slippers . . .

When she came in sight of Sheridan's blazing windows, heard the first dance strains from the reception hall, she hesitated. Whatever had possessed her to come here, anyway?

Skirting the main campus, she took the out-of-the-way path which led down to the chuckling little stream which Sheridan boys always referred to loyally as "the river." Trees screened it from the rest of the campus.

Suddenly Jill started. One of the canoes had come loose! No, it hadn't, either. Someone was pushing it out, climbing in. One of the Sheridan boys. Oh, she didn't want to be seen here!

But the canoe was alongside the bridge before she could make her escape. Light from the half moon, rising over trees, touched the lifted surprised face of a boy.

Dave. Dave Colfax!

"Hello," he said uncertainly. He hadn't recognized her.

"Hello, yourself," said Jill.

"Jeepers!" His voice was amazed. "It's—it's you, Jill. But—but why aren't you at the dance?"

She groped for a reasonable explanation.

"Well, you see, I—"

"You turned down Bill Evans!" he said incredulously. "You must have! How—how come?"

"Well, at the—at the last minute," fumbled Jill, "I found I—I just didn't feel like going, that's all."

"Jeepers!' said Dave again, impressed. "You turned down Bill. I can't believe it. Look, Jill, I was going to invite you, but when I heard that Bill was, too, I thought it wasn't any use. Knew you'd rather go with Bill, naturally—I mean, well, Bill's a prince and all the girls—"

"I," said Jill breathlessly, "am the exception to that rule."

"You sure are!" he agreed earnestly. "Jill, I never thought much of girls until—until I met you, but you're all right!"

"Thanks," said Jill. "For a boy, you're not half bad either."

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"You've got yourself a passenger," said Jill gayly.

Paddles dipping rhythmically, drooping willows sweeping the bow, the canoe glided down the moonlit river. Only the faint music reminded them of the big dance. It seemed unimportant, somehow, and far away.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME

From Page 37

door and ran in. Everything was quiet as a tomb. Not that I have ever been in one but I don't see how a tomb could be noisy, do you? Well, anyway, I walked down the corridor and looked into a classroom. There wasn't anybody in it. I looked through the window of another one. Nobody there either. I leaned against the wall and started to think. A thousand ideas popped into my head. Maybe we had slept for a few days and it was Saturday. Maybe everybody except me had come down with the measles. I have already had them three times so I don't see how I could get them again, do you? Suddenly the truth dawned on me. I was early! I didn't have the faintest idea what time it was so I looked at a clock in one of the rooms. Seven-thirty! All that rushing for nothing! I could have wept but of course I didn't, because I didn't want to soil my handkerchief. It was one of the ones I got for Christmas and it's very pretty.

There wasn't much to do except sit down on the stairs and wait for somebody to come in. It broke my heart to think of all the things I could have done but didn't do. I could have gone into my algebra teacher's room and looked in her record book to see what I am going to get in algebra on my report card. This is very important to me because my father promised me that he would raise my allowance twenty-five cents if I get a passing mark. But of course I am too honorable to look in any teacher's record book and besides, all the doors were locked.

After I had been sitting there a while the janitor came whistling along the corridor with a bucket in one hand and a mop in the other. He almost fainted when he saw me. I guess he hadn't expected to find me sitting there. He asked me what I was doing there and I said that I was waiting for school to start. It was a silly question for him to ask, anyway, because I don't see why else anybody would be sitting there with a whole lot of books beside her. The janitor didn't say anything but he looked kind of puzzled and he started to walk on, sort of hurriedly, I thought, but maybe it was just my imagination.

Then it happened. Of course I didn't know that that moment was going to be one of the most important moments of my whole life so I just kept on doing my algebra homework. The door opened and somebody walked in. I looked up kind of uninterestedly because I thought that it would probably be a teacher or something. I almost died when I saw George Pierce standing there. George Pierce is a junior and I think he is awfully cute. My opinion is shared by practically every other girl in the freshman class, to say nothing of the sophomores, juniors, and seniors so I had given up hope long ago. He is on the football team this year and football players are awfully romantic, I think, don't you?

Well, when I saw him I didn't know what to do so I just stared and he stared right back and I started to blush. Whenever anyone I greatly admire as much as glances at me, I turn pink to the roots of my hair. It is a very annoying habit and I wish I knew how I could get rid of it. The silence was beginning to be embarrassing so I coughed once to see if it would help any. Then he said, "Hi." I said, "Hi" to him because I couldn't think of anything more appropriate. My voice sounded funny, it sort of croaked but he didn't seem to notice it. He came up and sat down on the stair beside me and I couldn't think of anything to say so I started to do my algebra again. I was watching him out of the corner of my eye and he was

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staring at my algebra paper with a queer look on his face. I wasn't very surprised because my algebra papers usually hurt people's feelings anyway. He just couldn't stand it any longer, I guess, and he asked me if there was anything he could do to help me. He sounded amused and superior and I felt like refusing only something inside me said, "Why, Kathryn Corey, this is the chance of a lifetime," and I said, "Yes," instead. I handed him the book and my paper and started in on my Latin. He didn't seem to be doing any algebra though; he looked as though he wanted to start a conversation so I just waited for him to start. Finally he said, "I can't do this example either." It always makes me feel awfully benevolent when I find somebody who feels the same way about algebra as I do, so I warmed up right away. For the next ten minutes we talked fast and furiously about our common interest. He takes geometry, but he agreed with me about all mathematics. We both think math is perfectly repulsive.

Suddenly the door opened and Mrs. Loganwinkle marched in. Mrs. Loganwinkle teaches third year geometry and she rules her pupils, as well as everybody else with an iron hand. I don't mean that Mrs. Loganwinkle's hand is made of iron; I just mean that she is very, very strict. She gave us a look that made me feel like a worm. George said "Hello, Mrs. Loganwinkle," in a scared, squeaky voice and she said, "Good morning, Mr. Pierce," so loudly that I could swear the ceiling jumped up a foot. She started marching again and just when she got to the middle of the corridor she dropped one of her books and tripped over it. Down went Mrs. Loganwinkle and her hundred geometry books. George and I rushed down the corridor as fast as we could go and tried to help her up. She was lustily expressing her opinion of slippery floors and boys who didn't offer to carry teacher's books and things like that, and neither of us could get a word in edgewise. We were both embarrassed to death. When she calmed down, George said very politely "I hope you

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didn't hurt yourself, Mrs. Loganwinkle; may I help you carry your books?" She actually beamed at him. I'd be willing to bet two dollars that he gets an "A" in geometry on his next report card. From now on I will be very courteous to my algebra teacher. Off they went down the corridor, George staggering under his heavy load, and Mrs. Loganwinkle limping along beside him.

I stood there watching them until they were out of sight and then I went back to the stairs and gathered up my books. He hadn't even said "Good-bye" or "See you later" or anything like that. He didn't even know who I was. Not that it would matter. He probably knew scads of girls who were just dying to go out with him and they probably all looked like Hedy Lamarr or Lana Turner or something. I tried to tell myself that it was positively useless to even think about him but I just couldn't seem to get him out of my mind. I wandered aimlessly back to my locker and took off my coat. Sue Ramsay, who has been my best pal ever since the third grade, had just come in and she asked me why I hadn't called for her. I told her the whole sad story but she wasn't very sympathetic. She said that if George Pierce had even looked at her she thought she would practically swoon.

All morning long I kept thinking about him, and feeling sorry for myself. It seemed to me that I had never seen such a miserable day. It looked like snow, but April is kind of late for a snow storm. We had an important algebra test and I couldn't think of a single rule so I got practically a "D" in it. I could just see the twenty-five cents flitting out the window. In all my classes I just couldn't concentrate. My Latin teacher had to call my name three times before I answered her question and then I had to ask her what lesson we were doing. By lunch time I had convinced myself that I was a failure in life and that I'd better be a hermit or something. Whenever anybody spoke to me, I gave him a blank look and walked away. Nobody knew what was bothering me and I wouldn't tell. It was awful.

In the cafeteria I saw George standing a few yards away from me. My heart was beating like a trip hammer and of course I blushed like anything but I told myself sternly not to even look at him. After all he wasn't the only boy in the world. Then somebody shoved me and I bumped into him and he said, "Hi, Kathy." I jumped a mile. I couldn't imagine how he knew my name; he must have asked somebody about me. I looked at him hard to see whether I was dreaming and then I said, "Oh, hi there." I thought that would probably make him think I hadn't even seen him standing there or anything. He walked down to my table with me and we talked about Mrs. Loganwinkle and algebra and the weather and things. Then he asked me if he could walk home from school with me. I couldn't believe my ears but I managed to say that I'd love to have him.

He has walked home from school with me every afternoon this week and yesterday he asked me to go to a dance with him next Friday night at the high school. Naturally, I said I would. Sue and all the other girls are positively green which, even though it is a mean thing to say, makes me awfully happy. I just love people to envy me. My mother and father are kind of surprised by the whole thing; they keep saying, "But Kathy don't you think you're rather young to have dates?" I usually give them a look of contempt and express my opinions of people who think that we live in the Middle Ages, but as long as they don't really say I can't I am safe. My brother and sister have invented an intriguing new game called "Let's-tease-Kathy-about-George-Pierce-and-get-her-mad," but even this doesn't bother me. My head is in the clouds and nothing and nobody can disturb my bliss.

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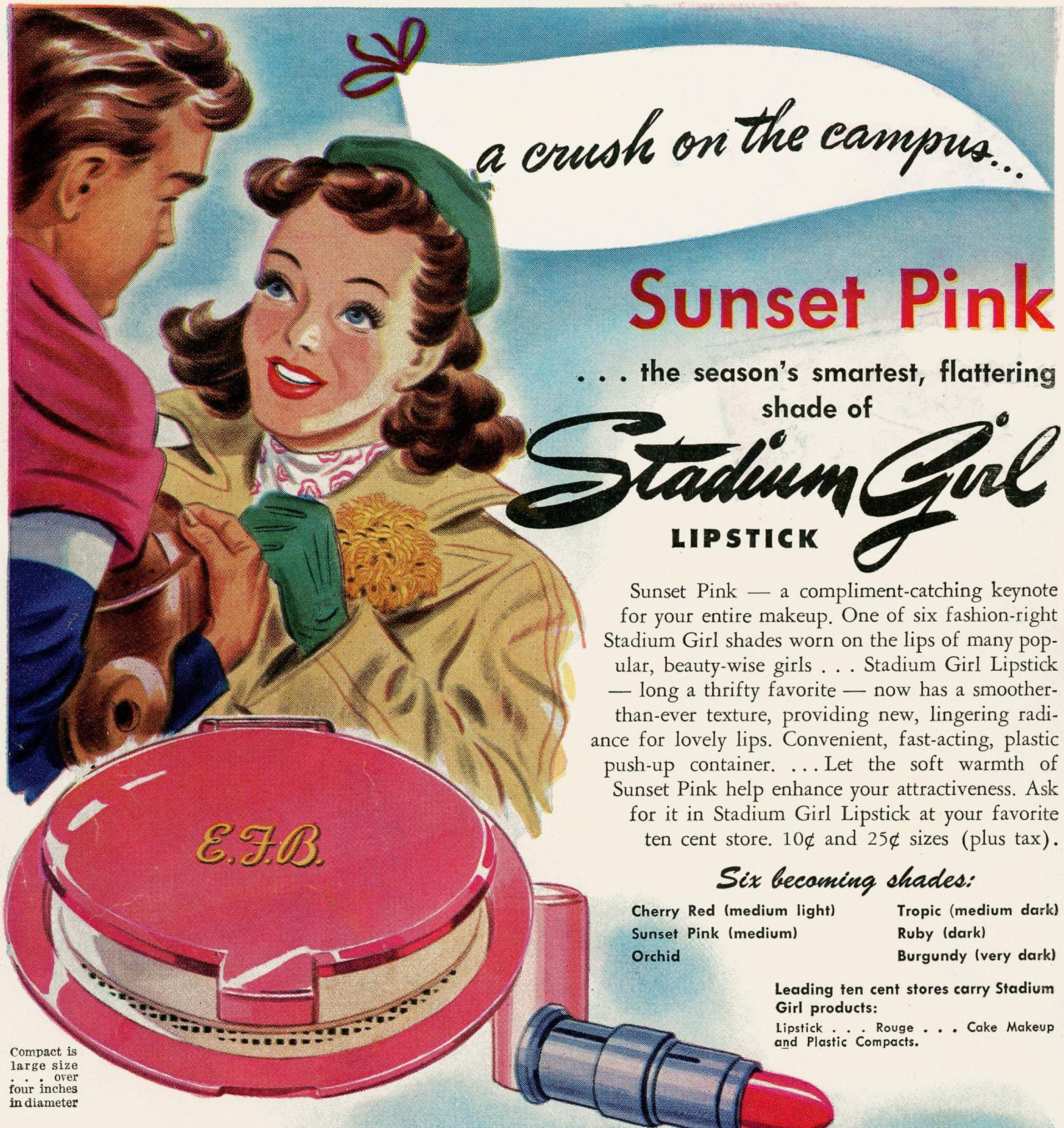
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